The Saturday Evening
POST
May 7, 1960 – 15¢

WHY I BECAME AN AMERICAN
By novelist John Masters

POLICE CHIEF PARKER AND CRIME IN LOS ANGELES

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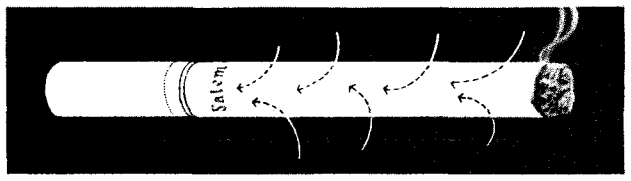

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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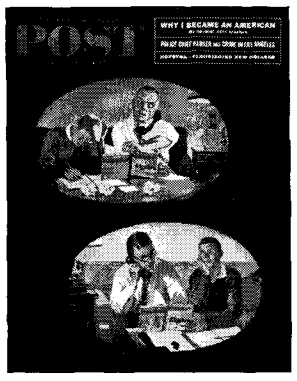

THE COVER

"I was a real nothing in algebra," confesses artist John Falter, whose faltering fathers on our cover seem to prove that more than one pop has been lost in a forest of co-ordinate axes, cosines and polynomials. We could lecture for hours on the high price of fatherhood, and why Johnny will never learn to read if he lets someone else do his homework. Unfortunately, we must get on to the algebraic agony at hand. Question: If one furrow-browed father spends x hours failing to solve the quadratic equations of one boy, how long would it take two furrow-browed fathers to fail to solve the quadratic equations of two boys? Answer: x hours, plus however long the fathers talk on the telephone. It takes longer, of course, if one of the boys is wearing a smirk.

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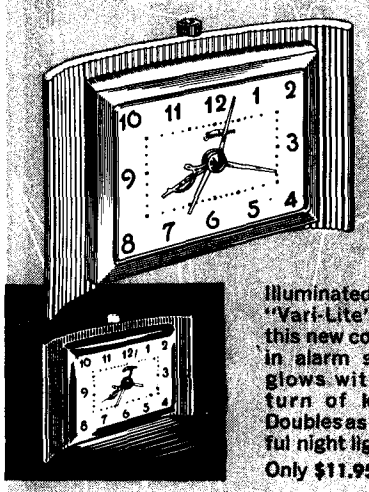

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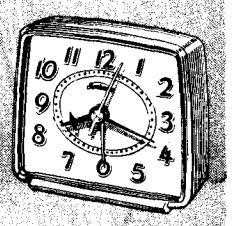
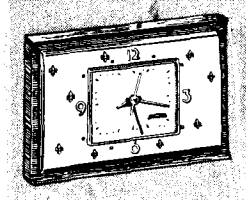


Thinline styling...



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Quality...

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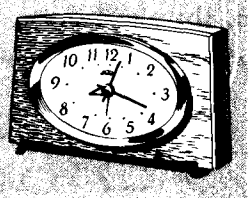

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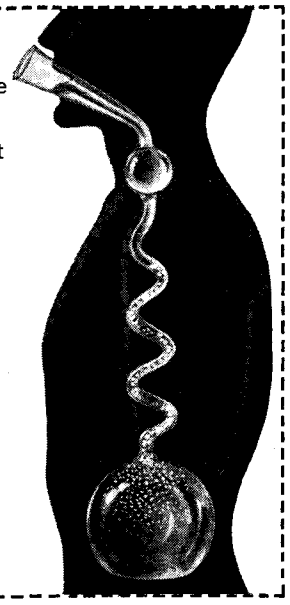


Men who *know* medicine recommend Aspirin.
And for the *best* aspirin the world has ever known — buy *Bayer* Aspirin!

Letters

"Angel With Spurs"

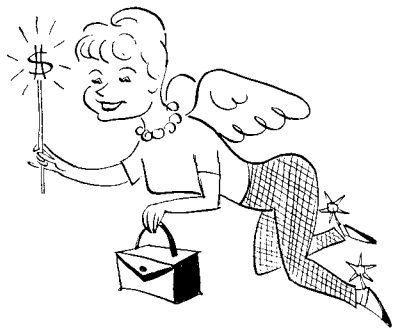
Dear Sirs:

I, for one, am sick unto death of Debbie Reynolds, [I CALL ON DEBBIE REYNOLDS, by Pete Martin, Mar. 26] and I think she shows very bad taste in continually reminding the world that "he done her wrong."

FRANCES CIRIONI
Mont Vernon, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

The little "angel with spurs" . . . wishes Eddie Fisher well. She should.



She . . . will get a good big percentage of everything he earns, so why not?

MABEL RAVOLD
St. Louis, Mo.

● *The court awarded Miss Reynolds not "a big percentage" of Fisher's earnings but a fixed sum ($114,803) to be paid in installments over a period of ten years, plus two houses, plus a $100,000 insurance policy on Fisher's life, plus $4500 to $6000 a year for the kids.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Thank Pete Martin for the inspirational and well-written interview with Debbie Reynolds. What a tremendous person she is! Here is a warm, lovable doll who truly knows the art of loving and who has come through a heartbreaking experience with her clear, wholesome perspective intact.

L. O. GEYER
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

No wonder Eddie left Debbie. Who could stand such childish simpering? . . . Debbie says she has no hatreds . . . but slowly she lets her hate dribble out.

MRS. WM. DUIKER
Willowick, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin confirms my belief that Debbie Reynolds is the heroine of this particular marital mess; but I can't help being reminded of one of the current mottoes—"Love your enemies. It will drive them crazy."

VERA SHERRILL
Atwater, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

So Pete Martin called on Debbie Reynolds! I couldn't care less. It seems to me, and I'll bet to a whale of a lot of *Post* regulars, that a writer of Mr. Martin's stature and ability could find better subjects.

H. HAYES LANDON
Longmeadow, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

When is *The SEP* going to stop being a movie magazine? I do not cast any reflection on Pete Martin as a reporter, but with so many more interesting things that the readers of *SEP* could enjoy, why the waste of space and thousands of words on a more or less dead issue? If Debbie Reynolds is sincere in some of her statements, she would just as soon be left alone. And nothing you could possibly print would whitewash the actions and antics of an Elizabeth Taylor or an Eddie Fisher.

Do keep the faith.

ANNE M. DE MUND
Wantagh, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Neither myself nor my husband would consider attending a movie in which either Eddie Fisher or Elizabeth Taylor appears. After all, people should draw the line somewhere.

ROWENA PELLS
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

If I have to read Eddie and Liz's side of the story, I'll cancel my subscription.

DOTTY HERTEL
Galesburg, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Debbie is the shrewdest operator in the business. This kid knows what she's doing every minute of the time. I only wonder what she would have devised to top Liz should Liz have won an Oscar for *Suddenly Last Summer*.

DEE BOOTH
Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mommy Isn't Home"

Dear Sirs:

I was surprised and disgusted to see the letters [in LETTERS, Apr. 2] condemning bill collectors [whose procedures were described in the Feb. 27 article, DEADBEATS ARE MY BUSINESS, by Eugene H. Barnes, Ph.D., as told to Peter Wyden].

People who don't pay their bills are no better than people who steal. . . . More power to someone who makes them pay up, whatever the means.

MRS. R. J. SCHWARZMAN
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sirs.

I have had considerable experience in trying to collect deadbeat accounts. If

these people think the bill collectors resort to underhanded methods to collect debts, they should hear and see some of the methods the deadbeats themselves use. . . . I have heard women answer the phone trying to sound like their own children and say in a thin little voice, "I'm sorry, but my mommy isn't home right now."

DIANNA OWENS
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I could not help but get riled up at the "shocked" people who read about bill

(Continued on Page 6)

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FOR OUTDOOR LIVING, TOO!

New! Zenith Slim Portable TV with Space Command® Remote TV Tuning

THE WORLD'S MOST CONVENIENT remote TV tuning is now combined with trim Slim Classic styling. You don't get up. Zenith Space Command tunes TV with silent sound. Just touch a button on the control unit you hold in your hand, Space Command remote control TV tuning turns TV on and off, changes channels, adjusts volume, mutes sound. No cords, no wires, no batteries. Not an extra cost accessory —it's built right in.

ZENITH HANDCRAFTED QUALITY. The famous Zenith TV chassis is assembled entirely by hand. There are no production shortcuts. This means greater operating dependability, fewer service headaches. Another example of the kind of quality you get—only from Zenith!

The Zenith Monaco, shown above, has 155 square inches of rectangular picture area, a 17″ over-all diagonal picture tube. Sound-out-front speaker; Space Command 300; dipole antenna. Zenith patented Spotlite dial: big, illuminated channel numbers are easy to read. Cabinet size: 15-5/16″ high, 21-5/16″ wide, 11-1/8″ deep. Lightweight metal cabinet finished in Westpoint Gray color with white trim, Model E 2010C, $239.95.* Other Zenith quality TV as low as $149.95.*

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**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

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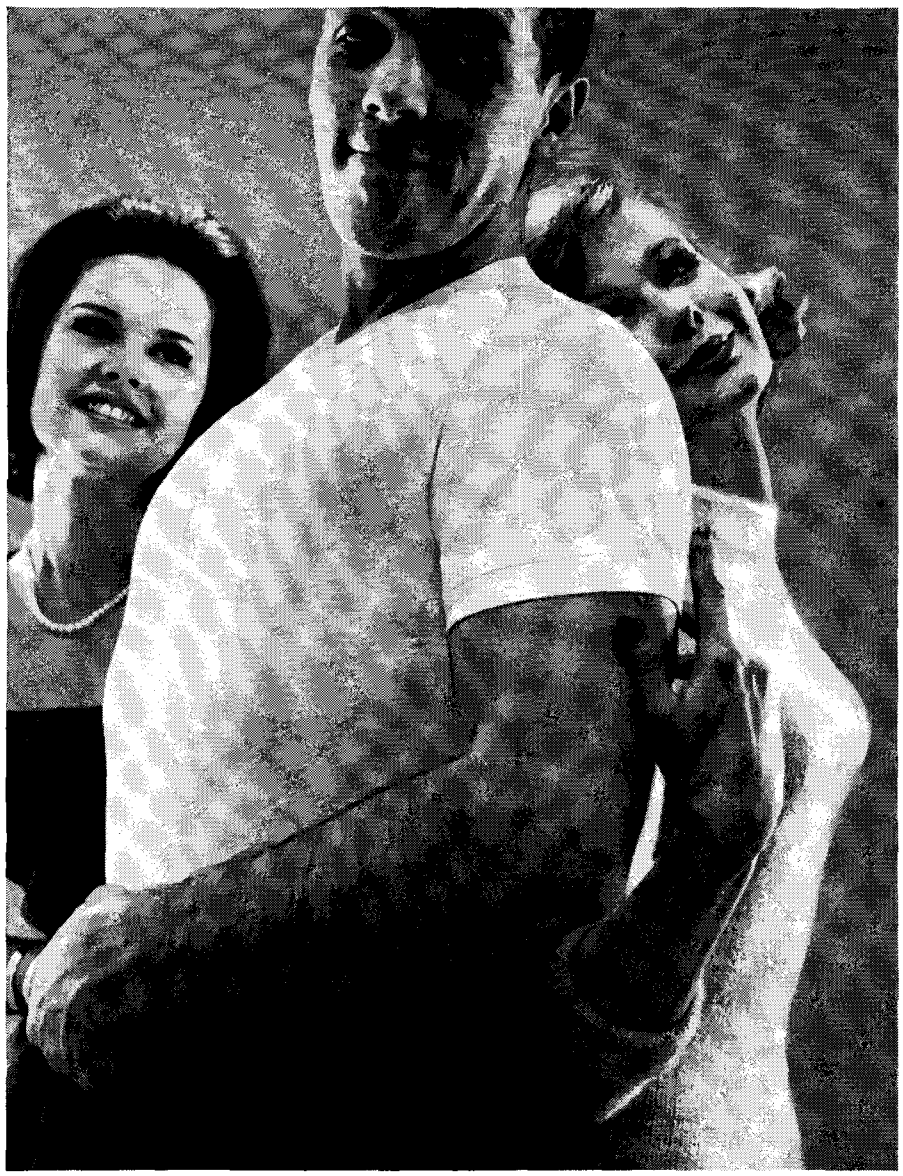

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Leads a double life!

This trim Allen-A custom T-shirt is knit of finest combed cotton reinforced *throughout* with DuPont 420 Nylon, a remarkably strong yarn which adds up to 70% to the life of the garment. This shirt won't fray, won't stretch out of shape, won't shrink out of fit. Looks great, feels great. The price? *A mere $1.50*...not a penny more than for good cotton alone. For companion values treat your torso to Allen-A athletic shirts and briefs also reinforced with DuPont 420 Nylon, just $1.25 each. Allen-A... at fine stores everywhere.

Allen-A outfits the complete man: underwear, hosiery, sportswear. Full fashioned, smartly styled, top values all!

Allen A®

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, PIQUA, OHIO

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

collectors. I wish just one of these people could sit in my chair for one week and hear the downright lies I hear from these pious deadbeats. Especially the guy whose baby is sick in the hospital, yet the liquor on his breath would sicken you. Then there is the guy who has his children on relief, but brags about being in perfect health and can afford to be "choosy" in looking for work. . . .

I say three cheers for the bill collector. His is the most thankless job in the nation . . . . I have personal friends who have lost their businesses due to deadbeats.

MRS. BILL WOODWARD
Moline, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I only wish we had someone like Eugene H. Barnes in our employ. We could paper the west side of the Taj Mahal with our bad checks and accounts, and we screen people as much as we dare. This is not to imply that we cater to trash. Our guests are from the so-called "backbone" of our nation. Heaven help us.

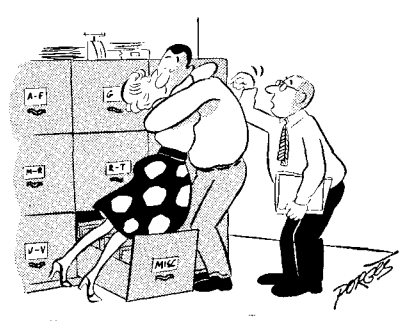
MRS. GENE C. GRIEF, *motel owner*
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I see that Mr. Barnes, according to the reaction of your readers, is a menace. My suggestion as to the surest way to exterminate him and his kind, without force or violence, is to pay that bill.

STEPHANIE Z. KORNACKI
Willimantic, Conn.

Tattletale



"Could I get to Miscellaneous, please?"

"I've had a complaint that you two are disrupting work in the accounting department."

Dear Sirs:

Re your Feb. 27 cartoon [top] and your Mar. 19 cartoon [bottom]: Guess who complained.

MRS. R. LA JUDICE
Buffalo, N.Y.

Stepping on Toes

Dear Sirs:

May I add to Harold H. Martin's excellent report, CUBA: STATE OF CONFUSION [Mar. 26], that the genius of Fidel Castro has brought to Cuba a magnificent and creative state of confusion and systematic disorder that is accomplishing more and better things for Cubans than all the unconfused and orderly administrations they ever had? For the first time [someone is showing] concern and compassion for the *guajiros*.

Fidel Castro is a socialist in a hurry and does not care whose toes he steps on. This has its good and its bad side. Those who think Cuba is going to fall into orbit around Moscow do not know the Cuban people nor Fidel Castro. People who have fought so courageously against the Spanish masters and against native dictators are not going to surrender their freedom to Moscow. Nor is Fidel Castro the type of man who takes orders from anyone, much less from the Kremlin.

Why take reprisals against Fidel Castro just because he attacks *yanqui* imperialism, with some reason, when we are giving millions of dollars to a dictator [Franco of Spain] who not only insulted us for years but actually made war against us by helping Hitler and Mussolini? We seem to have pretty short memories.

J. M. MARTINEZ
Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

After all our country did to help bring on some of Cuba's troubles, can one really blame the Cubans for turning against us?

Didn't our gamblers and money-hungry capitalists help keep a very unpopular and dishonest government in power in Cuba? Didn't many Cubans die fighting before they could get free from this . . . government? . . .

It is most unfortunate that the decent, honest capital investor has to pay for the thoughtless deeds of the dishonest.

CHARLES F. BEURY
Ashland, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

An excellent article. . . . The pros and cons are presented fairly and without any prejudiced attempts to "prove" the Cuban Government either Communist or non-Communist.

RICHARD CORRY
Schenectady, N.Y.

The Power of the Law

Dear Sirs:

Without comment I quote from the article GIANT IN THE JUNGLE [by David Howarth, Apr. 2]: "Some 250,000 Europeans, mostly British, came to live there, and under the influence of British law the native population increased enormously."

Well!

L. BALL
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

23–Henry Ries. • 24–Farrell Grehan. • 25–Farrell Grehan; Wendell Kilmer; Farrell Grehan. • 26, 27–Austin Briggs. • 28, 29–Ormond Gigli. • 30–Robert McGinnis. 31–Larry Fried. • 32–Ollie Atkins. • 33–Three by Ollie Atkins; United Press International. • 34, 35–Stevan Dohanos. • 36–Ollie Atkins; from Perle Mesta. • 37–Robert McCall. • 38, 39–John Burns. • 40–Gherardi and Fiorelli; two by Publifoto-Pix. 41–Two by Publifoto-Pix; two by Oscar Savio; Publifoto-Pix. • 42, 43–Coby Whitmore. • 44–Gene Lester. • 45–Map by Robert N. Taylor; Sid Avery; three from Los Angeles Times. • 48–Stan Galli. • 113–Ormond Gigli. • 138–John R. Wells; Phyllis Morrill; Ollie Atkins; Dalmas-Pix.

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THIS IS THE NEW SHAPE OF SAFETY IN TIRES

...especially in blazing summer heat!

U.S.ROYAL *LOW PROFILE* TIRES

To read why these tires are lower, wider, cooler, safer ... please turn this page

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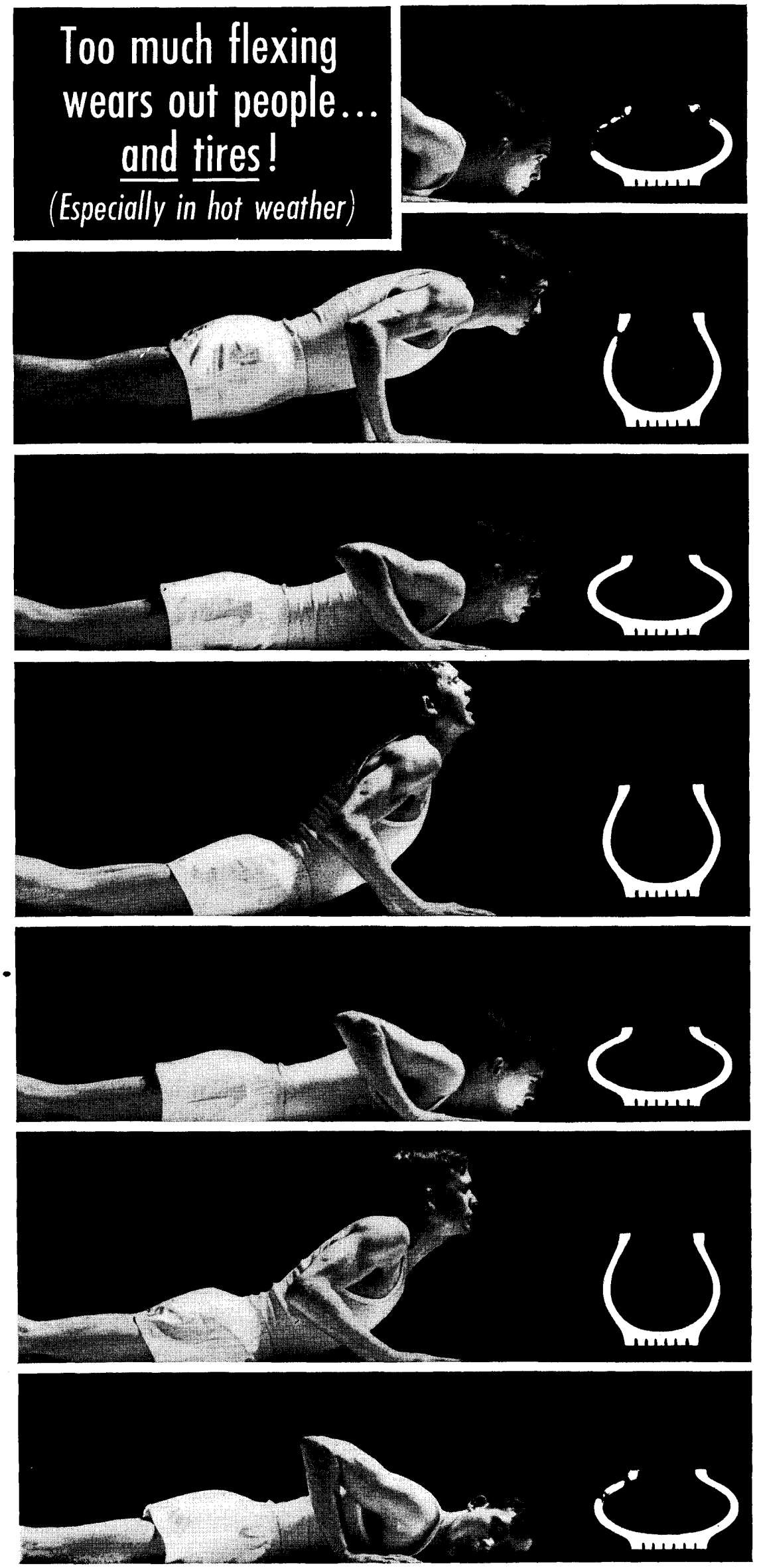

Keeps you THE TIRE

New *Low Profile** tire shape

Do a few fast push-ups, *especially in the summertime,* and what happens? You heat up fast, you feel real strain—in a hurry. So do tires.

Your tires do 700 "push-ups" per mile as they roll along under the enormous weight of your car. In the summertime, this excessive flexing builds up additional heat that really tortures your tires. It weakens both rubber and fabric, increases blow-out danger.

Now U.S. Royal drastically reduces the danger of hot weather tire failure with a revolutionary new tire—"Low Profile." Even though the air pressure is the same as in ordinary tires, U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires are *lower* and *wider* to flex less, run cooler, wear better.

Other tire designs just don't give you such thorough protection against high-speed failure and heat blow-outs. Yet "Low Profile" tires cost no more than ordinary tires. So don't run the risk of tire failure. See the complete line of U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires—now in 5 popular price ranges for every make and model car—at your U.S. Royal Dealer.

Do it *soon.*

* *Low Profile is United States Rubber Company's trademark for its lower, wider shape tire.*

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U.S. ROYAL

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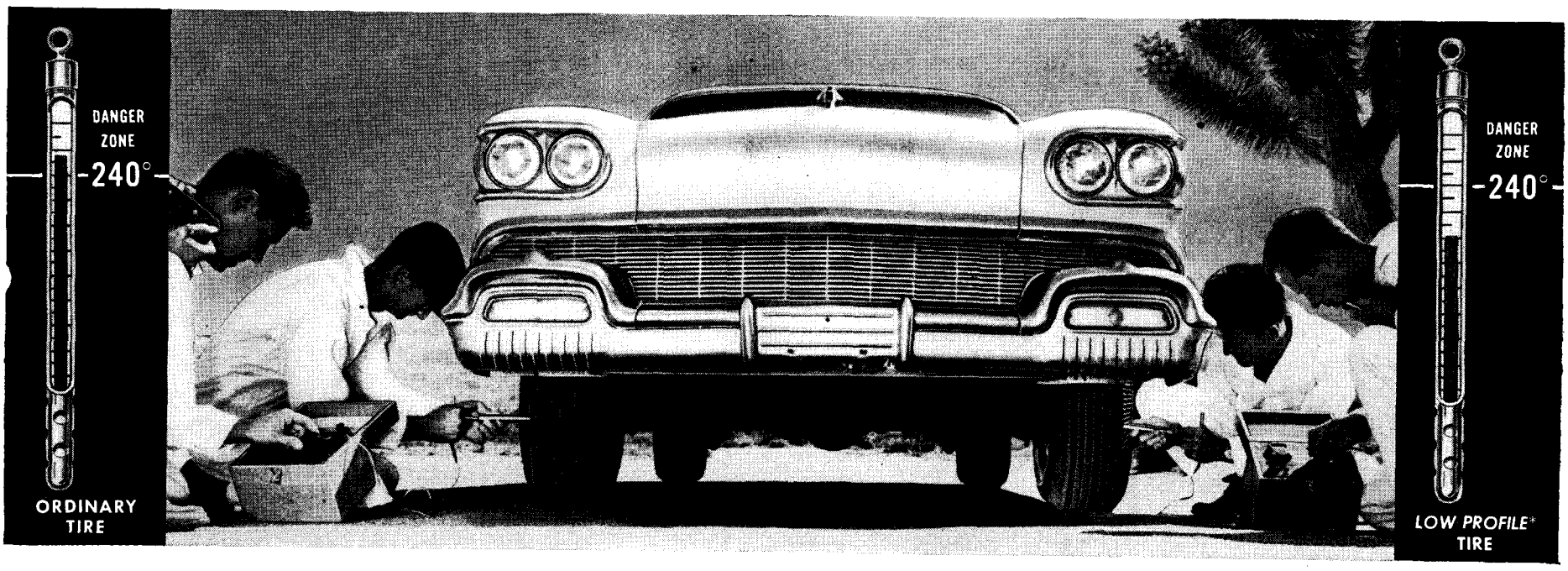
safer even when roads are blazing hot!

THAT DOESN'T GET TIRED!

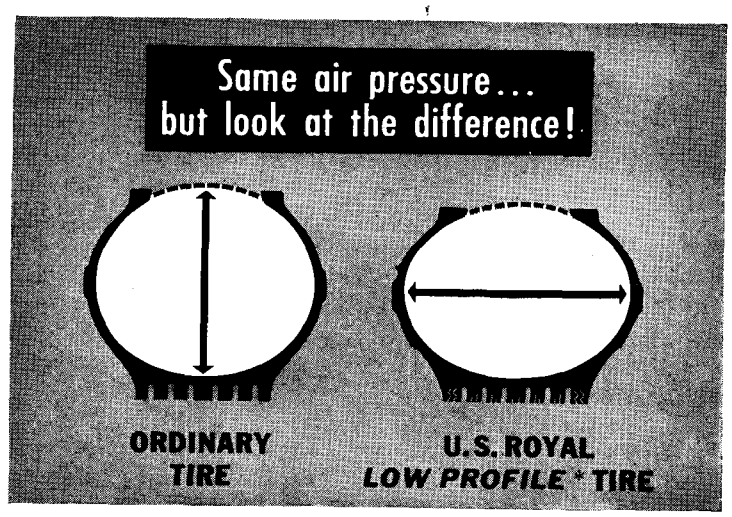
flexes less, runs cooler, keeps you safer, even in dangerous summer heat!



DESERT TEST AREA, Lancaster, Calif.—A simple but dramatic temperature test shows how rapidly ordinary tire (left) gets hot... while new "Low Profile" tire (right) runs cool. Both were mounted on the same car, both got their temperatures taken after running only 29 miles at turnpike speeds under the hot desert sun. Constant flexing pushed ordinary tire's temperature above the dangerous 240° F. mark. But the thermometer registered U.S. Royal's new "Low Profile" Safety Shape tire down below the danger zone. This consistently cooler ride makes "Low Profile" tires safer at high speeds. And, of course, they wear better and give greater mileage, too.

ORDINARY TIRE SHAPE FLEXES EXCESSIVELY, building up intense heat that murders tires, burns 'em out fast. Actual thermometer tests prove too much flexing pushes the temperature of ordinary tires well above the crucial 240° F. danger point.

"LOW PROFILE" TIRE SHAPE FLEXES LESS, keeps temperature below the destructive danger zone. Even at top highway speeds, U.S. Royal "Low Profile" tires flex less, stay cooler, last longer, keep you safer.



PIONEERED BY U. S. RUBBER AS THE ANSWER TO GREATER TIRE SAFETY

LOW PROFILE* TIRES

US RUBBER **United States Rubber**

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Editorials

We Can't Risk Survival on Soviet Promises

So potent have become the effluvia from the "spirit of Camp David" that any cautionary word concerning abolition of nuclear testing is greeted as evidence of a psychopathic desire to wipe out the human race in an atomic war. "World opinion" seems to many more important than the possibility of Communist conquest, although the world would have a poor opinion of a country that let itself be suckered out of its major means of defense.

Shortly before the Soviet proposal for a referendum on underground tests arrived, 106 members of the faculties of Johns Hopkins University and Goucher College at Baltimore urged Secretary of State Herter that the "United States should, if necessary, accept considerable risks to avoid the far greater risks attendant on continuing the arms race." The teachers deplored Western emphasis on a perfect system of inspection which, according to them, aroused suspicion in the U.S.S.R. representatives. They urged greater emphasis on the things the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. have in common!

Whatever Khrushchev's private views on nuclear testing, the real purpose of Soviet strategy is to convince mankind that the U.S.S.R. has made a big-hearted, unselfish offer, and to make the rest of us feel guilty for insisting on safeguards—in short to make us react as the Baltimore professors did. Doubtless the Kremlin, with its superiority in manpower and its probable deficiency in atomic resources, would be glad to see the tests abolished by an agreement, as President Eisenhower appears to believe, whether or not it has any intention of being bound by one. But Khrushchev's real purpose is propaganda rather than progress.

What are we prepared to give up to appease "world opinion"? As Chairman McCone of the Atomic Energy Commission pointed out, we have, for the time being at least, suspended research which promised to produce atomic weapons of manageable size, instead of the colossally destructive ones we now rely on. Furthermore, we are ready to agree to what we used to swear on a stack of Bibles we would never agree to: accept a moratorium on nondetectable underground tests, thereby leaving the Soviet Union, with its bad record on agreements, free to continue such tests while open and aboveboard Uncle Sam scrupulously respects the agreement.

In a press conference, President Eisenhower was asked whether the Anglo-U.S. proposal meant that we would stop making tests before the inspection machinery could be set up. His reply was that "you have to do something if you are going to get a system established that is going to be mutually acceptable." Nevertheless, in dealing with the Soviet Union, it is necessary to be certain that, in our anxiety to get something started, we have not handed over the key to our security. Even if the Communists agreed to inspection, we would be in something of a dilemma, because, as military critic Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times* points out, "the chance of detecting a secret underground explosion by any detecting system within present technical competence was reckoned at 1 in 100,000."

Of course, a disarmed and warless world is the hope of millions. However, an observation by Prof. Robert Strausz-Hupé of the University of Pennsylvania in an article published in the proceedings of the United States Naval Institute for February, 1960, makes a good footnote on this discussion: "The West cannot gamble its security on a disarmament agreement until it faces across the conference table men who represent an open political system, are responsive to popular will and have forsworn aggression."

Back in 1928 the Sixth Communist International defined peace propaganda as "merely another and—under present conditions—a more advantageous form of fighting capitalism." Doctor Strausz-Hupé adds that "present conditions" still prevail.

"Inebriation on One's Own Verbosity" Approaching Epidemic Proportions

There is a human trait so widespread and obvious that the English language has several words for it—talkativeness, garrulity, loquacity, verbosity and others. Some distinguished thinkers have praised talkativeness as a chief instrument of civilization. After all, what is a book, a magazine, a newspaper or a racing form but talk in print? And there are many persons whose occupations force them to talk. Think of the hard-working salesman, for example—or the senator engaged in an arduous filibuster who dare not let words fail him.

The topic of talkativeness was discussed during a session of the McClellan Rackets Committee. There was a witness who seemed to be overtalking on purpose. He was Harry Bridges' No. 2 man—Louis Goldblatt, secretary-treasurer of the West Coast longshoremen's union. The committee was trying to find out what sort of agreement existed between this union and Jimmy Hoffa.

Had Mr. Goldblatt "made any approach . . . to bring about the resignation" of one of the court-appointed monitors of the Teamsters' Union? Mr. Goldblatt responded by talking and talking. When pinned down he took the Fifth Amendment. Was Mr. Goldblatt a member of the Communist Party? Had his party name been Louis Miller? Had he written a pamphlet saying, "We . . . shall overthrow capitalism and build . . . a Soviet America"? Mr. Goldblatt talked and talked. Repeatedly he took the Fifth.

"You say an awful lot of words," one of his questioners told him. The witness answered, "Well, I don't want to be loquacious about this, but . . ." And then more yackety-yack.

Senator Ervin asked him, "Could you not stop the superfluity of your conversation and give us some information?" And ten minutes later the senator said, "If I may borrow some words from John L. Lewis, I am afraid you have become inebriated on your own verbosity."

Said Mr. Goldblatt brightly, "I thought the expression originated with Sam Johnson, and it was 'intoxicated with a person's own exuberance.'"

"What I am afraid of," said Senator Ervin, "is that you are in grave fear of becoming intoxicated by your own verbosity."

Both the senator and the superfluent witness were in error about the exact words and their author. He was neither John L. Lewis nor Samuel Johnson, but one of Winston Churchill's predecessors as Prime Minister, and one even wittier than Churchill.

In 1878, when the British Empire's prime minister, Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, was seventy-three years old, he described his famous rival, William Ewart Gladstone, as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and to glorify himself."

There were numberless other masterly sentences in Disraeli's speeches, books and conversation. Once he remarked of Gladstone, "He has not a single redeeming defect." One of his phrases is used by nearly all of us sometimes, especially in connection with horse racing or politics. In his second novel, *The Young Duke*, written when he was twenty-five, you will find this passage—"The first favorite was never heard of, the second favorite was never seen after the distance post, all the ten-to-oners were in the rear, and a dark horse which had never been thought of . . . rushed past the grandstand in sweeping triumph." Whenever anybody calls an obscure contender "a dark horse," he is in debt to Disraeli.

And since many senators are often in debt to Disraeli for various phrases, they should not forget to give him the credit. Perhaps the following words in big type should be pasted on their desks: "A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." A wise senator might read that every day and say, "Thank you, Disraeli, for a healthy warning."

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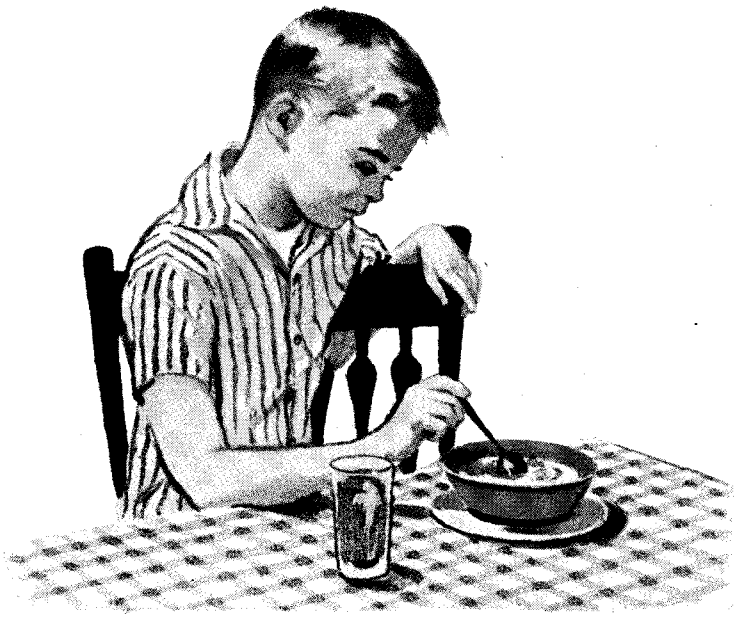
Does your family have these breakfast problems?



Does Junior get up with no appetite . . . and dawdle over his food?

Does Dad rush off to work . . . with only a cup of coffee and a bun to sustain him?

Does Sister skip breakfast entirely . . . to keep a trim figure?

The success or the failure of your day often depends on the breakfast that starts it. And yet, far too many of us either skip breakfast entirely—or eat a sparse one on the run—or substitute "coffee breaks" for a healthful morning meal.

If you've never thought breakfast important, consider these facts. In the morning, perhaps more than at any other time of the day, you need a well-balanced meal. That's because your energy is lowest after the long stretch between dinner and breakfast. So, your body requires "fuel" to renew your energy—to help you feel better, think more clearly and work more efficiently.

On the other hand, a sparse breakfast invites fatigue. In fact, many studies show that when you eat little or no breakfast, tiredness will almost surely overtake you while the morning is still young. And, in many cases, breakfast skippers become irritable, nervous or weak.

How much breakfast should you eat? Enough to supply at least one-quarter of your total food needs for the day. And to get the essential carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins and minerals, your breakfast should include fruit in some form; bread made from whole-grain or enriched flour; cereal, eggs, meat or fish; and milk to drink or to use on a cereal.

Such a breakfast (with other things you like including coffee or tea) should be eaten by everyone in the family—mother, father and the children.

Try it for a while. Chances are you'll notice how much more energy you have, and how much better you'll feel around 11 o'clock than you did before.

If you have "no time" for breakfast, just set the alarm clock a quarter of an hour earlier than usual. You'll never miss those 15 minutes. And to save time in the morning, plan and prepare things the night before.

Even if you're dieting, don't skip breakfast. Without breakfast, you're far more likely to overeat at lunch or dinner. And that can wreck anyone's reducing program.

All of us, overweight or normal, should take time to eat a substantial, unhurried breakfast. It's a fine way to help every member of your family to better health.

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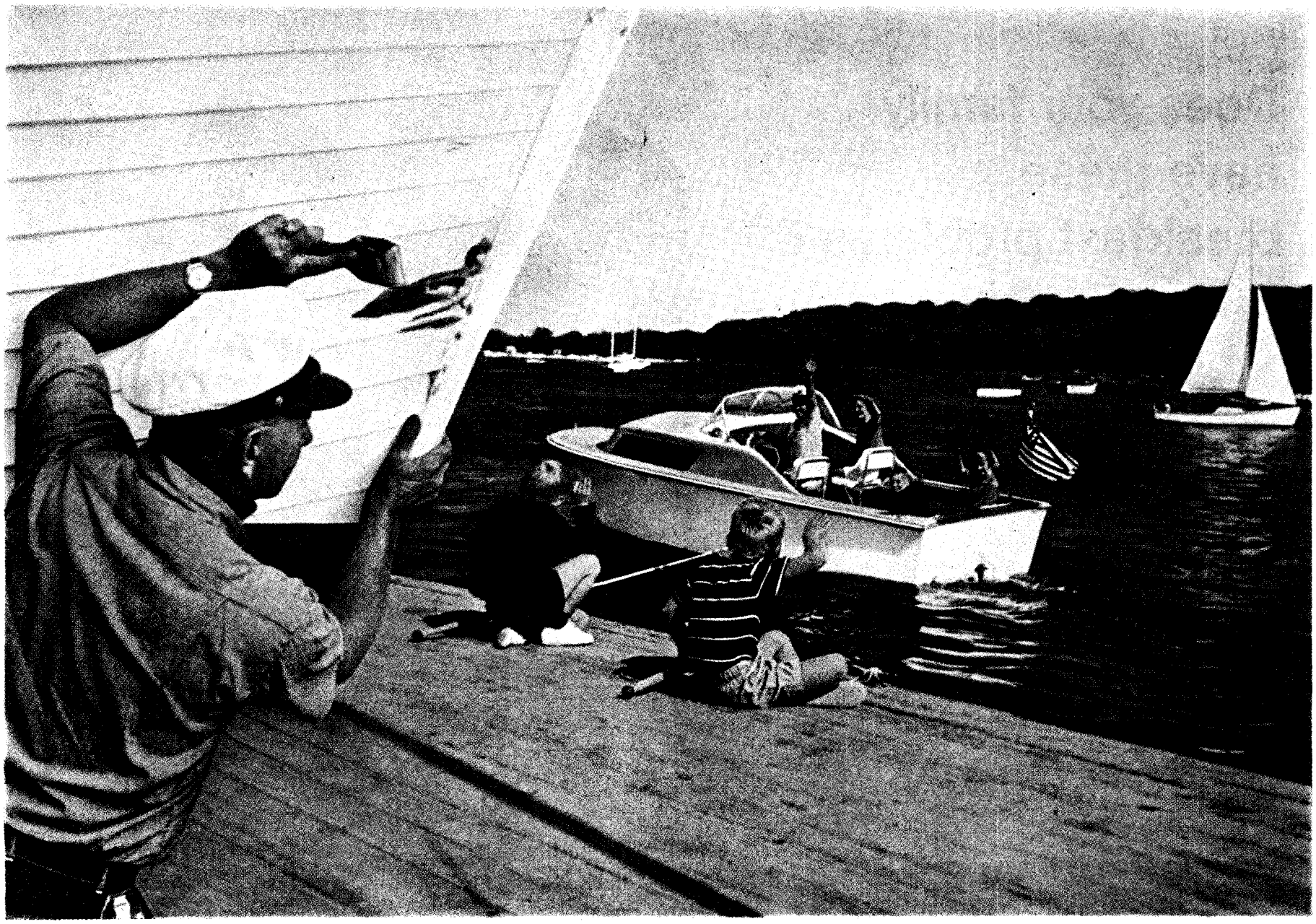
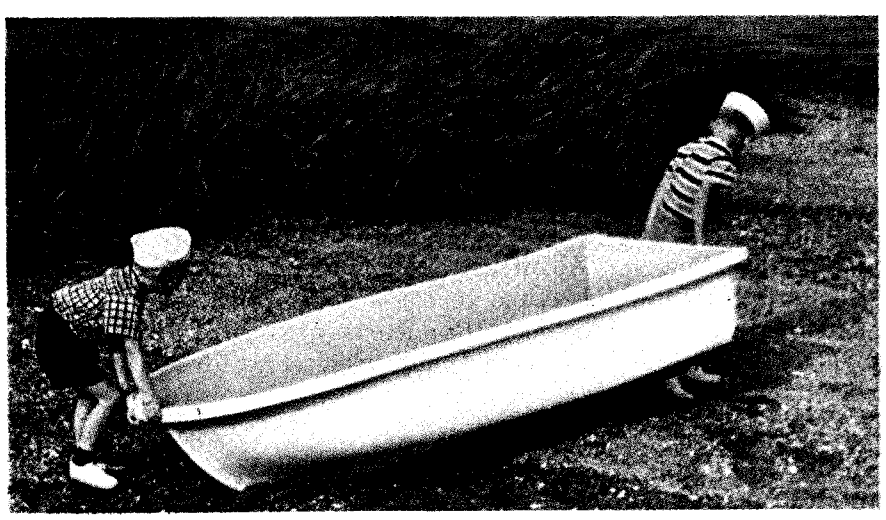


NEW WORK-FREE PLASTIC BOATS START WITH ALLIED CHEMICAL



Light, sturdy, plastic dinghies. Even small boats—dinghies and prams—are being made of PLASKON resin and glass fiber. They're lightweight, rugged, dependable, "work-free." And, if you're a sailboat enthusiast, look to the plastic hull for new freedom from barnacles and marine growth.

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Less maintenance—more boating. You'll get more days of boating pleasure with one of the new reinforced glass-fiber boats—and spend less time keeping it shipshape. That's because these boats have seamless, leak-proof plastic hulls that require no caulking and little upkeep. Key to this new development? Allied's PLASKON polyester resins—basic to maintenance-free boating.

Ideas from Allied for the plastics field are typical of Allied ideas for all industry. If you're a businessman, and would like to find out how we can help you, just write to Allied Chemical Corporation, Dept. 56-P, 61 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y., or phone HAnover 2-7300.

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"They say I've a way with Manhattans"

Pour right on-the-rocks. (Or stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass.)

Today, tending bar is no problem. You can serve the world's most *effortless* Manhattans, ready-mixed by Heublein from selected private stock whiskey and finest vatted vermouth. No work—just pour on-the-rocks. More important still, no fear of serving "flops" when you entertain! All Heublein Cocktails are made from choicest liquors, expertly proportioned. No wonder more than 20,000,000 Heublein's were served in smart homes last year!

A "BAR" WHEREVER YOU ARE. Just unpack your bottle of Heublein's—and ring for ice! These are the same quality cocktails served on luxury trains and the new jet planes.

GIVING A PARTY? Give your cocktail guests a choice. Heublein makes 10 top favorites, each perfect of its kind. Does somebody want a Stinger? A Sidecar? You've got it made!

P.S. After dinner serve delicious Heublein Cordials. Marvelously minty Creme de Menthe (54 proof) and 19 other full-flavored favorites. All at modest domestic prices.

You've got it made with HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS
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MANHATTANS 65 proof—EXTRA DRY MARTINIS 75 proof—STINGER 60 proof—SIDECAR 60 proof—6 other kinds. G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

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ONE STOP FOR EVERYTHING

Arranging to buy a car "on time" can be just as simple. With the GMAC Plan, you finance right where you buy. The General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can take care of everything in one convenient transaction. It's all handled so quickly, so easily. You need not take a step beyond his showroom.

Using the GMAC Plan, he can finance **your car, your car insurance,** also **creditor life insurance** for your family's protection—all on terms to fit your budget and at reasonable cost.

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THRIFTY CAR BUYERS KNOW...
The best way to buy "on time" is to pay down as much as you comfortably can—then pay the balance as soon as you can.

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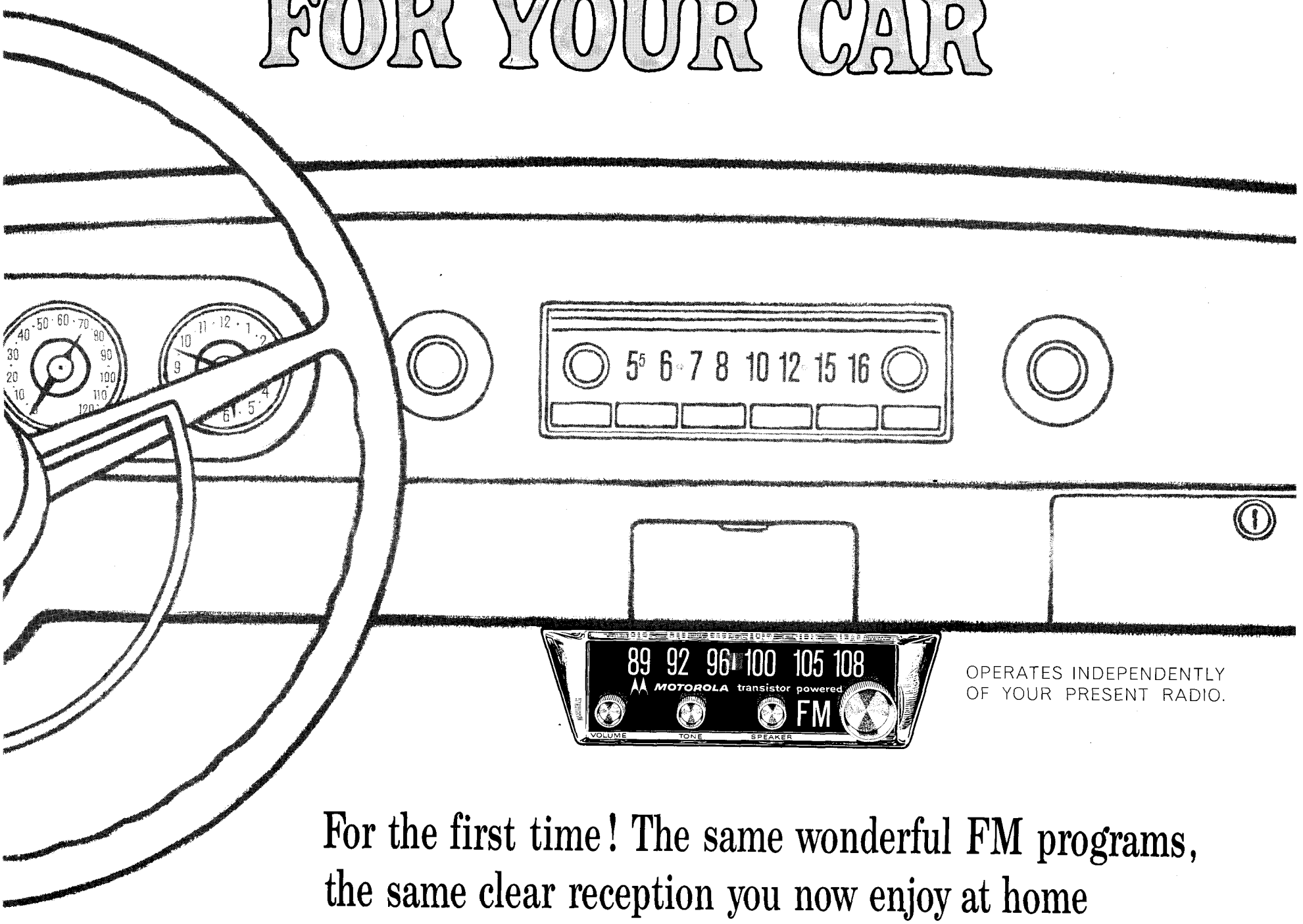
NEW!
MOTOROLA FM RADIO
FOR YOUR CAR



OPERATES INDEPENDENTLY
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For the first time! The same wonderful FM programs, the same clear reception you now enjoy at home

Better music . . . more of it . . . fewer interruptions. All FM has to offer *plus* the breath-taking realism of vivid hi-fi-like sound.

It's the first practical FM for the road—completely self-contained FM-*only* Car Radio. Installs in minutes into most 12-volt cars. Operates off the present antenna system.

The transistor-powered chassis coaxes in stations to the limit of their range—holds them virtually drift-free. Fifteen watts of peak power (3 times output of most AM car radios) produce full range of transmitted signal from 50-15,000 cps. Separate tuning control balances tone to please any ear. Special dual limiters minimize static, letting you enjoy FM in high-interference areas.

And you can take this set with you when you trade cars because it mounts beneath the dash, removes easily, leaves no visible holes.

Plan to look and listen at your nearby Motorola Dealer's.

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FOR OVER 30 YEARS THE TRADITIONAL LEADER IN QUALITY CAR RADIOS

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Left: Calendar Seamaster gives exact time and date. Self-winding. Water-resistant, stainless steel case, $140. Other Seamasters $89.50 to $490. *Left Center:* Classic. Wafer-thin 14K gold case, $145. *Right Center:* Ladymatic. Self-winding. 14K gold-filled, $115. *Right:* Sapphette, with facet-edged crystal. 14K gold, $120. All prices include Federal Tax.

To tell your graduate how proud you are . . .

Remember the first day you took him to kindergarten . . . the tears you couldn't hold back when he went away to summer camp . . . the clutch in your throat when he left for college? Now, at graduation time, a new chapter begins. To say how proud you are of him . . . to express the love and hopes in your heart . . . present him with an Omega . . . in all the world, the most wanted watch. For a free, illustrated, sixteen-page style brochure "V" and name of nearest authorized dealer, write Omega, 375 Park Ave., New York 22.

OMEGA . . . official watch of the forthcoming Olympic Games in Rome

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NOTHING LOOKS...LASTS...Llaunders
LIKE A BROOKVIEW FULL-FASHIONED Ban-Lon® SHIRT

All hands agree that Ban-Lon Brookview is "top-side" on the sea... or in the suds. It's the shirt that won't wilt from sun or spray! Comes in Puritan's yachting color-of-the-month, Blue, and 19 other superb colors. S, M, L, XL. **$8.95**

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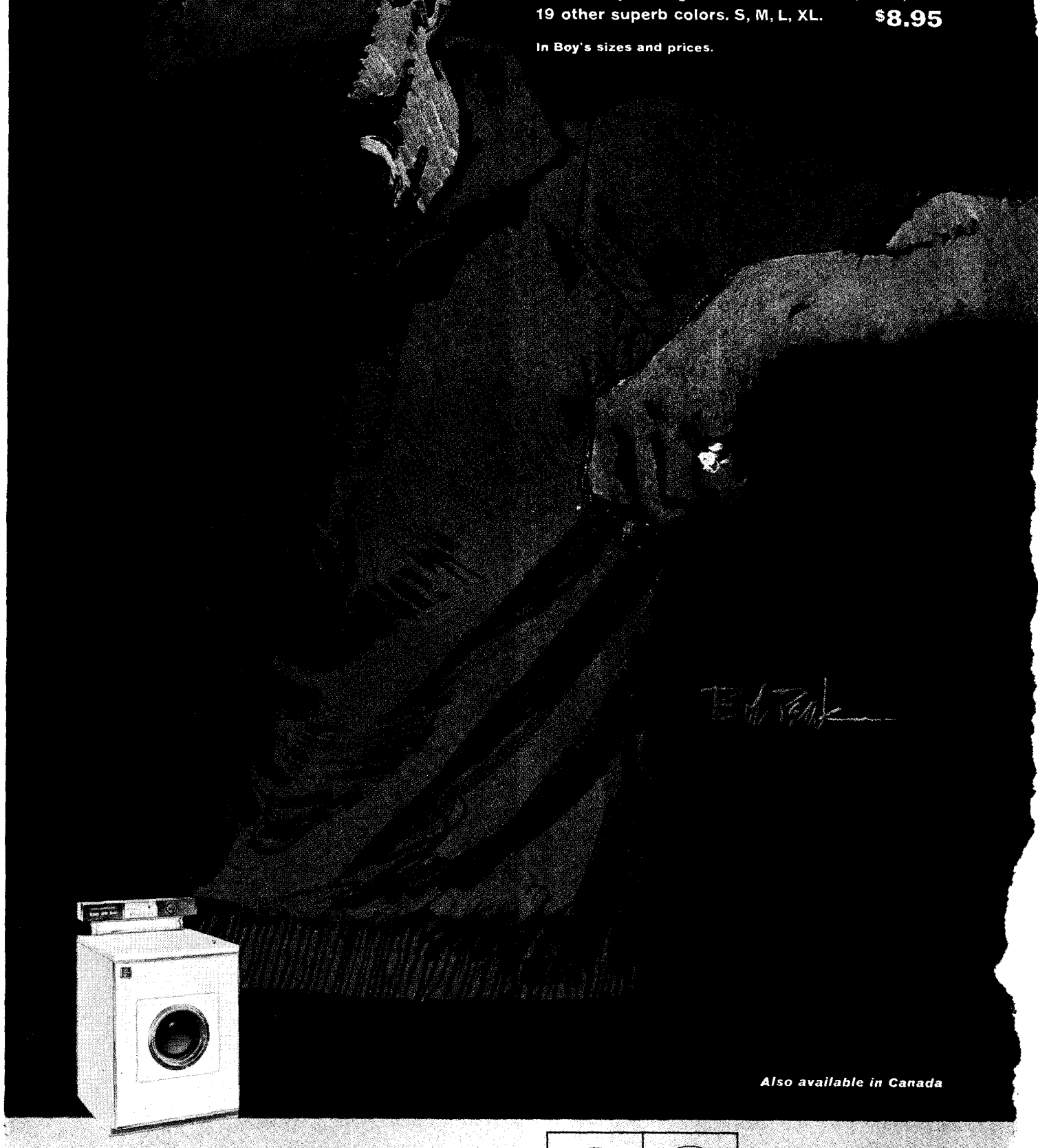

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Proved in the **EASY COMBOMATIC** Washer/Dryer 100% machine washable and dryable. Puritan's Brookview emerges smooth, fresh—ready for wear. Will not fuzz or wrinkle. EASY 27" wide Combomatic, first in performance, fits convenient locations in home—available in gas, electric; vented, non-vented and built-in under-counter models.

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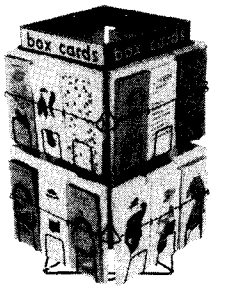
If you want to give a fellow yachtsman a real gift, send him a Brookview with an unusual greeting card by Box Cards.



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THE NEW **REMINGTON®** PORTABLE

It's really a dog's life when you can't completely share the family's enthusiasm for the new REMINGTON QUIET-RITER ELEVEN Portable. Mom and Dad are pleased as they can be to have a machine that's so dependable for personal correspondence and business letters—always letter perfect on a REMINGTON Portable. Sis is delighted with the gorgeous color—just one of the six beautiful new Remington pastel shades. And now Junior can look forward to straight A's for neatness on his homework... and get it done in half the time! In any family... anywhere... only a color-blind canine who can't type could fail to appreciate the new REMINGTON Portable.

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A MOST ENDEARING AND ENDURING GIFT... For Mom, Dad or graduate

REMINGTON QUIET-RITER® ELEVEN

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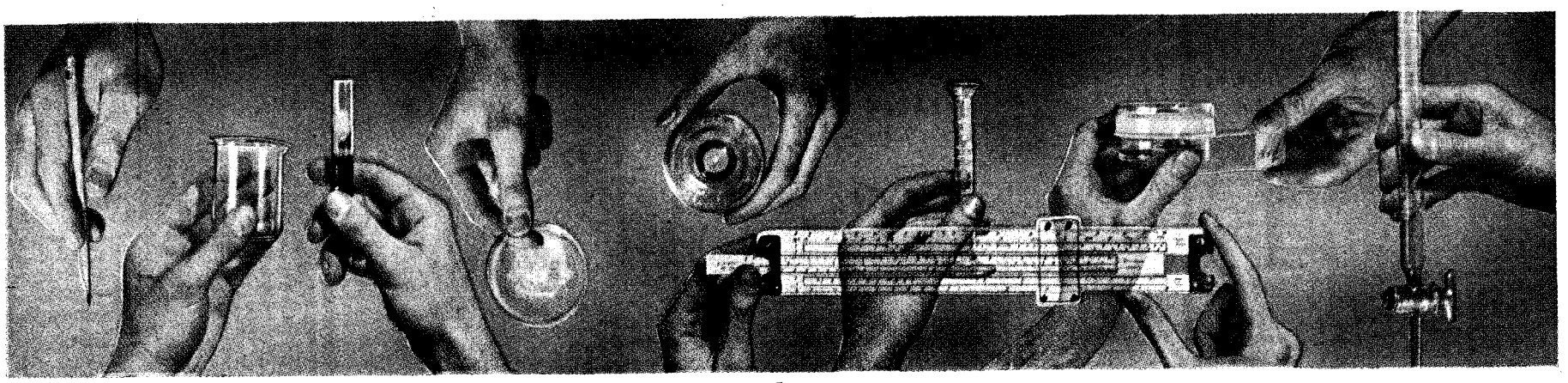
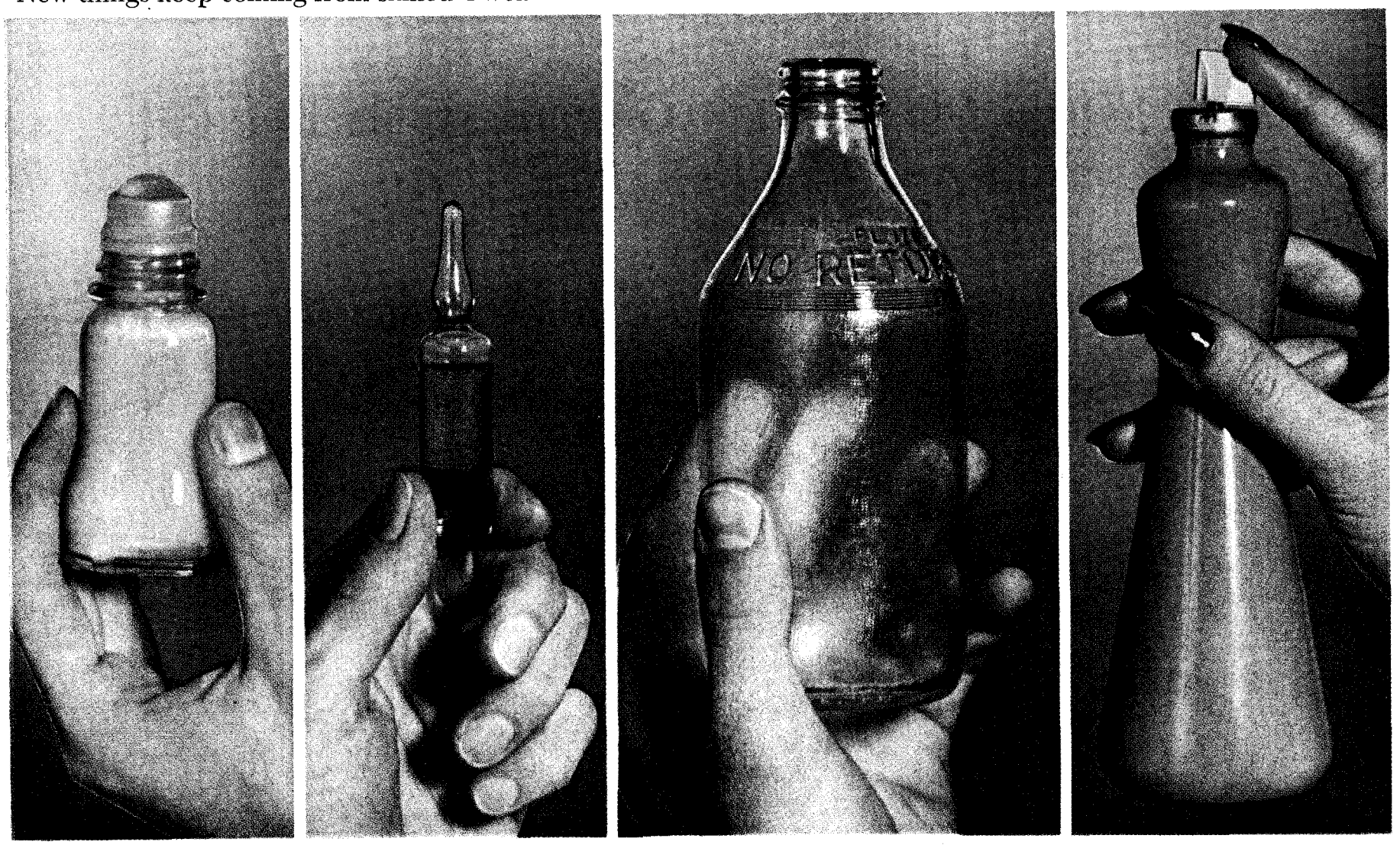


New things keep coming from skilled Owens-Illinois hands



Four different Owens-Illinois products with convenience in common

No two of the items above look alike or serve the same purpose. Yet all four are designed and made by Owens-Illinois to offer the same benefit—*convenience*. This word, often misused as a synonym for "luxury," simply means *greater utility and efficiency for a product in use.*

A winner among convenience containers for deodorants is the roll-on applicator with moving plastic ball. It applies liquid in precise amounts.

Kimble Color-Break Ampuls are such convenient containers for drugs and serums they're a "snap" for doctors to open. Bend at the blue ceramic band; the stem severs cleanly, instantly. Kimble is the scientific and technical products unit of O-I.

The compact new No-Deposit glass soft-drink bottle is *the bottle you don't take back.* Many like the idea of a single-trip container but trust beverage quality only with glass. This new convenience bottle gives them both.

Owens-Illinois has developed the only plastic-*bonded*-to-glass pressure spray container. The inside is a Duraglas bottle, impervious to chemicals, flavorless, odorless. The outer surface is made of tough, easy-to-grip plastic. This combination offers the most efficient, attractive package yet for pressure products.

All these products and many more reflect the imagination, research and consumer consciousness typical of the Owens-Illinois approach.

CONTAINER Duraglas bottles & jars • closures
plastic containers • plastic fitments
corrugated & fiber paper shipping boxes
multiwall bags • kraft paper for boxes

INDUSTRIAL Kimble all-glass TV bulbs • glass pipe
glass insulators • glass tubing & rod

SCIENTIFIC Kimble laboratory glass • vials • ampuls

Libbey Safedge tumblers & stemware

BUILDING glass block • glass curtain walls

MAKERS OF (O-I) PRODUCTS

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Even if you owned a tire tree

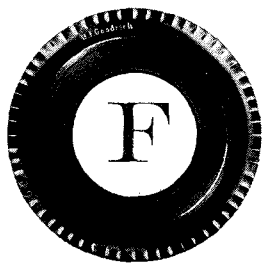
you'd be smart to deal with BFG!

A "bargain" tire's no bargain if it doesn't give good service. Even risky if you drive on long trips at superhighway speeds. Your best buy is the tire that fits <u>your</u> kind of driving *(heavy driving, light or normal)*.

B.F. Goodrich makes it easy for you to choose the right tire:

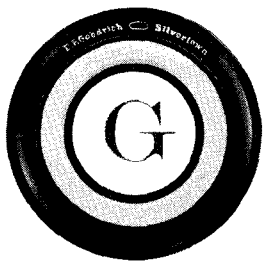
For heavy driving - premium-quality tires

If you pile up the mileage at superhighway speeds, you need the new B.F.Goodrich "HT." This new tire has an extra-strong, cool-running nylon cord body and an extra-wide, extra-deep tread that guards against bruise blowouts, grips the road better. Our "HT" gives you 22% more mileage for only about $3 more than a regular, first-quality tire.



For light driving - economy tires

If you do mostly light driving—like just around town—then you can save real money with economy tires such as the B.F.Goodrich "Safety-S." This tire is fine for your downtown shopping and short-distance trips. With a seven-rib, safe-stopping tread, we believe there's no better economy-tire value than the BFG "Safety-S" available anywhere.



For normal driving - first-quality tires

Most people need BFG "Silvertowns" for their hundreds of local errands and the few long trips each year. This is the tire that comes on new cars. You can depend on its tough Tyrex cord body anywhere. And its new "Quiet Rubber" tread takes the hum out of highways, the squeal out of corners . . . gives you a really smooth ride.

Buying the right tire is as easy as B-F-G

P.S. Don't bother carrying this ad around. Just look in the Yellow Pages and go see the expertest expert in town—your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer. He stands back of every tire he sells. We back him up. And we've been pioneering the best in tires ever since we made the first pneumatic tire for the first commercial auto back in 1896. The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio

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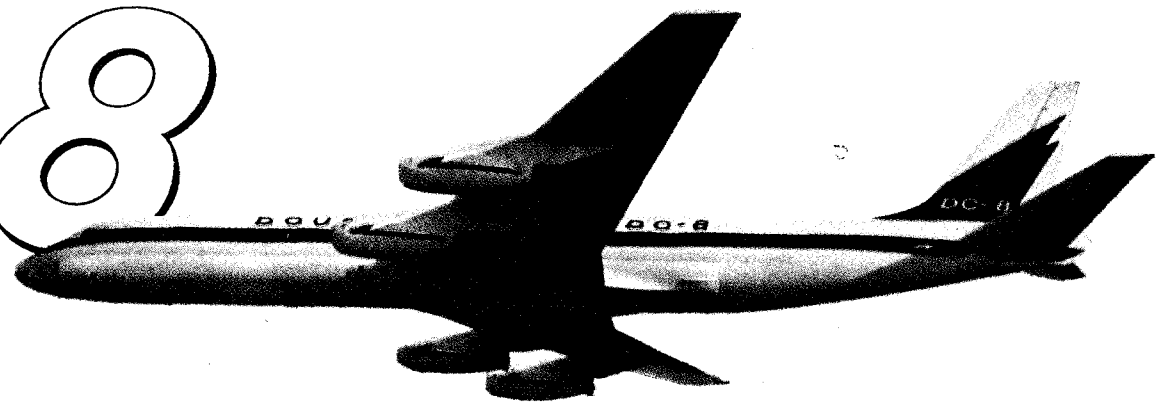
DOUGLAS DC-8



World travelers call it...(and so will you!)

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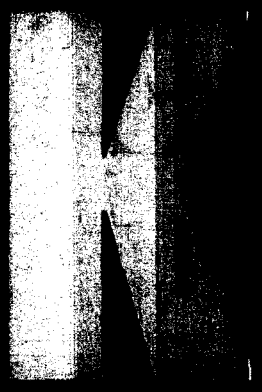
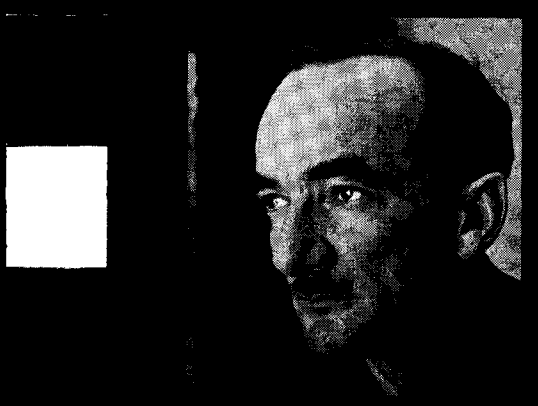
The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin



I AM AN AMERICAN



By JOHN MASTERS
Author of
Bhowani Junction

My neighbor at the reunion dinner in London was one of those Englishmen who wear a monocle and a superior drawl. "Tell me," he said after the waiters had cleared away the soup, "why are all Americans so keen on sticking their noses into other people's business—like prohibition?"

I answered that not all Americans were Nosy Parkers—indeed, I thought we were generally too tolerant of misconduct and, to make the trouble worse, each American made his own definition of it.

My neighbor said thoughtfully, "It must be hard to be an American then—always trying to work things out for yourselves. And it's hard for us too. I mean, when we meet a *Continued on Page 52*

A celebrated novelist and ex-Englishman tells why he changed his nationality and what America means to him.

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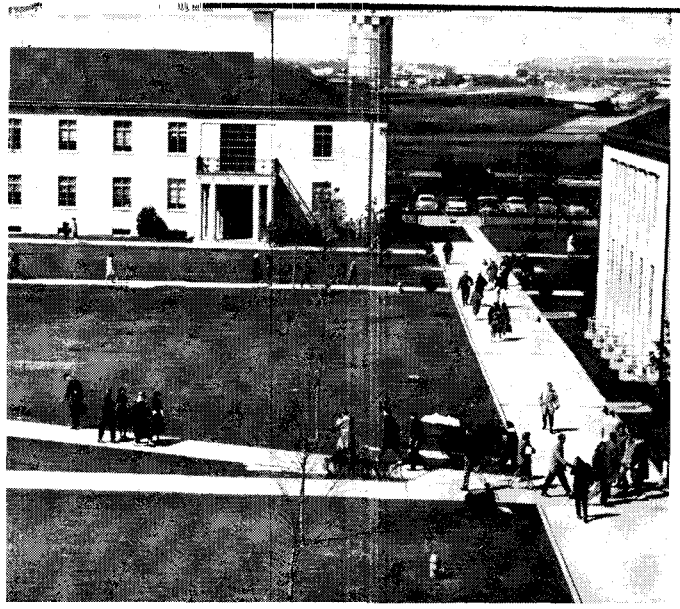


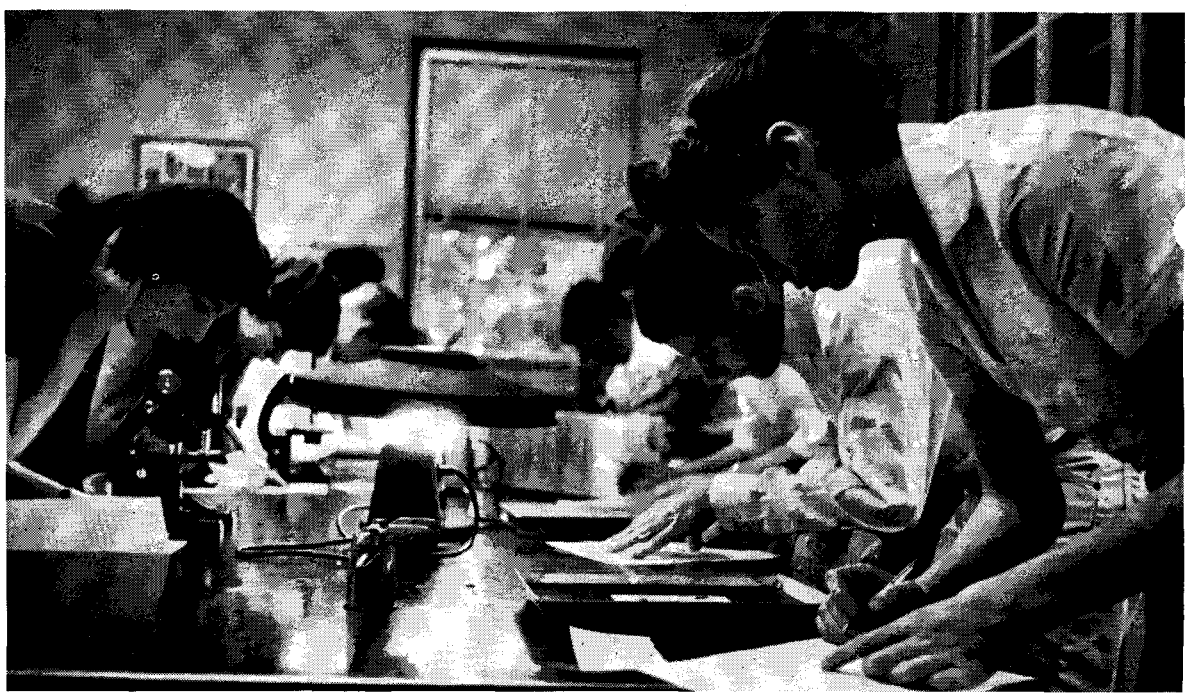
A corner of the campus, and neighboring air base. Hofstra is a commuter college. Students and faculty travel between home and the campus every day.

The "collegiate" atmosphere at Hofstra is so strong that a visitor may feel as if he were back on a college campus of thirty years ago, the author says.

Herbert Beattie, directing this chorus, is a leading basso with the New York City Opera. Many professional people in the Manhattan area enrich the college's faculty.

HOW TO START A COLLEGE FROM SCRATCH

By HAROLD H. MARTIN



Botany lab: Hofstra has fourteen new laboratories and classroom buildings, none more than fifteen years old. Most of them have been paid for out of tuition fees.

In its twenty-year history Long Island's Hofstra College has acquired a student body of 8000, a $9,000,000 campus and one of the better-paid faculties in the country.

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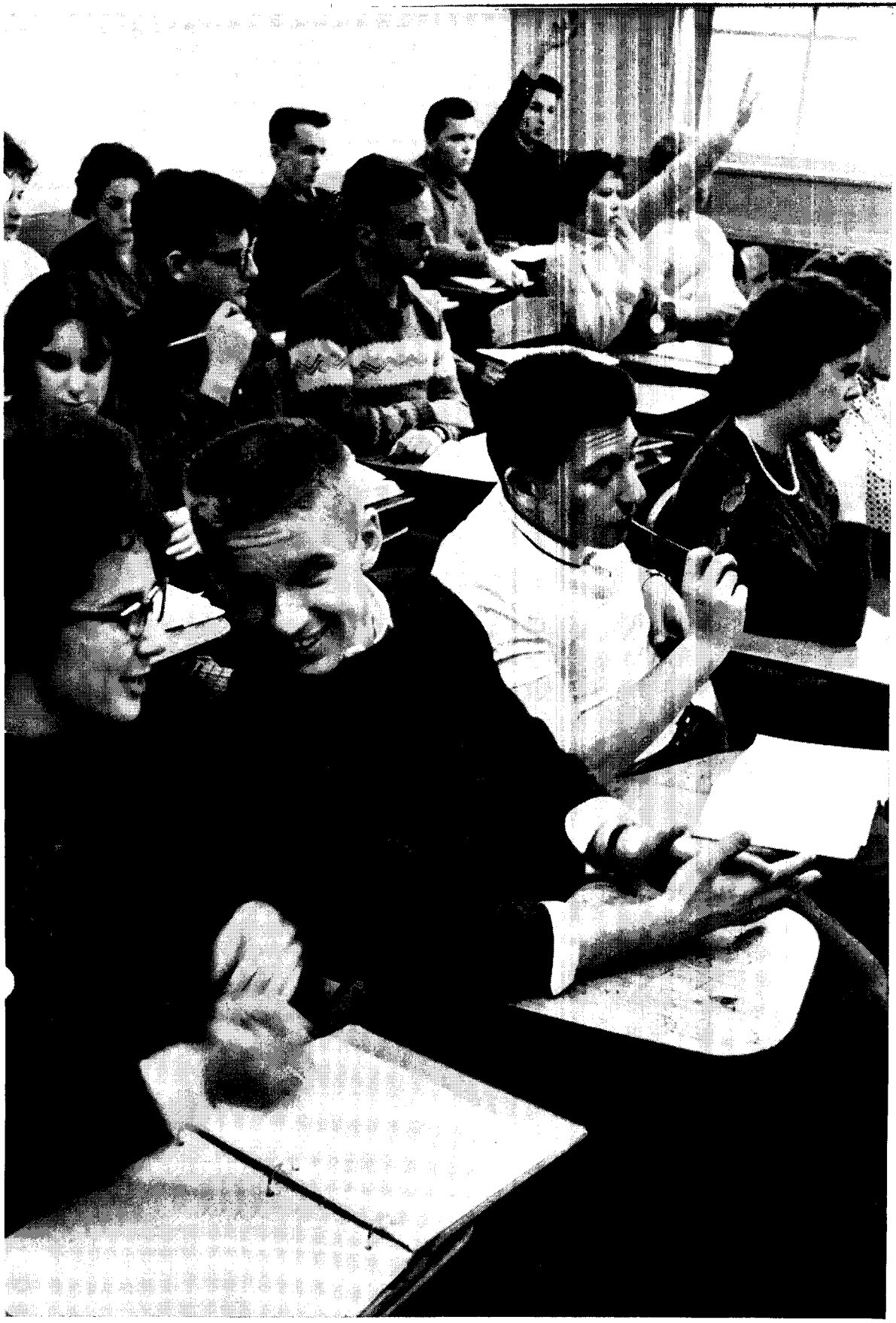
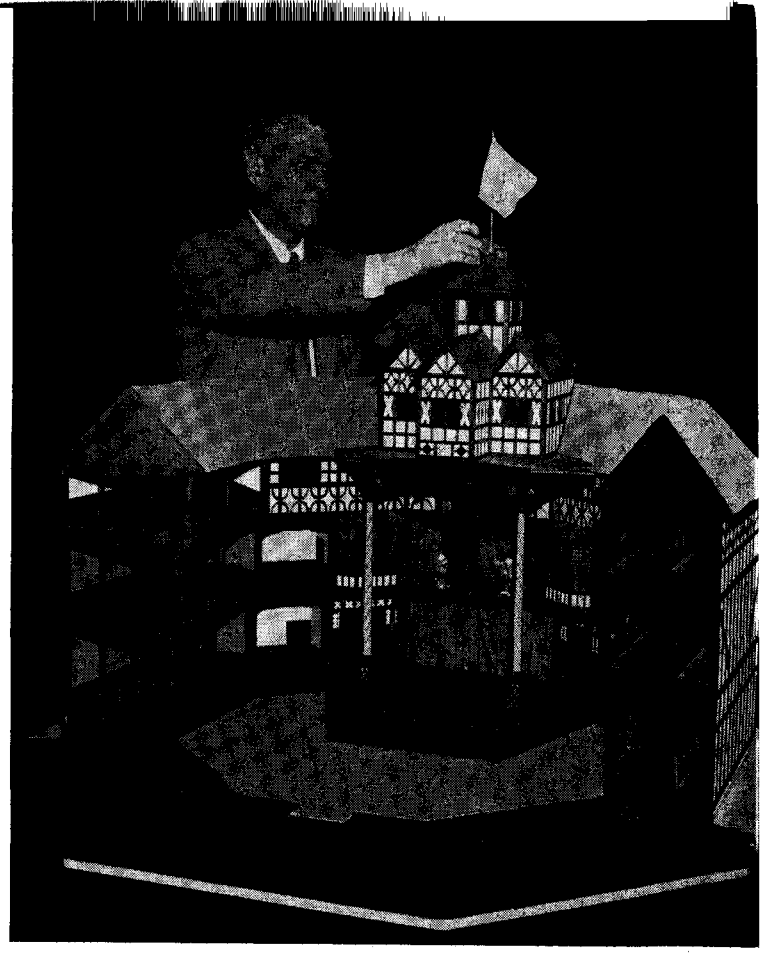
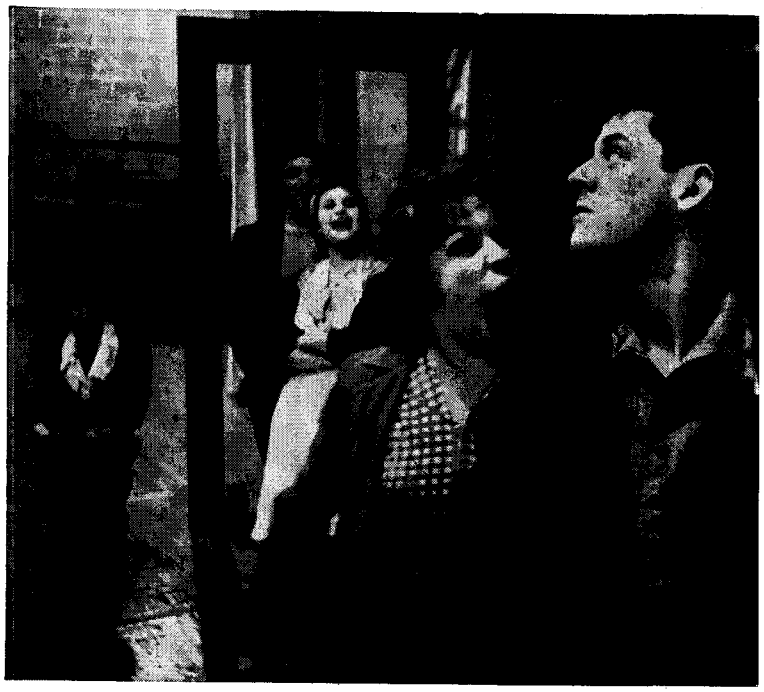


Hofstra operates on three shifts a day—79 hours a week. Classrooms are 85 per cent full every day. "Our goal," says Hofstra's vice president, Dr. Jack Johnson, "is to keep these classroom seats warm."



Dr. John Cranford Adams, Hofstra's president and noted Shakespearean scholar, with a scale model of the college's Elizabethan theater.



The shrieking young woman student above is Barbara Maidman, rehearsing a scene with Gene Nye in the new million-dollar theater.

On Long Island's booming Hempstead plains, an hour's train ride from Manhattan, a brash young liberal-arts college that almost become not a college at all, but a home for orphan cats, is showing the nation's more venerable institutions of higher learning a way out of their financial dilemma.

While private colleges and universities all over the country are beseeching alumni, cajoling foundations and wooing industry in an effort to find the money to house, feed and educate the hosts who are clamoring at their gates, a do-it-yourself institution called Hofstra College, which had only 159 full-time undergraduate students in 1944, today is educating 8000 on a $9,000,000 campus it paid for largely out of its own earnings.

Hofstra's financial success, which has caused much thoughtful head scratching in educational circles, stems from its stubborn determination to ignore two ancient shibboleths long held sacred by educators: One, that learning, ideally, must be pursued in the quiet sanctuary of a residential college where the student spends four years in semi-isolation from the rest of the world; two, that the learner should not be required to pay the full cost of his education.

To Dr. John Cranford Adams, Hofstra's president and a noted Shakespearean scholar, neither of these cherished beliefs makes sense in times like these. In the age of the automobile, with the great population explosion filling up the once-empty hinterlands, the need of the urban community is for a commuter college whose students go home to sleep in their own beds at night. Hofstra, therefore, though at first glance it looks like a residential college in the classic pattern, has no dormitories. Everybody from the president to the janitor commutes. By eleven o'clock at night the seventy-acre campus, where handsome new buildings sit in quadrangles around green lawns, is as dark and still as a country graveyard.

By day, however, the place is seething with the rush and scuffle of an army camp in the first days of a war. Students, coming in three waves, pick their way among bulldozers, ditch-diggers, concrete mixers and swarms of masons and carpenters putting up new buildings. Professors schedule (Continued on Page 56)

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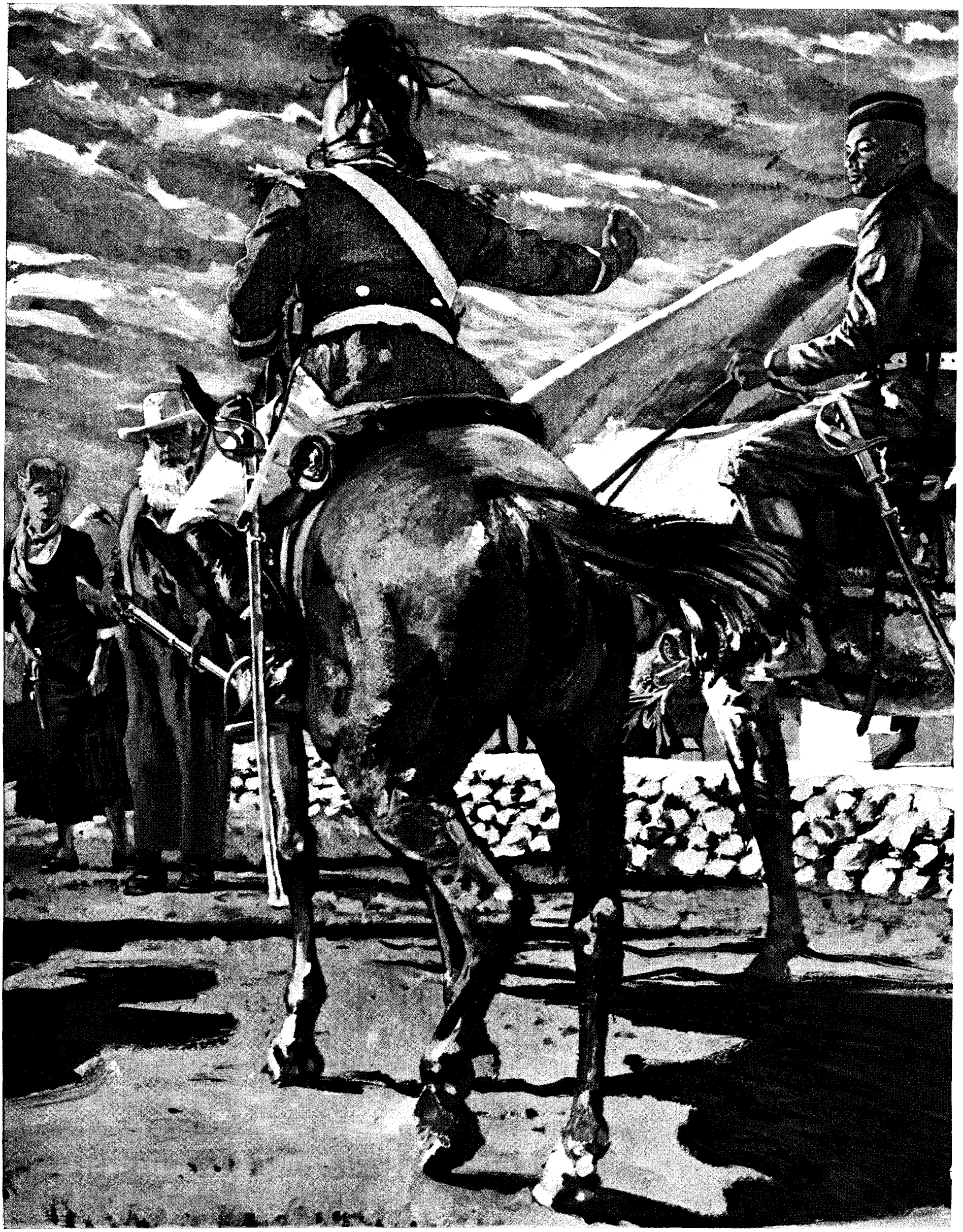

"Tell these people there is nothing wrong," said the captain.

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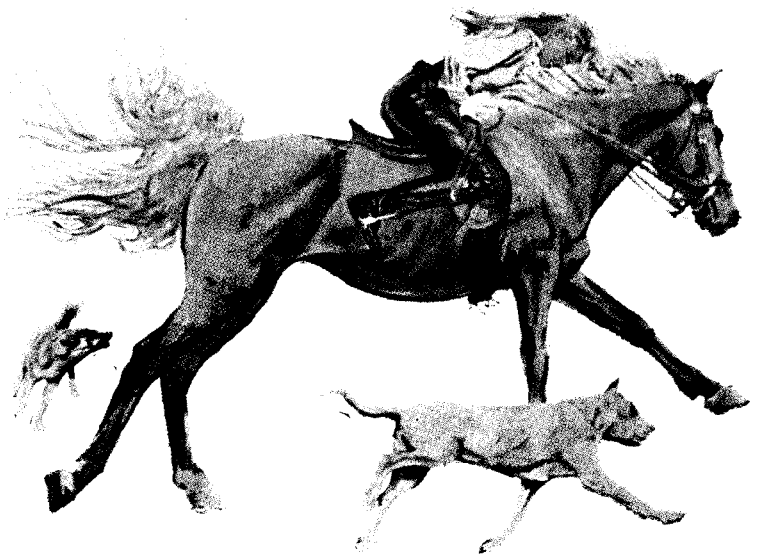

Leaning over Blaubooi's neck, she let him go.

The soldiers stood for everything the settlers hated.

Journey Into Danger

Beginning a New Novel by STUART CLOETE · First of Eight Parts

In the distance low red clouds of dust moved toward the kraals and stables. The animals were coming in, driven by their herders. But they were still far away, and the little world of Groenplaas was wrapped in a blanket of silence, pierced only by the song of a Kaffir maid going to fetch water and, from farther away, among the small hills, the cry of a hunting jackal that was answered by its mate.

On the stoep of the farm, immovable among her pot plants, a big woman sat staring at the drifting clouds of dust. They were a mile or more away, but she saw into them—into their hearts, for she had certain gifts and could see into the hearts of both men and beasts. She would see into the future, too, at times, so that it became as real as today.

With this thought of her gift in her mind, *Tante* Maria—Aunt Maria to all the whites in the countryside—got up and went into the house. She moved majestically, rolling forward like a great rock that would crush any obstacle in its path. The room was nearly dark. Two colored girls were working by the open fire. Barefooted, silhouetted against the glow, they bent over the pots in the chimney.

Only when her eyes became used to the gloom did *Tante* Maria see Francina sitting on a bench with her back to the wall. The girl looked up. The light caught the whites of her eyes and her teeth and lighted the honey of her hair. She sprang up.

"Do you know what they are saying, *Tante* Maria? That many are thinking of trekking and leaving their farms."

"I have heard, Cina. But what kind of men will go? The fools, the feckless, the useless, who would sooner hunt than work. Horses," *Tante* Maria said, wrinkling her nose, "you stink of horse sweat."

"*Ja*," the girl said. "I rode fast."

"That is all you ever do—ride about the veld like a boy."

"She rides as well as a boy," Willem Prinsloo said. He had come in for his supper. "And since this is a horse farm and will one day be hers, it is as well that she should know horses."

"Horses," said his sister-in-law, turning on him, "are not for girls. Is it seemly for a girl of fifteen to have a pet stallion and gallop about the world on his back?"

"Food," Willem said. "*Magtig*, I came in to eat and not to argue." He sat at the table. One of the colored girls brought a candle.

Cina and her grandmother waited on the man, the master of the farm, as he ate. They served him roasted buck flesh with sweet potatoes, pumpkin and rice. They cut him slices of home-made bread. They poured out coffee for him. They brought him watermelon *konfyt*—a sweet preserve to end the meal. When he had lighted his pipe and risen from the table, the woman and the girl sat down. They ate in silence, for once again there was war between them.

(Continued on Page 127)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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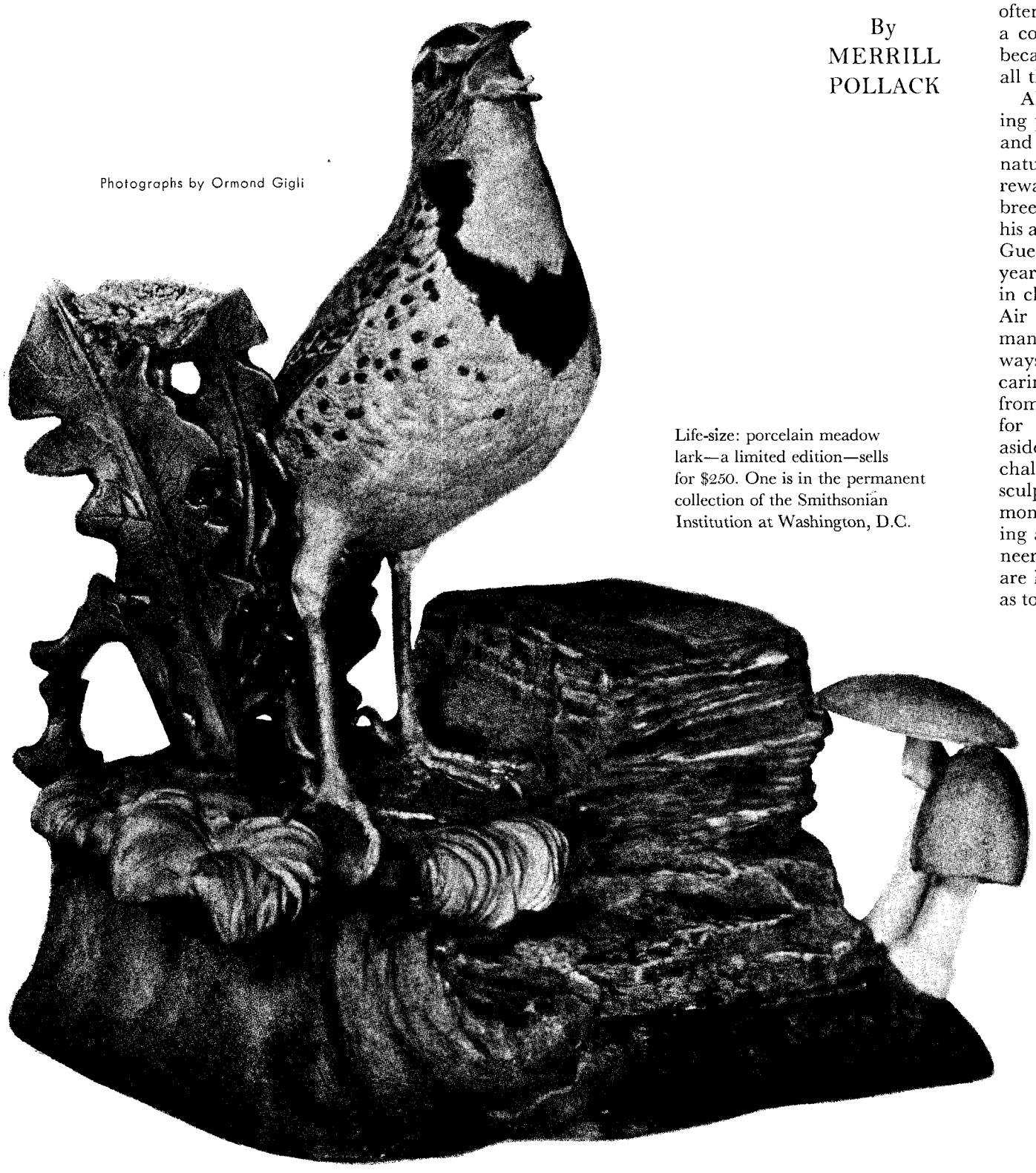
The Birds and Beasts of Mr. Boehm

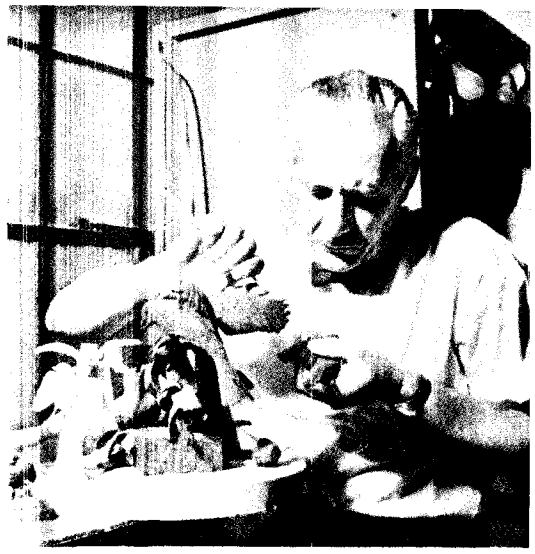
This former farmer's incredibly realistic porcelain statuettes have brought him riches and international fame.

By MERRILL POLLACK

Photographs by Ormond Gigli



Life-size: porcelain meadow lark—a limited edition—sells for $250. One is in the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C.



Boehm in his workshop making a clay model from which production molds will be cast.

Edward Marshall Boehm, at the age of forty-seven, is a muscular, taciturn man with weather-tanned skin, a dark mustache and hair that is gray on top and white at the temples. His eyes are dark and piercing and often brooding. He has trouble with an ulcer, a condition that was brought on, he thinks, because of his constant drive for perfection in all the things he does.

All his life he has been close to the soil, paying particular attention to the habits of birds and animals, and this preoccupation with nature has given him a full measure of earthly reward. He started as a farmer and cattle breeder and excelled at that, counting among his achievements a Grand National Champion Guernsey bull when he was only twenty-one years old. During World War II, when he was in charge of a rehabilitation program for the Air Force at Pawling, New York, he helped many wounded and sick airmen find their ways back to health through a program of caring for animals. Following his discharge from the service, he worked with a veterinarian for a few years and then, casting security aside, embarked on a new and fantastically challenging career, that of making porcelain sculptures. By all odds his decision promised monumental failure. He had no formal training as a sculptor, and the technical and engineering complexities of making fine porcelain are hard to learn and the failures so common as to make the craft frustrating in the extreme.

This statuette of Prince Philip was given by the Eisenhowers to Elizabeth II and her consort during the royal couple's 1959 visit to the U.S.

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The ceramic sculptor with one of his models, a rare "satyr tragopan"—Tibetan pheasant. He keeps over 1000 birds at his Washington Crossing, N.J., home.

Boehm, whose philosophy is that the real challenge in life is to try the impossible, was undaunted by all the obstacles. He had no money to speak of, no audience of collectors waiting breathlessly for his work. He had only a conviction that he would master his craft and the admiring support of his wife, Helen, who felt he had a "God-given gift" and was willing to support them both until he made his mark.

Edward Marshall Boehm is famous today. His incredibly lifelike porcelain birds and animals are in the White House, Buckingham Palace, the Elysée Palace in Paris, the Vatican and the home of Korea's president, Syngman Rhee. His work is (Continued on Page 110)

Helen Boehm (left) arranged this special showing of her husband's work at a New York shop. She travels 100,000 miles a year on sales and promotion trips.

Most limited of limited editions is this pair of song sparrows. The Boehm "line" also includes a variety of horses, religious objects and occasional pieces in porcelain.

This statuette of golden-crowned kinglets is in the permanent collection of the Los Angeles County Museum.

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"I'll get a divorce," she said, crying softly.

FURTIVE AFFAIR

What should a man do when he finds he is in love with his best friend's wife?

By GEORGE P. MORRILL

The moment Tod O'Conner pulled his truck in beside mine I knew what was wrong. I could tell by his paste-colored face. I could tell by the way he slowly snapped off his ignition and pressed his big, blunt hands against his temples. I jumped out of my cab. I walked back and started kicking at a rock wedged between my rear double tires.

"Mike?" he said.

I stepped around the other side of my truck. I looked across the motor at him. His eyes were glittering with tears.

"Gail wants to call it quits," he said.

My stomach jumped. Well, this was it at last. "The hell you say," I said.

He got out and slammed the door. He sat on the running board. Tod had heavy, awkward shoulders—very strong—and a mop of brown curls. The dust from the traprock he'd been hauling had marked his rugged face like talcum powder. He stared at the other trucks rumbling into the yard.

"Fix my heap?" he said in a choky voice.

I gassed and oiled and watered his truck. I took a ball-peen sledge and pounded out a new dent in his fender, so the checker wouldn't catch it. Then I dropped the sledge and just stood there, feeling lousy. Tod and Gail—the names went together in our town. They had a little red house on Pond Meadow Road. They had a year-old baby with yellow curls called Pokey.

In the showers we didn't joke with the other drivers, Warren Haight and the rest. When Tod rinsed himself he stood perfectly still, eyes closed. I knew he was trying to let the hot water soak in him and shut off thought, the way it sometimes does.

Outside, we sat on our motorcycles and smoked. Twilight had fallen. The New York, New Haven and Hartford sped by, its day coaches glowing. Clickety-click, clickety-click.

Tod said, "She thinks she married too young. Maybe she's right."

I dropped my cigarette and ground it with my heel. "Pokey will hold things together," I said.

(Continued on Page 67)

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"The more expensive the restaurant," says the author,
"the more awesome the proportions of the *carte du jour*."

A NOTED HUMORIST'S VIEW OF RESTAURANTS, WAITERS AND MENUS IN GENERAL.

My Menu Miseries

BY COREY FORD

Man I know, a stickler for accuracy, has been waging a stubborn battle with his favorite eating club. For years the menu has listed Half Broiled Spring Chicken, and for years this man has contended that it should read Broiled Half Spring Chicken, or else they should send it back to the kitchen to be better cooked. "For that matter," he asked the other day, "why is the chicken on a menu always listed as spring? Don't they have chickens any other time of year?"

I told him it was probably for the same reason that turkeys on menus are always listed as Vermont turkeys. If all the turkeys from Vermont were actually produced in that state, there wouldn't be any room left to produce all the maple syrup that is always listed as Vermont maple syrup. The same thing is true of ducklings from Long Island, hams from Virginia, lobsters from Maine, beef from Kansas City (unless you're in Texas), potatoes from Idaho, baked beans and cream pie from Boston and salad dressing from the Thousand Islands.

It's even worse with sea food, because menus depart from the facts altogether. There seems to be a general conspiracy among restaurant people to call fish by other names, apparently on the theory that it tastes better if you think it's something else. Take sole, for instance. An ichthyologist of my acquaintance assures me that no member of the sole family exists this side of the ocean. Either it has to be imported from overseas or, as is more likely, the fillet of sole that you order is flounder or codfish or anything else that is handy. By the same token, scallops are more

(Continued on Page 103)

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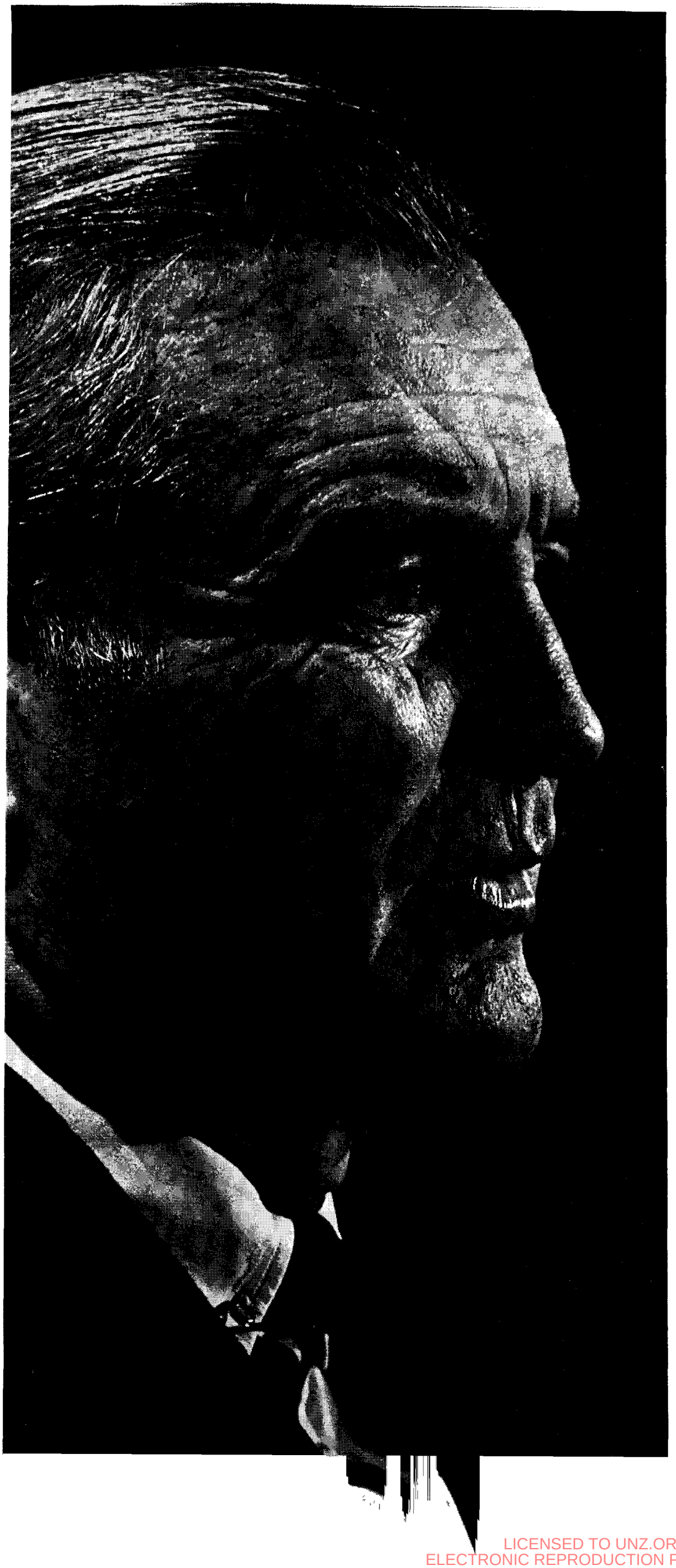

Stu IS READY AND WAITING

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

What kind of man is Stuart Symington? What are his chances of being nominated for the Presidency?

One of the century's more splendiferous displays of political fireworks appears likely at the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles next July, but there is a growing suspicion among professional observers that when the smoke blows away it may reveal one of the party's less spectacular candidates still on his feet and ready to charge the Republican ramparts at the White House. With a little luck, Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri could be that man.

There is, of course, always a possibility that one of the leading Democratic candidates will roll up unbeatable public support before the convention and win on the first ballot. Such a development, however, appeared less likely after the April presidential primary in Wisconsin, where Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey made a strong showing against front-runner Sen. John F. Kennedy. The Wisconsin results, while subject to various interpretations, did not substantially alter the prospect that the party's presidential candidate will be selected in a battle royal at Los Angeles.

If Symington should be nominated, which involves some large "ifs," it would represent a remarkable triumph of persistence and patience over the laws of political inertia. Friends of the energetic and handsome senator have been working to get his presidential balloon off the ground ever since 1952, when he surprisingly won his first election by a comfortable margin

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Above: Symington's best boosters are his family. At left of Evelyn and Stu are Janey and her husband, Stuart Jr. At right are Sylvia and the younger son, Jim, a husband-and-wife team who write and sing campaign songs for the senator.

Jerry Litton, national chairman of the "Youth for Symington" organization, with coed volunteers. In a single month of recruiting, the club enlisted 600 members from 28 states.

Symington (in rear) at the Egyptian Democratic Club rally in Herrin, Ill. Singer's badge says, "I'm for Stu! How about you!"

despite President Eisenhower's sweep of Missouri. Outwardly, at least, the balloon has everything scientifically required for aeronautical ascent, including perfect balance for the prevailing political winds and maximum adaptability to regional atmospheric turbulence. The only problem has been getting it to go up.

Not a few political scientists have studied the phenomenon of Symington's terrestrial gravitation without agreeing on an explanation. Some have suggested that the senator carries too much ballast because he seeks to be all things to all men—"Hogwash!" retorted the St. Joseph, Missouri, *News-Press* in an indignant editorial—and others have argued that he fails to project a capacity for leadership to the public. Instead of discouraging Symington's supporters, such speculations have merely served to strengthen their belief that, with a few minor adjustments, the balloon will take off for the stratosphere as soon as other leading candidates have been eliminated on the third or fourth ballot at the Los Angeles convention. Significantly, a number of tough-minded political sages, including Harry S. Truman, are inclined to agree and have encouraged them.

"If we just work hard," drawled Rep. Charles H. Brown of Missouri with the air of a country boy, which he is not, "it is as sure as shootin' that Stu will be nominated."

The Symington paradox is both an advantage and a disadvantage to him in this year's Democratic contest. The disadvantage is that he can win only if the leading candidates kill one another off and the deadlocked delegates turn to a moderate or harmony candidate. The advantage is that Symington has most of the qualifications of a compromise candidate. He has done well in business and government, but not well enough to arouse the envy of his peers. He has waged some bitter fights, but only against such natural enemies of the Democratic Party (Continued on Page 105)

1934: The former Evelyn Wadsworth, now Mrs. Symington, during her brief but successful career as a "society singer" in New York clubs.

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A Post *Novelette*
Complete in This Issue

VILLAGE OF THE DEAD

By NOEL CLAD

What fearful taboo was violated by the white woman's presence?

The map had not exactly lied. Rather it had fabricated optimistically as Mexican road maps were wont to do. The alleged secondary road from Corazon to Santa Ispania was little more than a dirt track winding ninety kilometers through the Nayarit jungle.

Noonie Brecht was not particularly worried about it. For nearly forty years of her resourceful, hard-fisted spinsterhood she had been in and out of Mexico, which she covered for her Dutch newspaper chain. With typical Dutch economy she was paid by the line. She had long ago discovered that her subsistence lay, not in the godsent but rare easy pickings of a diplomatic conference, or crime wave with a Dutch angle in San Francisco or Guadalajara, but in her persistent talent for mining human interest and local color from the hinterlands.

She had a working journalist's ability to turn mishaps into articles of interest. Moreover, her station wagon had good tires. And in spite of her fatigue and a recent twinge of fever, she kept her passion for rural Mexico.

Therefore she phlegmatically bumped along mostly in second gear, now and then briefly calling on her four-wheel traction as the dirt track made use of an unimproved arroyo, her weathered blue eyes alert for anything she might turn into negotiable words.

The utter emptiness of this road would have told her she was in Indian country even if she had not already known it. Other routes in Mexico were festive by comparison. A cluster of brown grass huts, looking more like a European's conception of Africa than Africa itself; a rudely fenced acre of corn or maguey; a cluster of staring brown faces along the roadside. Those things were Mexican Mexico—radios turned up to maximum volume brawling into the ears of the customers drinking at the cantinas, a madly social people, never so happy as when they were busy with hands full of firecrackers in honor of Guadalupe or Saint Catherine.

"Can you fix it?"

The Indian country in almost every way was antipodal. Green and black and green faced her here, the overlush wet foliage that somehow sickened, now and then broken by a blazing white of rock in the late afternoon sun. She saw no human face and wondered how many Indian faces saw her. She guessed the number might be large. The Indians built their houses in the jungle, so naturally camouflaged that you might pass within twenty steps yet see nothing, hear nothing. The road

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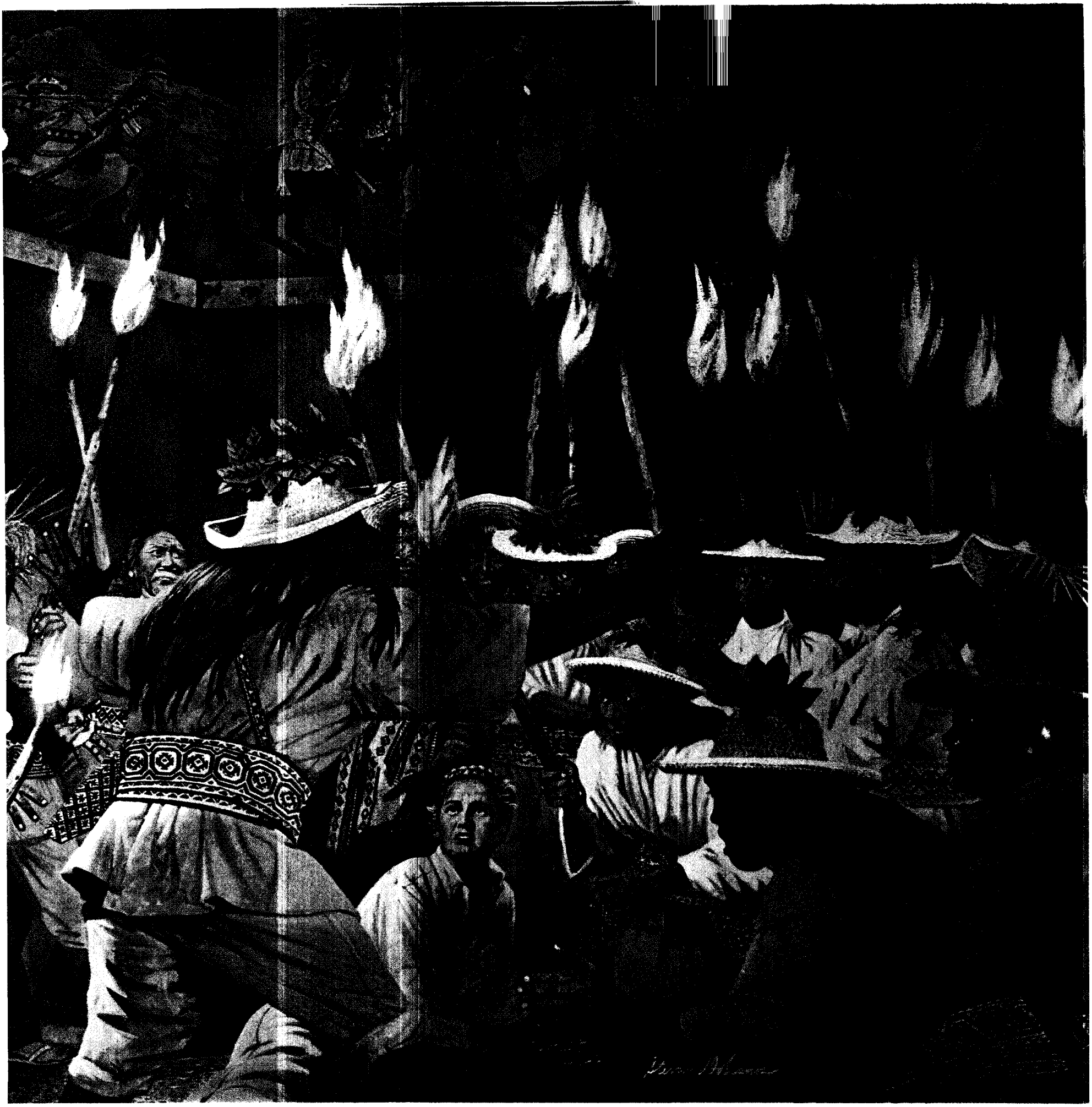

In the leaping, flickering light the savage faces were demented with fear.

twisted, turned and retraced so that sometimes a kilometer of travel would show her again the road she had traversed before, a hundred yards away. She eased the station wagon down steep banks, sliding as the mud gave under her wheels, forded a small stream with water to the hub caps, and sloughed her way up the farther bank again.

Now and then in the emptiness a macaw shrieked. A dozen times she saw vultures plundering some dead thing in the road. And once she came out, after a half hour's climb, above the jungle to where soaking rags of mist half clung to ancient rock. Just before she pointed her engine down again, close by, she heard a jaguar scream.

The map was useless when her engine stopped. Even looking at it was only reflex. Her odometer showed her to be roughly halfway between Corazon and Santa Ispania. But it could be a third or two thirds the distance, she knew. Mexican map makers tended to live in Mexico City. And it tended to be their comforting attitude that only a negligible portion of the map-buying public was interested in other than the main-traveled routes. Noonie wasted no time anathematizing them. She allowed herself one "damn" and turned out to see what could be done about the matter.

She was no mechanic, but her years in primitive places had taught her emergency checking. She went over the wiring and ignition systems and made sure there was gas in the carburetor. She put on her reading glasses, but all that accomplished was to enable her to read the motor number on the block. Then she was at the end of her resources. In addition the daylight was failing. She rubbed her forehead to try to get rid of her eyestrain and got back into the car. (Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Stevan Dohanos

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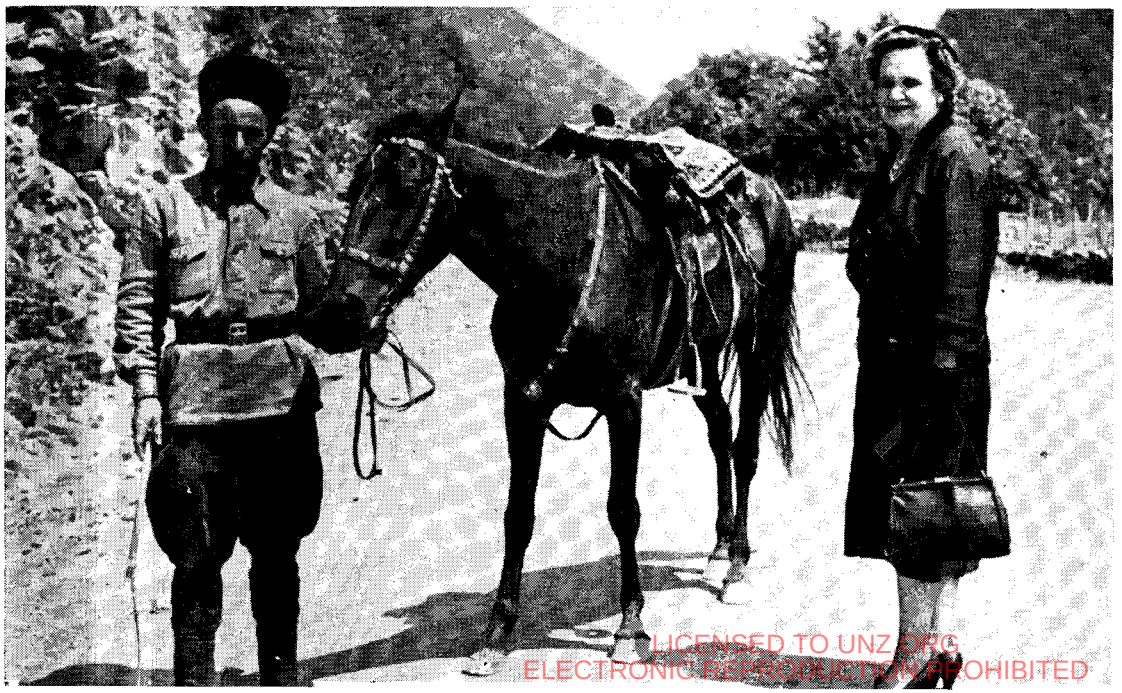
The author (center) and the Lyndon Johnsons. In 1956 Mrs. Mesta supported a Johnson-for-President movement and now, in 1960, she is going all out to win the presidential nomination for the senate majority leader.

Perle met this hill tribesman on the highway to Tiflis in the south of Russia during her three-month tour of the Soviet Union in 1953. Her objective was to talk to as many ordinary citizens as possible.



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They Call Me Madam

Washington's most celebrated hostess tells of her world travels and how she was almost murdered by a fanatic while making a tour of the Far East.

By PERLE MESTA
as told to Robert Cahn

CONCLUSION

After ending my assignment as minister to Luxembourg in 1953 I planned to relax for a while. But it was not to be, for I immediately entered the most active period of my life. During these last seven years I have traveled more than 80,000 miles throughout the world, spent three months touring the Soviet Union, talked with the heads of nineteen governments, faced a knife-wielding, half-crazed youth in a Saigon riot, lobbied for a Constitutional amendment to give American women equal rights with men and helped start a dairy business in Nevada. And, of course, I have given some parties.

The most lavish party was the one my sister and I gave in London during the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, a few weeks after I left Luxembourg. We started out to hold a simple little dinner for a few friends coming over for the coronation and rented the historic Londonderry House. But the guest list kept growing until we ended up with 125 at a seated formal dinner and 700 others coming in later for a grand ball.

The ball didn't start until eleven P.M., and some of the guests stayed until dawn. Queen Elizabeth had a formal state dinner earlier that evening, and many of the queen's guests came on to join our party. Among our guests were Crown Prince Olav (now King of Norway), the Marquis of Milford Haven, Gen. and Mrs. George Marshall, Gen. and Mrs. Omar Bradley, Gov. and Mrs. Earl Warren and their three daughters, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, Ambassador and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Elizabeth (Continued on Page 133)

The three men raced for the grounded whaleboat.

DECISION ON THE BEACH

By JACLAND MARMUR

For the mission to succeed, one man had to remain behind to face the enemy.

Two generations of seamen have passed through Louie's Embarcadero place on the San Francisco foreshore. Louie Chavez can understand a sailor's trouble. He had lived himself in that enormous loneliness beyond the headlands where they come from and to which they would return. He, too, had listened to the threshing deep-sea rain, had heard the great gales blow. So Louie knew why Mr. Ringat, down at the end of his polished bar, was slowly getting drunk.

Mr. Peter Ringat was chief officer of the cargo vessel *Ballardine*, docked over across the way. There were others of her people there, but they sat apart. Except her master. Captain Darcey, lean and spare, gray just beginning to pepper his temples, towered over Mr. Ringat, murmuring to him. The chief mate took no comfort.

"Don't stick your neck out, Joseph. Mate I am and mate I'll die." The white head lifted. Mr. Ringat's face was still too young for such a snowy head. Except the eyes, the sad gray eyes wide-set in wrinkled pockets. They were locked on fearful memory. They were too old. "Louie!" Mr. Ringat said. "Another double here."

Louie sighed, looked sidewise toward Captain Darcey, then reached beneath the bar. He had the bottle in his hand, highball glass before him, when he heard this youngster's crisp voice from the stool in front of him.

"Soused again!" it said, full of youth's contempt. "Every time he hits the beach." The youngster chuckled. "Louie, you need the buck that bad? Can't you see he's already got more aboard than ——"

"I don't need no first-trip quartermaster tell me when a man is eighty-six at my bar!"

(Continued on Page 114)

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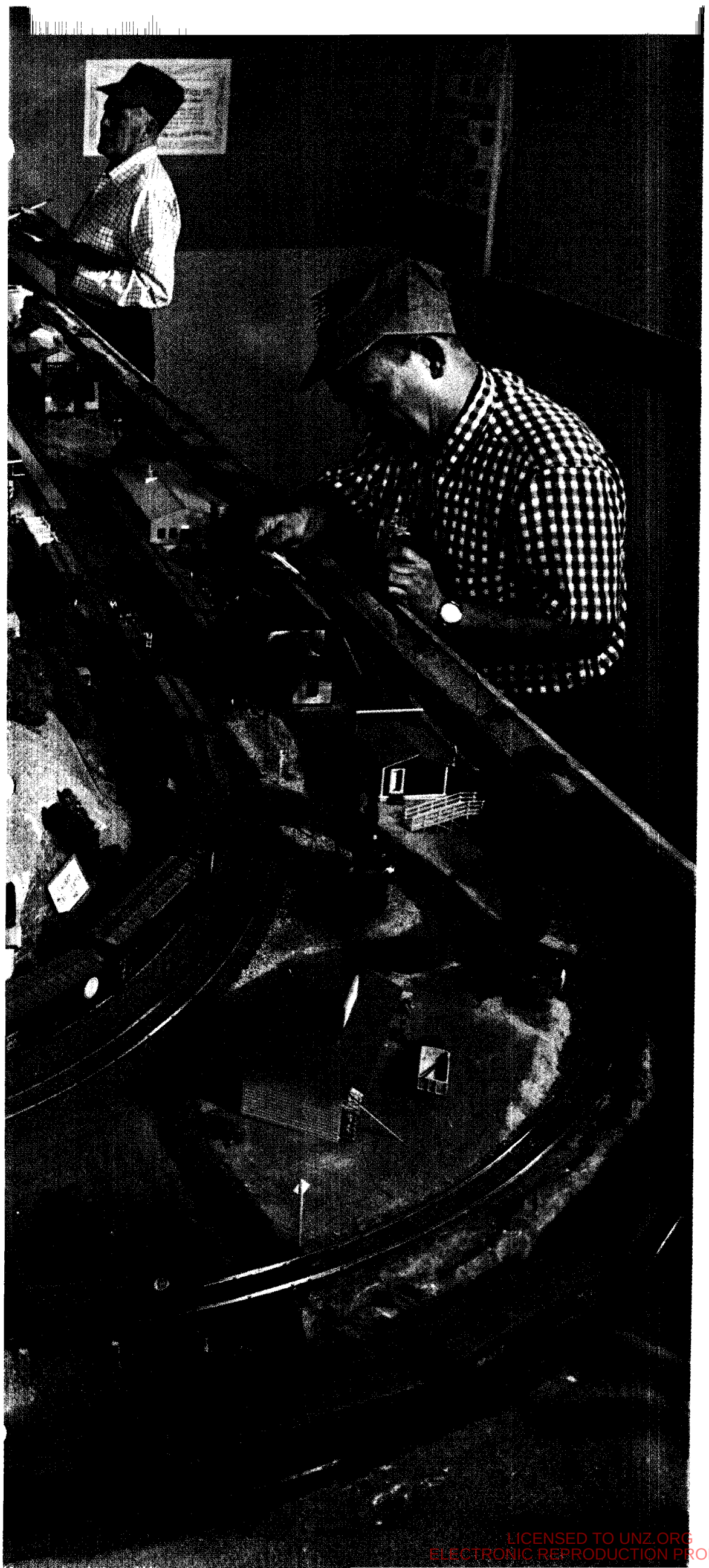
The Face of AMERICA

Basement Railroad



Doug Smith (red shirt), of Bloomfield, Connecticut, is president of the Brook Valley Railroad, which you see spread before you. He also is a regional president of the National Model Railroad Association. Smith and his fellow railroad barons go underground in suburban Hartford basements every Friday night to help one another build and operate their layouts. Some of the equipment and scenery is assembled from store-bought parts; much of it is "scratch-built." In order to complete Brook Valley's twenty-four-hour schedule within a two-hour session, Smith and his cronies use a souped-up clock which ticks off 780 minutes in an hour. Here Smith is at the yardmaster's control board. At upper right is Watson House, the dispatcher. It's his job to see that time schedules are observed. Alongside yard-master Smith are Don Peck and Avard Fuller (president of the Fuller Brush Company), who are running "peddler freights." They take trains out of the freight yard and onto the main line, then see that each car is delivered to its assigned siding. If a main-line operator is careless and delivers his freight to the wrong location, his train is taken away from him at the next meeting and he's demoted to the yard gang. This week's yardbird is Fred Hottin, who is ballasting track at right.

• Photograph by John Burns

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PREVIEW OF A ROMAN HOLIDAY

A Post *editor reports on the spectacular preparations for the Seventeenth Olympic Games in Rome this summer.*

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

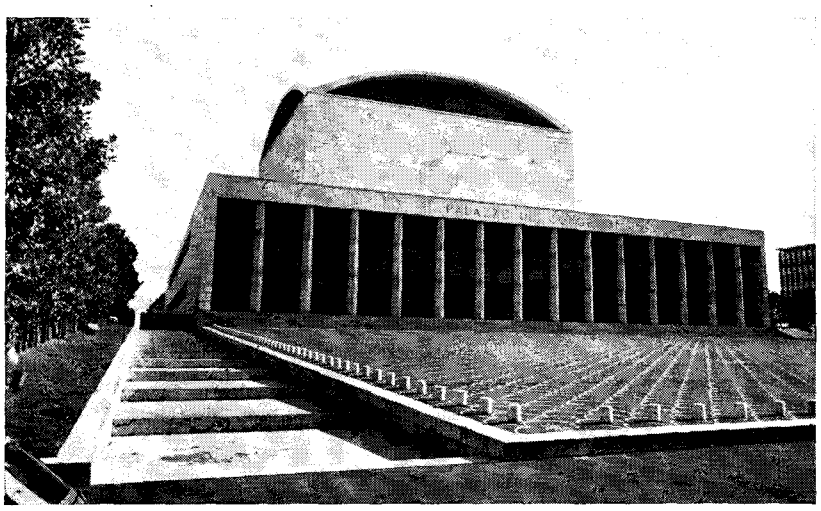
The Little Sports Palace, designed by Italian architect Pier Nervi. "It will be the Nervi touch," says Hauser, "that will give the Roman Olympics their modern personality."

ROME.

It is not altogether pleasant to be in Rome these days. The few off-season tourists who are around do as the Romans do and bitterly complain about the mess. Half of the streets seem to be torn up, WORK IN PROGRESS signs stop your own progress, and there are places in the heart of Rome that seem impossible to get at even on foot. Romans have never been known to be good-natured, and you can hear them wonder out loud, and in colorful terms, whether the 1960 Olympic Games are really worth the trouble.

Still, the prevailing view is that the little inconvenience is a price worth paying. For one thing, civic pride makes the inhabitants of the Eternal City look forward to the honor of playing host to all the world this summer—of proving, once again, that all roads lead to Rome. For another—well, strangers have been fleeced here for many centuries, and Rome's innkeepers, merchants, hack drivers and restaurateurs are not likely to pass up yet another opportunity of throwing Christians to the lions.

Already it is possible to state that the seventeenth Olympics of modern times, to be held in Rome from August twenty-fifth to September eleventh, will be the biggest, the most colorful, the most spectacular Olympics ever. With nearly ninety nations represented, the field of entries will be larger and more varied than at any previous games. With twenty-three European countries watching events on television simultaneously, and with many millions of Americans viewing them the next day, the number of spectators will beat all previous records. More than 1200 journalists will be in Rome for the occasion, and the hotels have been booked solid for the last year and a half.



Congress hall in the fairgrounds south of Rome will be used for the fencing contests. The city will be host to 230 athletic events in all.

Here 18-year-old Gabriella Pedrazzini, daughter of a onetime star Italian athlete, practices on the covered track of the Three Fountains sports area.

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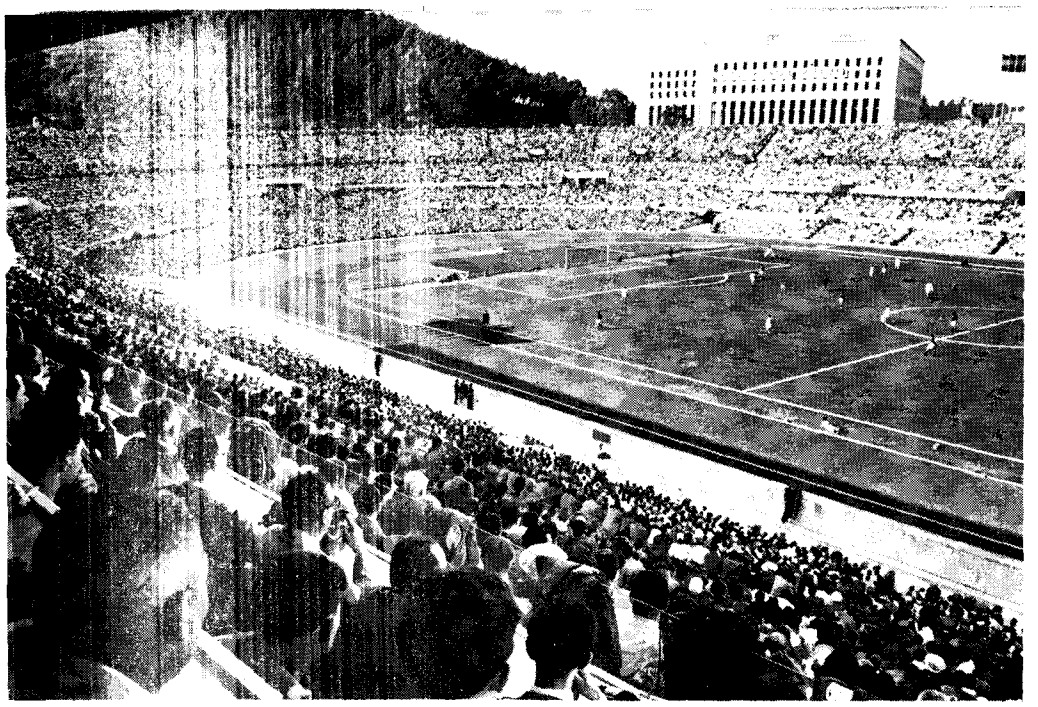
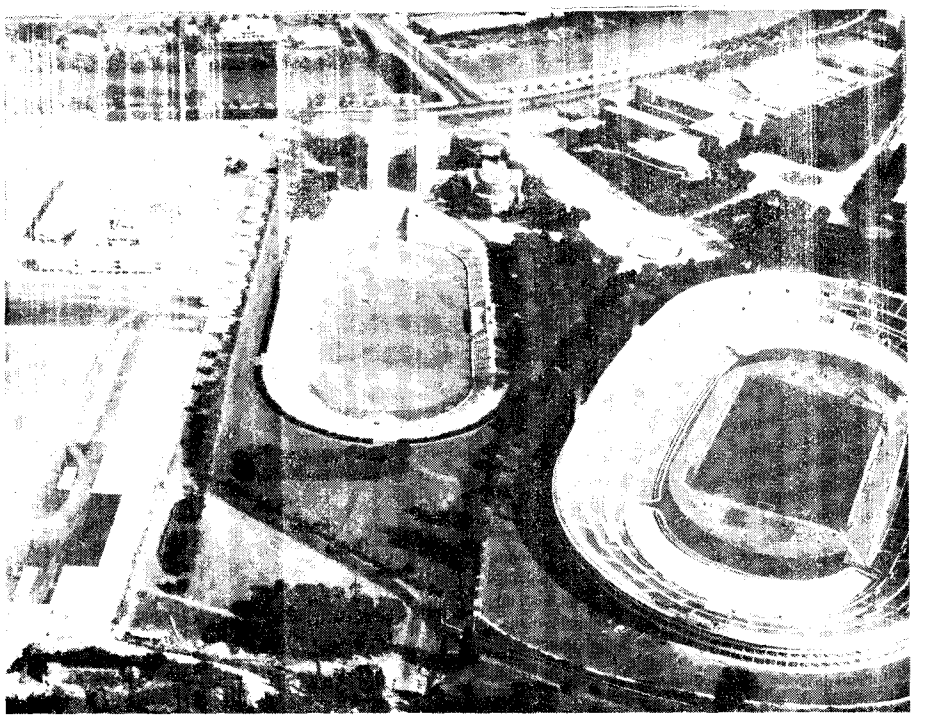
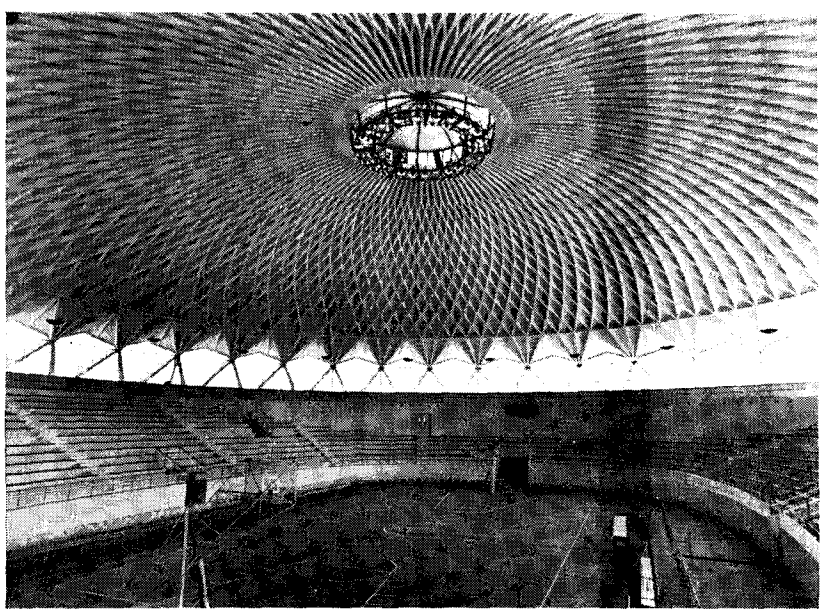


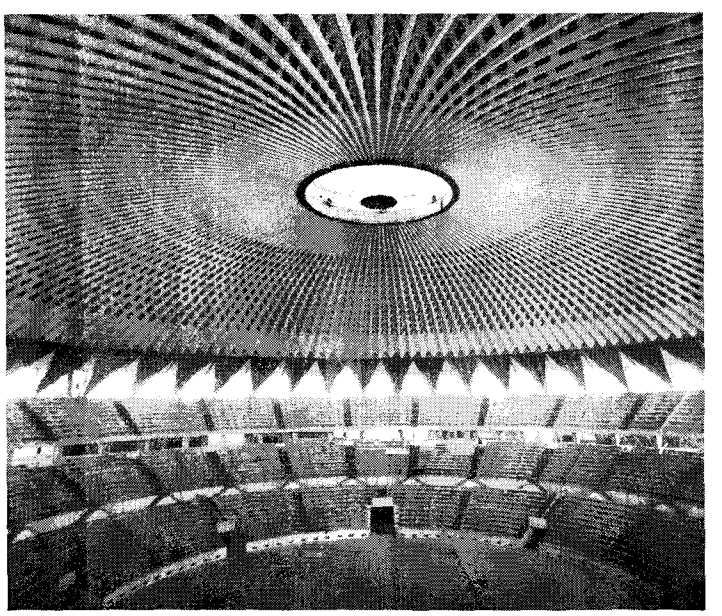
The 75,000-seat Olympic Stadium. On August 25 the opening ceremonies of the games will be held here. The spectators above are watching Rome's favorite sport— soccer.



The Italic Forum. In center is the Stadium of Marble Statues; at right, the Olympic Stadium. The white column (rear) is the Mussolini obelisk.



Interior view of the 5000-seat Little Sports Palace. Prefabricated concrete elements give the ceiling its lacy, delicate appearance.



The main Sports Palace. Its 330-foot dome, says architect Nervi, is "probably the largest ever attempted."

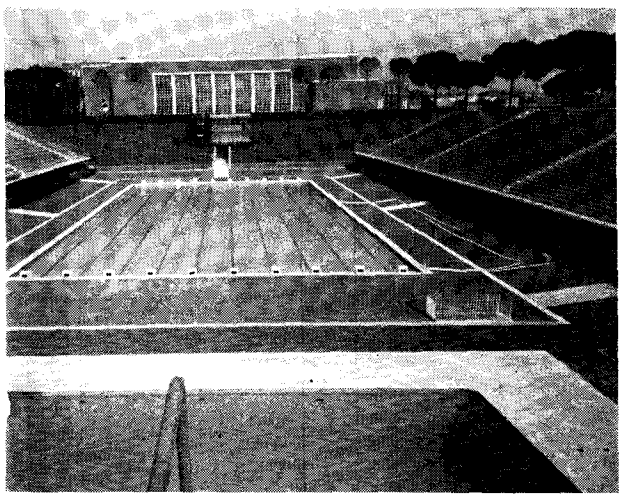
For once, in this notoriously pinched country, money flows freely. Its source, as far as the Olympic sports facilities are concerned, is as Italian as spaghetti—the national soccer pool, *Totocalcio*. Set up in 1946, this institution is operated under an Italian law by Italy's National Olympic Committee—a permanent body composed of the heads of thirty national sports federations and charged, under an international convention, with organizing the 1960 Olympics.

As those of us who have spent some time south of the Alps can testify, nearly everyone in Italy plays *Totocalcio*. Week after week shopgirl, bank president, soldier or ice-cream vender puts down his or her sixteen cents for a small slip of paper on which to mark the winners of next Sunday's big-league soccer matches, and people have been known to win as much as $400,000, tax-free. As the Olympic Committee retains for its own use about 20 per cent of the gross annual take of roughly $60,000,000, it can afford to turn the seventeenth Olympics into one dazzling Roman holiday.

The setting, to be sure, is half the story. What other city—with the possible exception of Athens, site of the first modern Olympics in 1896—could offer this kind of backdrop? At every turn the visitor will find himself stared down by the imposing remnants of the glory that was Rome, from Emperor Hadrian's tomb to the Corinthian columns of the Forum, from the Pantheon to the imperial palaces high on the Palatine. Father Tiber himself, who has seen a good deal of human greatness and human foolishness, in the 2700 years that have gone by since the founding of Rome, still winds his sluggish course down to the sea, and every one of Rome's famed seven hills is still accounted for. Oblivious of the awkward fact that it was a Roman emperor who, in A.D. 394, decreed the end of the Olympiads which had been celebrated on Greek soil since the year 776 B.C., Rome is determined to play its own authentically classic atmosphere for all it's worth.

Thus, as you sit in on the great quadrennial contest of amateurs from all over the world next summer, the gamesman and the archaeologist in you are apt to get their money's worth. The marathon race, for example, will be a torchlighted afterdark affair, starting at the Capitol, proceeding along the Old Appian Way with its sad, cypress-studded tombs, and finishing at the white marble Arch of Constantine. You'll watch gymnastics competitions within the crumbling walls of one of Rome's most celebrated ruins, the Baths of Caracalla; and wrestling matches in the equally majestic fourth-century Basilica of Maxentius, where ancient Rome's tribunals sat.

Except for the yachting events which, as a special treat, are to be staged in Naples Bay, all competitions will be held in or near Rome itself—Olympiads are awarded to cities, not to countries. Perhaps the most romantic site selected is Lake Albano, the former crater of a long-extinct volcano in the hills near Rome. This quiet lake, whose lacquer-black, smooth surface hides depths reaching nearly 600 feet, will be the scene of rowing and canoeing competitions. It is a safe bet that one of the non-paying spectators (Continued on Page 81)



The new open-air swimming stadium. Among its ultra-modern facilities is an elevator to the high-diving board.

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For the first time
he saw the way the men
turned and looked at her.

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TOO YOUNG FOR TROUBLE

What does a father do when he discovers that his daughter is having an affair?

By WILLIAMS FORREST

Marcia didn't speak to Ted about Alice until Saturday morning. It was her practice on Saturdays to take him his breakfast in bed; and he did the same thing for her on Sundays. It was a routine they had got into years before when both worked and divided the household labors, and they had continued it for reasons of nostalgia and out of a mutual consent to love. It was one of the small expressions of affection that could be used as a reminder or as a token of gratitude.

Marcia's tribute to him this Saturday was as always—sausage patties, two fried eggs done just enough so that the whites were cooked through but the yolks were still juicy, two slices of thin white buttered toast and a pot of coffee. The food was brought in on a long, narrow tray that fitted well over his lap; and on one end of it, pristine and crisply folded, was one of the two morning papers they received.

She left him alone while he ate, for twenty minutes; and then she came back upstairs with a hot cup of coffee for herself and sat in the chair beside the bed, drinking coffee with him and smoking the first cigarette of the day.

"How was it?" she asked.

"I hope they do as well in heaven." He sighed. "What did you have?"

"Oh, a poached egg, slice of toast, orange juice." She crossed her long legs and regarded him. He was over forty, but his looks were of the durable kind that is honed by time and improved. "Ted, do you feel relaxed enough to talk about a problem? Or would you rather I put it off?"

"That's a heck of a way to ask me," he said. "How can my curiosity let you put it off? O.K., darling, you have me hooked."

"It's about Alice," she said.

Alice was their nineteen-year-old daughter, a girl with a will of her own—albeit charming to her father, who often found himself inspired by her sweet stubbornness to bend to it. She was more slender than her mother, in the way of youth that no care or exercise can duplicate—a slenderness that was rounded and perfectly jointed. Ted was not given to poetic imagery, but he had once thought of his slender, silver daughter as a ray of light over a languid green field, and this image persisted whenever he thought of her.

Alice had rejected college in favor of a secretarial course and was now employed by a large air-conditioned company that was housed in a blue building over which hung the hush of modern engineering. She seemed quite happy in the aseptic corridors, automated elevators and lobbies of Italian marble, and so did her confederates, efficient girls that she sometimes brought home on weekends, when they reverted to giddiness and records that threatened to shatter Ted's mind. But he always cast away his annoyance in favor of the running, laughing girls who made shocking disarray of a well-ordered house.

Marcia was not so indulgent. Marcia always thought there was an Alice problem. He grinned. "This is serious," said Marcia. He made his face very solemn. "I think she's having an affair," said Marcia.

He had been lounging back. He sat up so fast that he had a muscular spasm in his belly. "What did you say?"

"Relax, relax," said Marcia. Now she was cajoling. She leaned over him, touching him to soften the blow. He brushed her hands away like the plague.

"What do you mean, relax?"

"Hush now, calm down, you're shouting. And Alice is restless. I heard her moving before. She got home late, but she might be awake and hear you. Stop it now."

He sat against the propped pillows. His abdomen hurt. Marcia poured more coffee for them both. "I wanted to get you at the best time," she said, "when you're the most relaxed."

"Yeah." He nodded wryly. "I'd hate to have seen it if you got me at a bad time." He took deep gulps of the hot coffee and soothed himself with long pulls on his cigarette. He stared at the blue light on the blue ceiling and heard spring indulging its pleasures outside. Children sounded as if they rode the breeze, and the breeze tinkled on things like the play of innocent children. Someone was cutting grass. The odor of earth and sweetness pulsed in the air. On the pinkish blinds the breath of spring made a kiss, and the blinds rattled nervously.

"Now," he said, "tell me—without the bombshells—do you mean she's very serious about one of the boys, having a serious romantic affair?"

She shook her head. "I don't mean anything of the kind. I don't mean affair of the heart. If you know what I mean."

He was shaken again. "Which boy, and what makes you think you know? Obviously Alice hasn't confided in you. If she had, you and she would have talked it out."

Marcia kept a heroic grip on calm. "It isn't one of the boys."

Marcia's self-containment imposed a strain on Ted's nerves. "Stop being cryptic," he snapped. "Say what you mean. What's going on?"

"I think," said Marcia with measured pain, "I think Alice is having an affair with an older man—probably someone at her company. I'm sure of it."

The blinds rattled like Japanese swords. He was being cut by a blade, and a furious desire to use one rose in him. He did his best to master himself in the same way that Marcia had.

He lighted another cigarette. "Suppose you tell me what makes you think so. What's the evidence?" He put the ash tray on the bed beside him, smoking with his left hand, laid his head on the pillows and stretched out his right hand to Marcia. She held it between hers.

While Marcia went through her exposition of suspicion, growing suspicion and ultimate conviction, her (Continued on Page 119)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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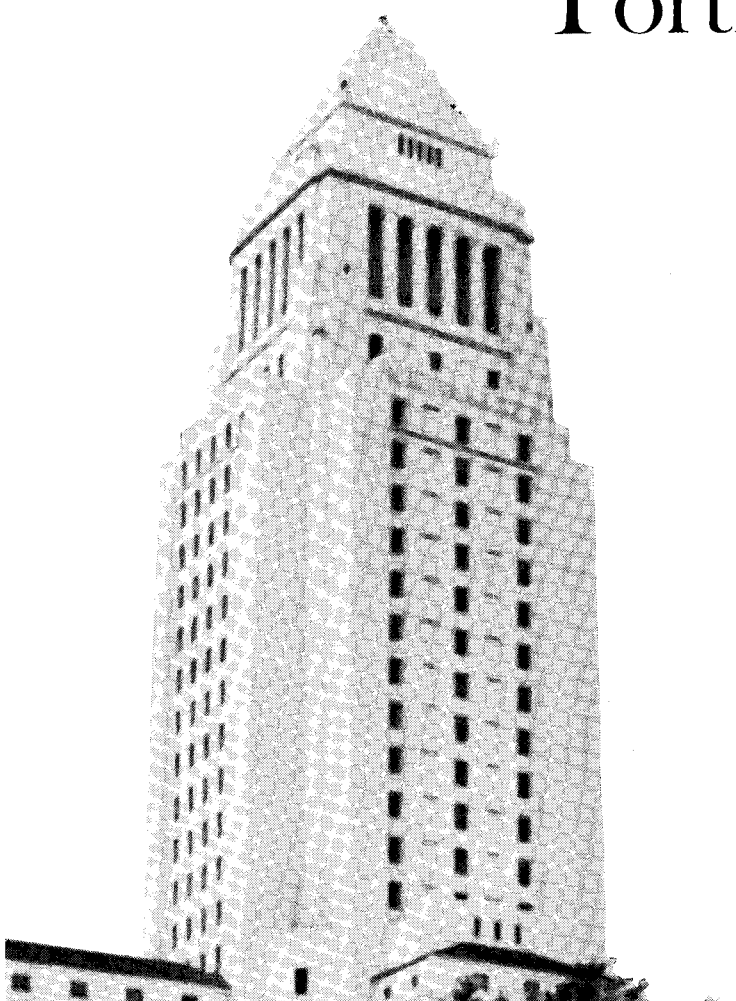
Portrait of a Police Chief

By Dean Jennings

Tough, controversial Bill Parker of Los Angeles has one of the most challenging law-enforcement problems in the U.S.



Parker (below, right) heads a 4600-man force which covers 456 square miles. The tall building in the background is Los Angeles City Hall.

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When Gilbert and Sullivan wrote *The Pirates of Penzance* and Sir William Gilbert included this line, "Ah, take one consideration with another—a policeman's lot is not a happy one," he could not have foreseen that one day this lament would become a sort of theme song for William Henry Parker III, belligerent and beleaguered chief of police of Los Angeles.

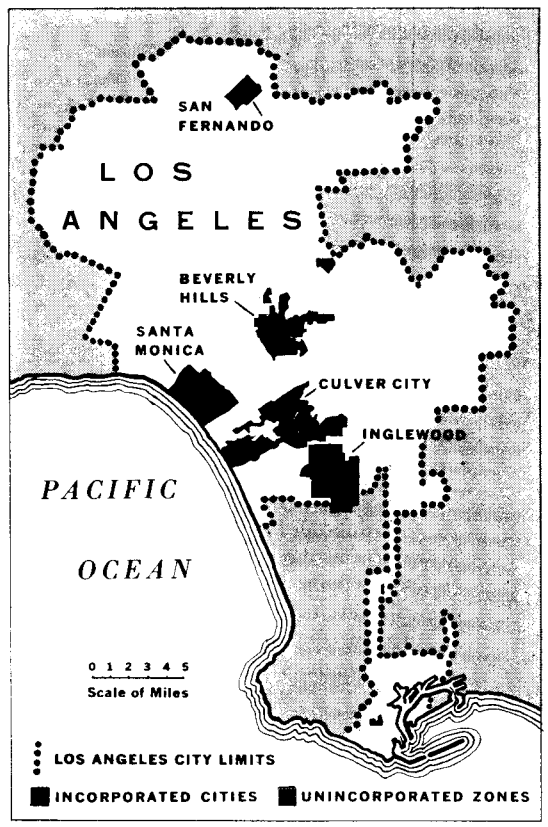
"When I took this job," Parker says gloomily, "I knew it would shorten my life ten years."

At the moment, with his fifty-eighth birthday coming up, Parker's funereal prognosis does not seem overly pessimistic. The cold blue eyes, daily leveled at the opposition through half-horn-rimmed glasses, still have the same electric charge; and his big frame, usually encased in nondescript dark clothes, is not noticeably bent. But his gray hair is rapidly thinning, and his blood pressure is often dangerously high. His stomach often is out of tune, his hands make nervous spidery movements across his desk, and he long ago gave up smoking and drinking. He often wakes in the middle of the night to jot down a worrisome thought, and his wife—who is an expert shot—keeps a loaded .38 within reach when he's away from home. "Bill Parker," says one disturbed high-ranking associate, "has no fun at all. He lives the damn job seven days and nights a week, and he fights with everybody."

Parker's policing problem—and even the least charitable of his enemies concedes the point—is unique and perhaps the most challenging in the world.

He is a victim of a staggering statistic: His 4600 men—the lowest per capita force of any large city in the nation—must be spread out over 456 square miles within the city limits. In this vast and seemingly boundless domain, Parker's black-and-white squad cars, long familiar to followers of the *Dragnet* TV series, drive more than 10,000,000 miles a year as the men investigate 138,000 crimes and book an average of 247,000 prisoners.

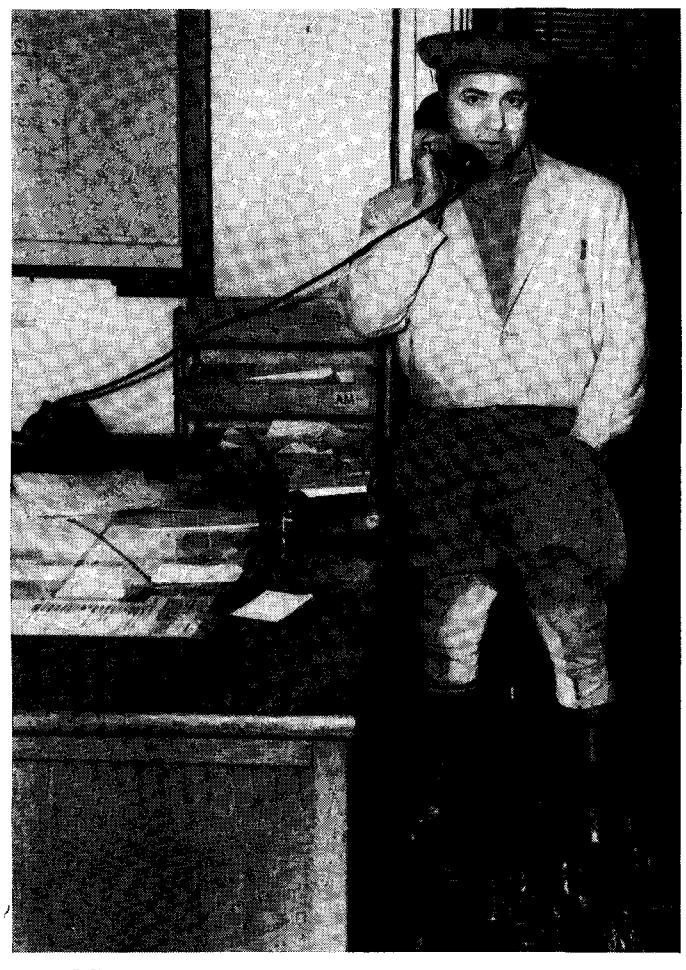
The job is further complicated by the fact that five other incorporated cities, including Beverly Hills and Santa Monica, lie inside the Los Angeles city limits, like independent and inviolate little islands, and each has its own police department. Parker's men are forced to drive through these other towns hundreds of times each day, but theoretically they can't make pinches there (Continued on Page 84)



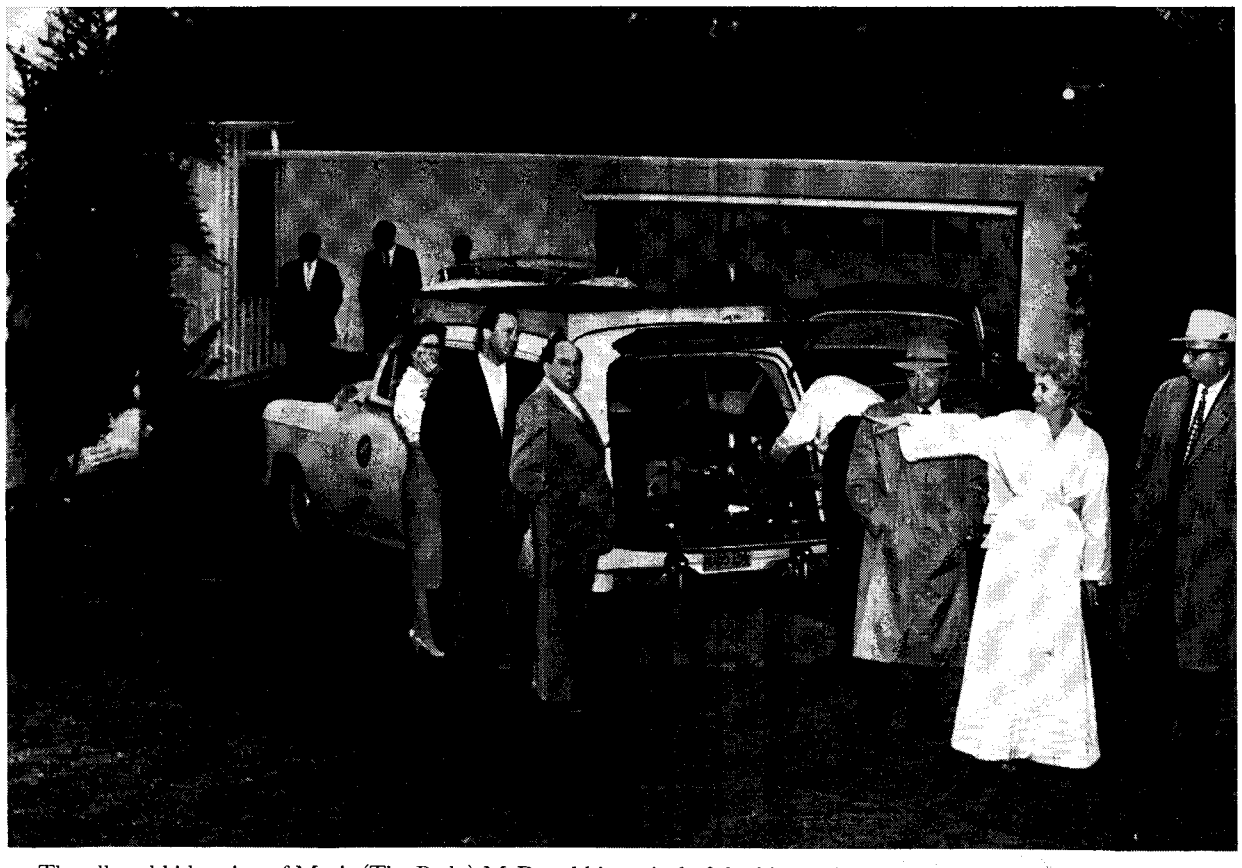
Parker's job is complicated by five incorporated cities which are surrounded by Los Angeles, but not under his jurisdiction, and seven unincorporated zones policed by Los Angeles County.

Much of the material for producer-star Jack Webb's *Dragnet* television series was provided by Parker and the Los Angeles P.D. files. (The misspelled name plate on Parker's desk is a gift that was made in Hong Kong.)

Before Parker's appointment, vice was unchecked in Los Angeles. One of his most celebrated cleanup pinches was Brenda Allen (left), a notorious "madam" who flourished with the connivance of the police.



When ex-gangster Mickey Cohen slandered Parker during a Mike Wallace TV interview, Parker brought suit and was awarded $45,000 from the network and the show's sponsors.



The alleged kidnaping of Marie (The Body) McDonald is typical of the bizarre incidents which Parker and his men encounter frequently. The actress (in bathrobe) is shown here re-enacting the abduction for two of Parker's detectives at her Los Angeles home. Facing camera (center) is her attorney, Jerry Giesler.

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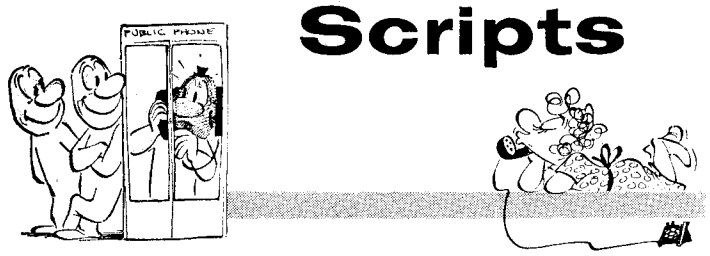
Post Scripts



Heinrich Schnibble's Wordenbooke

DOG: Barkenpantensniffer.

DOG CATCHER: Barkenpantensniffersnatcher.

DOG CATCHER'S TRUCK: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagon.

GARAGE FOR TRUCK: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagonhaus.

TRUCK REPAIRMAN: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagonhausmechanikerworker.

HIS UNION: Barkenpantensniffersnatcherwagonhausmechanikerworkenfeatherbeddengefixengroup.

GOLF COURSE: Hittenhuntenfield.

GOLF CLUBS: Hittenhuntenfielderhittensticks.

GOLFER: Hittenhuntenfielderhittenstickenswinger.

CLUBHOUSE: Hittenhuntenfielderhittenstickenswingerstartenstoppenplatz.

TAPROOM: Hittenhuntenfielderhittenstickenswingerstartenstoppenplatzerdrinkenspot.

X RAY: Insidengelookenpeeper.

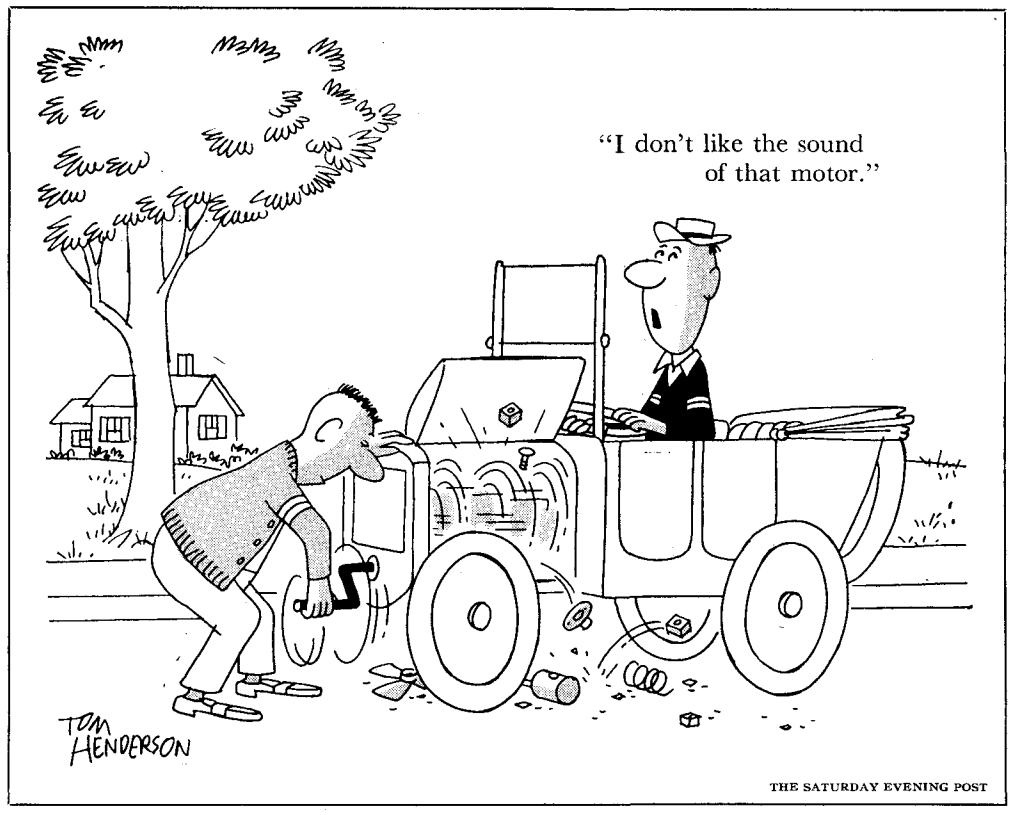
X RAY TECHNICIAN: Insidengelookenpeeperkeeper.

HORSE: Foddergeburnenclippenclopper.

MULE: Balkendummkopferfoddergeburnenclippenclopper.

ZEBRA: Pinstripensuitenwearenfoddergeburnenclippenclopper.

DAVE MORRAH



A Few Times I Have Failed to Make a Point

Ordinarily I am a fairly articulate person. But at crucial moments, just when I am trying to make a point in a strong, forceful manner, I am inarticulate to the point of idiocy. For example, listen to a few conversations I have had recently with:

MY CHILDREN: "I think it's time you realized I mean what I say! Bumble back up to your beds and get under the scivvers."

MY WIFE: "You know perfectly well what shape our finances are in. Your wanting a new summer outfit is sheer, utter nensonse."

A NEIGHBOR: "Farmsby, I mean it—keep your dog in your own yard, or I'll take strastic deps."

MY BOSS: "I think I'm worth more than I've been getting. You've probably seen yourself how opficiently I've been efferating."

A FELLOW IN A CROWD: "Watch that shoving, buster, or you'll get my nose right in your fist."

HEN GERN—er, GENE HERNDON

The Clumsy Little Pelican

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display—News Item)

I found Mrs. Pelican on a rock on the edge of a lake, talking to a little pelican. ". . . and fly close to the water, Thorndyke, and then scoop up the fish," she said.

"Roger," the little pelican said, taking off.

"A little preflight training?" I chuckled, getting out my pad and pencil.

Mrs. P. gave me an icy stare.

I cleared my throat. "I understand that the pouch attached to a pelican's bill will hold several quarts of water."

"What did you expect, bourbon?" she shot back.

Thorndyke, having reached the proper altitude, circled and then dived toward the water.

"Give it more rudder, Thorn!" his mother called anxiously. "Not too steep! Now, scoop!"

The little pelican opened his bill and scooped it into the water. But suddenly pandemonium broke loose! Thorndyke went head over heels, like a pinwheel, and landed in the water with a loud splash.

"Poor dear, his pouch is too big," his mother said. "He takes in so much water, he can't take off again."

The little pelican came out of the water, crestfallen. "I'm a wash-out," he said, grimly.

"Maybe you'll grow up to your pouch," his mother said hopefully.

"A fat chance!" Thorndyke muttered. "Grandfather—ol' Satchel-Bill Henry—never did. He had to live on welfare."

"It's a problem," I agreed, writing notes rapidly on my pad.

We stood silently watching the big pelicans swooping low over the lake and scooping up fish. Some of their pouches were so full that fish spilled out and dropped back into the water.

Suddenly Thorndyke brightened. "I know how I'll fish, mom," he said.

He flew away, circling above the other pelicans. Then, as one dived for fish and rose again in the air, Thorndyke flew in under the bigger bird and, as excess fish dropped from its bill, caught them in mid-air.

"The little rascal!" Mrs. P. exclaimed.

"Never worry about Thorndyke," I said, snapping my pad shut. "He may not get in on the main meal, but he knows what to do with the leftovers."

JACK BROWNELL

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

The Ph.D. with dusty shoes

How Campbell scientists remodel vegetables to bring better eating to your table

Giving nature a helping hand isn't always an easy job. But to Campbell's staff of 26 dedicated scientists, crossbreeding thousands of different strains to get just one better vegetable is an all-day, every-day business.

Even the best has been improved

Campbell, as you know, uses lots of vegetables. We've worked hard to improve them, too. Good examples are carrots, peas, peppers and, of course, the Campbell Tomato. We've spent 50 years bringing it to the famous red color and goodness you enjoy so much in our soups and juices.

Or take okra as another example. The man in the picture is a Campbell Ph.D. engaged in experimental work on more than 100 different okra strains.

Okra's ornery ways were changed

Some years ago, an okra pod was sharp and spiny and as wicked as a cactus to pick. Through generations of crossbreeding Campbell's agricultural research men have developed a spineless variety. They've also made real progress toward a plant with lacier leaves so that it will be easier to spot those pods which are at their peak of flavor and tenderness.

A good beginning makes a happier ending

We mention all this to point up how starting at the beginning to get the best makes everybody happier all around. It helps our farmers grow better vegetables. It provides our chefs with the best raw materials to work with. And it helps assure you of the finest foods at the lowest prices. Our motto expresses it this way: *"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
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THE TEWKSBURY FEUD

The hysterical woman shrieked for revenge: Death to the Tewksburys!

By AMELIA BEAN

The Tewksburys were unable to get their sheep out of the Tonto Basin before Andy Cooper and his Hash Knife riders—self-appointed, lawless defenders of the valley's cattle interests—struck. Cooper shot and killed José, the twelve-year-old Navajo boy who tended the Tewksbury sheep with his father, Ben Yazzie. The renegades then stampeded the entire flock of sheep over a cliff. Ben Yazzie narrowly escaped.

In a skirmish the next day the Tewksburys gunned down two of the Hash Knife riders—Hampton Blevins and John Paine. Andy Cooper called it murder and formed a posse. The Tewksburys prepared themselves for still another battle.

V

Crip jerked awake and they knelt to peer from the open-ended loft. A shadowy, silent group of cautious riders was moving slowly down the lane. It was too dark for an accurate count, but there appeared to be twelve or fifteen mounted men. Jacobs and Crip braced themselves on one knee and leveled their rifles, waiting. "Best give 'em a blast just as they come apast the cottonwoods," Jacobs whispered. "That's too far to do much good—but maybe it'll stop 'em from gettin' in range of the house." He then felt called on to explain his unwonted prudence to Crip. "Hadn't oughta let 'em get too close," he muttered, "with women and kids in the house."

Crip grinned in the dark, liking the surly rider for the first time. "You're the boss, boy," he murmured.

Disgruntled at their failure in the chase, the posse had decided to even the score by burning the Tewksbury place also. They figured that a surprise attack would succeed and that the darkness would conceal their identity and thus insure them from accounting to the law or the Tewksburys. However, as they progressed watchfully down the lane a rifle spat viciously from the barn, followed by an instant second shot and an immediate fusillade from both shadowy houses. It was dark-night shooting, and there were no hits; but the posse dragged their horses around and stampeded out of range. They had no stomach for a night fight with the waiting—and concealed—sharpshooters.

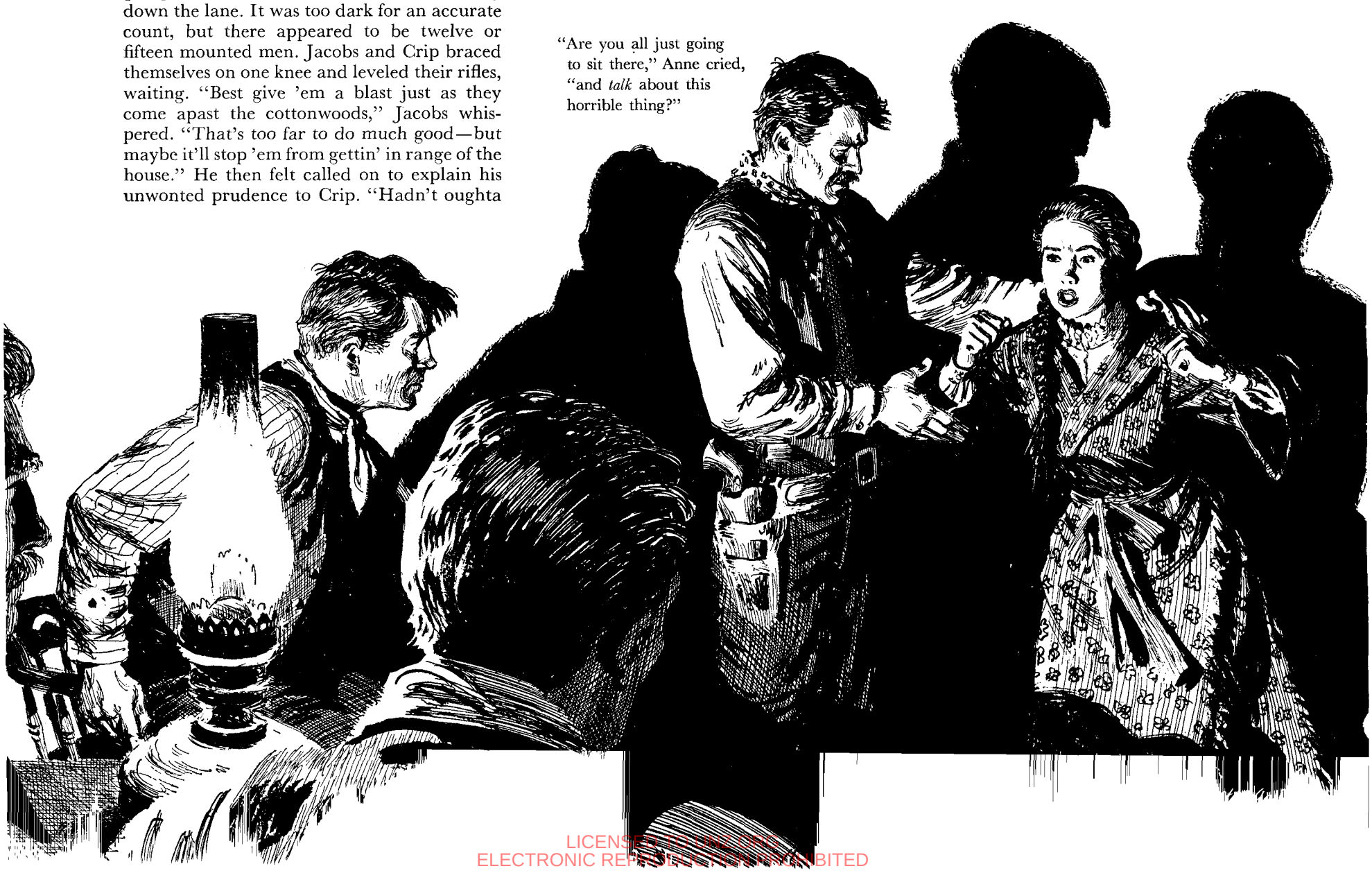
They headed toward Perkins' store, but their shouts and buffetings on doors and windows produced no response. Jack Graham rode to Al Rose's cabin, which was near the store, and returned with disquieting news.

"Miz Rose says Perk's rode to Payson," he reported, "and Judge Meadows is at Payson—Perkins is fetchin' the law in, I bet!"

The posse cursed and muttered and milled about for a very short time and then dispersed, dispiritedly going their separate ways. None of them was eager to meet old John Meadows face to face—and each felt a chill doubt as to which side the law might see fit to judge.

It was nearly sundown of the following day when the still vigilant watchers on the Tewksbury place spotted three riders entering the lane. Jim Roberts squatted beside Jonathan's chair, squinting through the window pane, which had a blinding sun on it, to identify them.

(Continued on Page 74)



"Are you all just going to sit there," Anne cried, "and *talk* about this horrible thing?"

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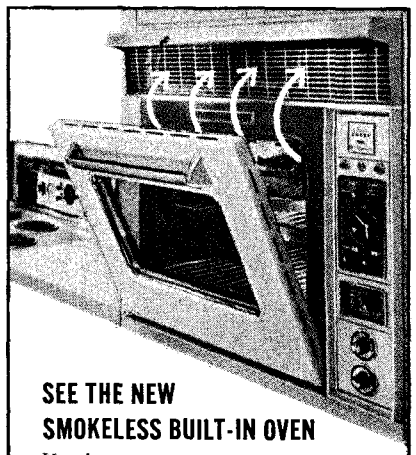

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The Kind of American I Am

(Continued from Page 23)

chap and he says, 'I'm an American,' we don't know much about him until we've asked, 'Yes, but what kind of American?'"

The Englishman's remark made me ponder—what kind of American have I chosen to be? That in turn led me to think hard about the meaning of Americanism to me, the nature of this republic and its purpose in the world. I believe it is worth while setting down my conclusions and my reasons.

By their friends ye shall know them. From the following lists know me, then.

I believe in, admire or otherwise support: The New York baseball Giants—they've gone away, but not from my heart—the United States Military Academy; the United States Marine Corps; the Democratic Party; publicly supported public education supplemented by privately supported private education; the separation of church and state; the Bill of Rights, and let's have more of it; the American Civil Liberties Union; free trade; Adlai Stevenson, 1952 version; the right of property; the dignity of man without regard to race, color or creed; the United Nations or some better replacement for it; the right to work; and American women.

I despise, distrust or frown upon: The concept of the common man; the closed shop; Mother's Day; big business, when regarded as embodying all our nation's power and wisdom; censorship; the hard sell; the outlooks of the D.A.R. and the American Legion; monopolies, either business or labor; and the woolly liberals who condemn Fascism but condone Communism, twin murderers of liberty.

"You poor, crazy, mixed-up kid," I hear a friend mutter as he reads the above. I know what he means; but in myself I don't feel at all mixed up. My lists did not just grow, but are the inevitable fruits of the particular sort of Americanism which has been planted in me and of the environment in which it ripened; and this will be true of anyone else's lists.

The seeds of Americanism, for me, were two—the longing for opportunity, and H. L. Mencken. I was born forty-five years ago in Calcutta, India, of English parentage. After education at Britain's Royal Military College, Sandhurst, I became a 2nd lieutenant in the Indian Army and returned to India to serve there—the fifth successive generation of my family to do so. When India became independent in 1947 she had no further use for anyone like me.

At the age of thirty-three I set out to look for a new country because I felt that what I needed was not a job as such, but the opportunity to find myself anew. A brief, earlier visit had convinced me that the United States still offered opportunity; boyhood reading of H. L. Mencken had filled me with admiration for a country which could nurture and enjoy such an astringent love as his.

So, when I came up New York Bay my eyes were not on the Statue of Liberty, but on the pinnacles of Manhattan ahead, the startling and poetic statement that America makes at its gate. Heavy ice floes choked the Hudson, and the city seemed like Marlowe's Troy, the topless towers shining in the golden winter sunrise. It was 1948. My wife and two small children waited in England—to follow or to receive back my defeated body. Fourteen years of army service, seven medals, seven campaigns and a brigadier general's rank also lay somewhere back there in limbo, all useless to me now. My hands were bare, and America shone at the head of the bay.

America the generous did not fail me. Opportunity came early—and in a field which it had never crossed my mind to enter. I became an author. (But suppose there had been a closed-shop writers' union which felt that its members already faced competition enough, and had kept me out?) My family joined me and, after two lean years, we were able to live well.

A man's job must always affect his point of view. Mine certainly did. To a writer there can be no distinction of class or wealth or of race; to us, each human being is himself. Eight years of infantry fighting had already taught me that men can only be classified in one way—by their individual qualities—and now the insights of my new craft confirmed this lesson, and the credo of America encouraged it. But, soon after arriving here, I was invited to join a club devoted to a certain outdoor pursuit. I asked whether I might expect to meet there a famous author whose specialty was that particular form of recreation. The secretary of the club told me coldly, "No, you won't meet him here. He's a Jew."

Supposing I had been a Jew? The incident threw a shadow on the spreading sunlight of our life, for every day our conviction grew that Americans were the most wonderful human beings to live among in the whole world, and I had traveled far and known many peoples.

In Maine, arriving late at a small grocery store and gas station, we were asked by the owner how we were enjoying our visit to the state. We told him we liked it very much. Had we gone fishing? No, not yet. "Why, then, you come here tomorrow at half past seven. I'll close the store and take you out, you and the kids. I'll bring the beer." He had never set eyes on us in his life, and I was only buying a buck's worth of gas. Sure, we went fishing with him—had a wonderful day.

That same month we met a very old retired general, a South Carolinian. In the course of a discussion I said that I thought Americans were actually obliged, in accepting the privileges of citizenship, to believe that all men were born free and equal. The old gentleman leaned forward—and I must emphasize that he was a gentleman, kind, courteous and chivalrous—and his eyes flashed as he said, "Yes, sir, but are Negroes human?"

We had already decided we wanted to stay here past the limit of our visitors' visas. So, we applied for permanent visas—and I learned that because I had been born in India I must register on the Indian quota of 100 a year. Since this was oversubscribed I would have to leave the country and wait several years before I could re-enter. The British quota was 65,000 a year and never filled. Miss Liberty down the bay there held up a selective torch apparently, beckoning some, turning away others. The Immigration Service, doing their duty, invited us to leave peaceably or be deported.

A high political figure—a Democrat, I regret to say—told us he could arrange matters for us. The price would be $1000, paid to the party funds. I refused.

We had been living in Rockland County, New York, perhaps a year and a half by then. Now 120 of our neighbors signed a petition to our congresswoman—Mrs. St. George, a Republican—requesting her to submit special legislation on our behalf, which she did. Among those who signed the petition or otherwise helped or advised a couple of wretched immigrants, then almost penniless and unknown, were Vyvyan Donner, Maxwell Anderson and his sons, Milton Caniff, Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya, Marion Hargrove, Bill Mauldin, A. J. Balaban and his family, Henry Varnum Poor, Bessie Breuer, Harold Guinzburg, Keith Jennison, Burgess Meredith, John Houseman, Senator Kilgore of West Virginia, Gordon Gray, several West Point colonels and Justice William O. Douglas, also old Gus Weltie, who had himself come here from Germany as a farmboy fifty years earlier, also dozens of carpenters, artists, plumbers, store owners, merchants, milkmen and busy housewives.

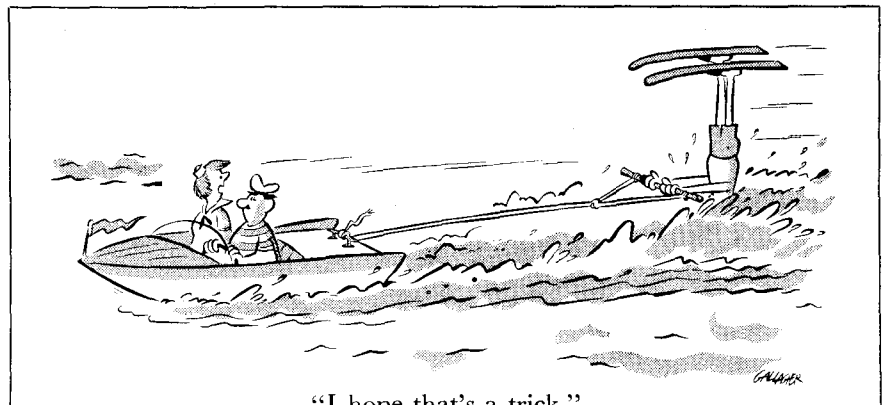
The Immigration Service, rather wearily, found a legal loophole for us and, after having our fingerprints taken some eleven times, we wriggled through it to stay. We whooped for joy, and our neighbors threw a huge party for us. We were in.

But what exactly were we? The country's problems affected us, but we still had no vote. Our children went to the local school and took the pledge of allegiance to the flag, but they were not Americans. My wife and I never discussed the subject. We just drifted, listening to baseball in the afternoons. We could pick up the New York Giants' games most easily. We did not understand baseball one bit, but gradually we learned; and then, before we knew it, we found ourselves deeply and personally involved. This was our team. Monte Irvin, Eddie Stanky, Alvin Dark and Willie Mays became known to us in the same tangential way that we were absorbing America itself.

It was a good year to meet baseball and the Giants—1951, the year of Bobby Thomson's ninth-inning homer in the final game of the National League playoffs, bringing in three runs and giving the wonderful Giants the pennant after it looked as though those Brooklyn Bums had it in the bag. That was perhaps the most dramatic moment in baseball history, and we were part of it. When we finished dancing round the room, I took Barbara's hands and said, "I think we're Americans."

"Yes," she cried. "Where do we go to sign the papers?"

It wasn't as simple as that, but eventually we did it and became Americans. Yes, but what kind of Americans?



"I hope that's a trick."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our ideas set slowly; indeed, I hope they are not yet fossilized. The year after Bobby Thomson's homer we had to go to Europe on business. As our returning ship steamed slowly up the bay, I stood on the boat deck in the fall sunshine, staring this time not at the towers of Manhattan, but at the lonely girl, tinged green by the years, who raised her lamp in the shallow tides against the Jersey shore.

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free. . . .

I had not been tired, nor really poor, but this ideal I must believe in. The poem did not add, "as long as they're white, Aryan, educated and can contact a lot of important people." And opportunity—never let America lose the sense of opportunity, not just for immigrants, but for all. Certainly we must see that no one starves or goes naked or untaught; but there can be no opportunity without some risk. When we disembarked, it was the soil of our own country that we greeted, weeping, smiling.

And now a violent wind blew across the land, forcing every citizen to identify the sources of his Americanism. The wind was called Sen. Joe McCarthy. It appeared to me that having first wrapped himself in our flag, he set out to destroy the values the flag stood for, crying, "You can't hit me, or you'll be desecrating Old Glory." I stood ready to take the pledge of allegiance to that flag, but now I recognized that my allegiance was and must be to the Constitution, not to any piece of bunting, and I thought that Senator McCarthy's methods were far more dangerous to the Constitution than were the enemies he professed to be hunting out.

I remember a heated argument—all arguments were heated in those days—with a conservative businessman. I said that words like "justice" and "treason" mean different things to different people, while a law means the same to everyone. So, civilization can survive only on the rule of law. We had laws capable of protecting the state against Communists or anyone else; let us use them or amend them, not trample on them.

My opponent said scornfully, "What a very English point of view."

Being a newly dedicated American, I was naturally furious. But I had to recognize that in our country many people do not believe in the rule of law. Their faith, bred perhaps under pioneer necessities and strengthened by the folly of prohibition, lies instead in the rule of results—"Don't let a quibble of law allow the guilty to escape; lynch him"; "If a law is bad, don't change it; ignore it"; "Break through form to substance"; "The object in any game, in life itself, is achieving, winning. Nice guys finish last." Here lie the sources of the almost universal belief that it is not wicked to fix a parking ticket if you can; of mink coats, freezers, Sherman Adams and Goldfine, of city bosses, corrupt political machines and the general dislike of the police, of payola, TV scandals and crooked advertising. But the frontier has gone, and our task now is to live with ourselves in an ever-narrowing space and an ever more interdependent society. We can do it only under the rule of law and by respect for law—and only so can we do away with the malice that poisons too many relations among us.

Most of those Americans who helped me into this country were liberals, when all they knew about me was that I had been a regular-army officer—that is, a natural enemy (*Continued on Page 54*)

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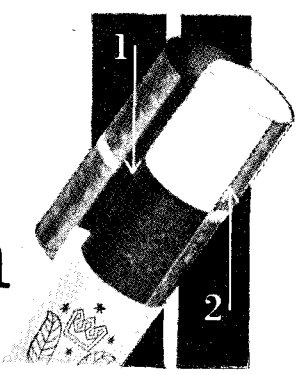

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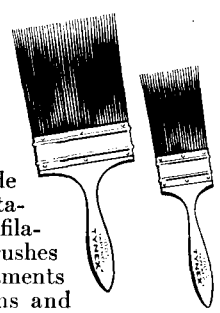

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

(*Continued from Page 52*) of liberalism, according to their dogma. I am a sort of liberal too and support most "liberal" causes, but a few years ago, when West Point cadets were studying foreign problems of the United States, some of my friends waxed sarcastic, saying, "Ah, the military are deciding our foreign policy now." My friends' attitude here was not liberal, it was malicious. And it is malicious to call a man a Communist without precise reason. And too often malice is present between labor and management, between Democrat and Republican, between North and South, between egghead and businessman. Malice grows where there is fear, fear that those who hold different views from yours will take unfair advantage of you—will not, in other words, abide by the rules of law. Good law, strongly administered, will abolish malice.

Before the McCarthy hurricane had died down I obtained my citizenship. By then I was able to define the principles which govern me when I think of America.

First, I believe that certain rights of an American are not subject to the democratic process—the manner of my private life, my religion, my right to regular secret ballots, for example. I believe this was the intention of the founding fathers when they added, to the technical provisions of the Constitution proper, those ten amendments which lay down some basic rights and privileges of citizenship. The bedrock of my United States, therefore, is the Bill of Rights and later amendments of the same character—the Thirteenth, Fourteenth (Section 1), the Fifteenth and Nineteenth. I believe these rights should be extended and made permanent. For example—at this moment, a properly elected Communist or Fascist administration and Congress could, by constitutional means, abolish or control elections. Regular elections, based on universal suffrage, should be made a permanent part of the Constitution, not subject to amendment.

Secondly, I believe that the special pride of the United States is the idea that all men are born free and equal. Since we are not born equal in size, wealth, color, intelligence or strength, this must mean equal in opportunity, in treatment as citizens. Anything we do toward a more nearly perfect realization of that ideal is a service to the country and to the world, for obviously no other concept can ever be accepted by all the diverse peoples of the world.

Thirdly, I am sure that a principal foundation of our strength, and a main hope for our future, lies in our doctrine that all power resides in the people—that is, in the individual—and that each one of us retains what powers he does not delegate. To make our system work, governments and administrations must realize that we give them power to enable, not to prevent. To build roads and schools, to provide police and law courts and armies, to insure equal opportunity, to safeguard our freedoms, to regulate our dealings with one another where they need regulating—these are the functions of American government, not to deny us knowledge, as in some state laws prohibiting information on birth control, not to regulate maximum incomes, as many of our "liberals" would like, not to forbid me to take my children to a race course, as New York State orders (this is my business and my wife's, and no one else's).

I feel, too, that we all need to understand more clearly that our democracy and our Federal system depend on great restraint in the use of power. We are a diverse people; if we do not allow diverse ways of life, we will fall. There are certain areas in which the nation can permit no tinkering, for these are the foundations of the republic. Outside these areas we do wrong if we try to enforce uniformity. We must not permit a state to deprive its Negroes of the vote, but we must not try to prevent it from legalizing polygamy, roulette and bullfighting if its people so wish. If we do, we not only weaken ourselves but, again, we fail to show the world how to work the only system by which all peoples could live in peace.

These are the three principles which provide my little craft of Americanism with its engine, rudder and compass. But there is another question—where is the boat going? Jefferson defined our national goals in the Declaration of Independence—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I accept these aims, but there is need to restate them in terms of today's world.

It is obvious that there will be no life for anyone on this planet, including Americans, unless a just and permanent world peace is soon achieved. Such a peace can only be reached by those methods which enable us in America to live together without fighting. Just as we frame and support state and Federal laws and, in the process, give up our right to judge for ourselves, so we must join in framing and supporting international laws. The strongest supporters of national sovereignty must surely realize by now that there are only two answers to the world's problems—force or law. We gave up the frontier .44 long ago; we dare not even begin with strontium 90.

Liberty, our second goal, needs more definition in terms of actual freedoms. The word itself means nothing, and there are among us too many people who praise "liberty," but oppose the freedoms which give it reality. Communist treachery, McCarthy and the stresses of the world situation have combined to press real freedom hard. This is why I support the American Civil Liberties Union. Recently two men were arrested for distributing anti-Semitic pamphlets on the streets of Washington. The A.C.L.U., which disagreed with the men's opinions as strongly as I do, yet recognized that their right to spread these opinions was a pattern of liberty, undertook to defend them—and it happened that the two lawyers they appointed for the purpose were Jews. As a nation we need much more of this—many fewer self-appointed vigilantes, informers and book burners.

The last of Jefferson's goals for the republic was the pursuit of happiness, by which he meant—as earlier drafts show—"the craft, the art" of happiness, not the anxious running after of it. Certainly he did not believe that happiness is achieved in material comfort alone, nor do I. Is $5000 a year happiness? $10,000? $50,000? We all know, in spite of Madison Avenue's attempts to tell us differently, that in fact happiness is not measured by these standards. How then?

Are we not happiest when we are doing something worth while, moving toward a worth-while object and enjoying ourselves in the process? I believe so and hence I believe that our national happiness lies in the choice of and progress toward national goals—freedom from want, first, by all means; but beyond that, far more, the attainment of stable world peace; universal higher education; the conservation of our own and the world's natural beauties; the expression of our spirit in art, religion and craft; the abolition of disease; the liberation of thought, trade and travel. Automation is going to give us the time and the strength to do all this—and more.

But first we must come back to our national faith and character. We must know who and what we are. We are not a young country, but one of the oldest continuous political entities on earth. We are not Europe's hick cousins, but the world leaders in literature, art, music, architecture, dancing and drama. We do not live in God's own country, and our power and wealth are not due solely to our own strength, skill and virtue but, in large part, to the accidents of geography and the ruthless acquisitiveness of our forebears. We have reasons for pride, yes; but they lie in our ideas and our acts and in the speeches of our great men. It is not the oil of Oklahoma that is our strength, but the words of Lincoln and Wilson. Humility in the face of our material good fortune better becomes us than the boasting many of us indulge in. And we have other good reasons for humility. For all our wealth, for all the influence we cannot help exerting in the world, most Americans know less than most Dutch farm lads about the history, geography and way of life of countries other than their own; and our national ignorance of foreign languages is a byword. Most foreigners believe that our heart is in the right place; many doubt whether our head is when they hear, for example, that a United States senator has commiserated with the Australian ambassador because Australia's laws are made by the English, which they have not been for about fifty years now.

Nor do we apply to our outward affairs the honesty, unselfishness and community good sense which distinguish our personal and most of our internal affairs. Inside America we understand better than most that the spreading of wealth creates more wealth and stability. We do not seem to see that this applies also to the world, treated as a whole. Farmers in Washington and manufacturers in Pennsylvania find that their products are meeting competition from foreign imports; their lobbyists persuade Congress to raise the tariffs. Promises to accept a low bid are shamefully wriggled out of when it is found that the low bidder is a foreigner; we keep the job and lose our good name. The foreigner, already poorer than we, but politically aligned to our belief in free enterprise, becomes poorer and angrier and can make his product still more cheaply; and our tariffs have to be raised still higher to keep it out. Our wages rise, our prices rise, and we have completed one more circuit on the (*Continued on Page 56*)

Dandelions

By Katherine Saunders

What child has never tasted
dandelions,
The bitter of their hollow,
curling handles;
Picked yellow blossoms by the
tortured fistful
Nor blown the white fire out
like birthday candles?

Grownups may shudder, dig
them out of lawns,
And yet they make a very fine
bouquet,
Especially with no other flowers
handy
For a little boy on Mother's
Day.

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PHILLIPS'
TABLETS

(*Continued from Page 54*) rising spiral staircase that is gradually isolating our economic system from that of the rest of the world. Surely we are rich and wise enough to make "trade, not aid" a workable policy.

I believe so. I have lived here twelve years. I have seen forty-eight states, know a dozen well, and particularly love Maine, Wyoming, Arizona, and my own Empire State of New York. I have celebrated the Fourth of July among hoop skirts and Revolutionary costumes in Wiscasset, Maine, and with ten-gallon hats and bucking broncos in Red Lodge, Montana. I know the streets and sounds of New Orleans, Boston, Dallas, San Francisco, Seattle, Tampa, Los Angeles. I have faced the American sun and rain on the summit of Mount Washington, on the Blue Ridge, the Smokies, Mount Olympus, the High Sierras, Katahdin, the Grand Tetons. I have trailed my hand in the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Hudson, the Kennebec, the Snake, the Chattahoochee, the Delaware, the Niobrara, the Shenandoah, and the Rio Grande; and from Nauset Sands I have watched the sun rise out of our eastern ocean, and from Blacklock Point watched it set into our western ocean.

All this has filled me with a humble gratitude to my new country that has given me so much, so freely. American individual generosity, American kindness, American honesty, American unselfishness never cease to charge me with an electrifying certainty that this people is capable of any good, that it is indeed the last, best hope of earth. I believe that the time has come to add one more quality, a national sense of purpose—which we have lacked since the passing of the last Western frontier—and, so armed, to turn our faces more to the world and work "with malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

How to Start a College From Scratch (Continued from Page 25)

tests in temporary buildings—and come in on Monday morning to find nothing there but a hole in the ground. The old building has been torn down over the week-end, and the basement for a new one dug. Dedications and cornerstone layings have become so commonplace on the Hofstra campus that the vice president, Dr. Jack T. Johnson, who officiates at these ceremonies, sometimes has to dragoon the groundskeeper's staff to hear his dedicatory oration. Fourteen new lab and classroom buildings, and a $1,000,000 theater, have been put up in the fifteen years since the war, and only two of them, a $250,000 library wing and a $300,000 classroom building, have been paid for by outside benefactors. The others have been built and equipped primarily out of tuition fees.

Though educators are inclined to frown on the practice of financing capital projects out of students' fees, Hofstra had no alternative. Since its founding twenty-five years ago, the school has received less than $3,000,000 in gifts and grants. The income from its endowment, which now stands at a minuscule $2,250,000, would do little more than keep the grass cut and the buildings painted. Its alumni, though loyal, are still too young and too low on the ladder of financial success, to be a significant source of funds. As a private, independent college, Hofstra receives no state support, and no church or religious organization backs it.

It has two assets, however—its location and the surging prosperity of the surrounding region. Hofstra lies at the village of Hempstead, in Nassau County, once a pleasant open land of rich estates and potato farms where explosive growth in recent years has sent the population soaring to 1,200,000. To the east lies Suffolk County, where the tide of humanity, flowing out from Manhattan, Queens and Brooklyn, has pushed the population up to more than 600,000. Within fifteen miles of the college, eighty high schools turn out 13,000 graduates a year, 65 per cent of whom go on to college.

To serve the needs of this booming community, Hofstra had to grow. To grow it had to build and equip classrooms and laboratories, and find new teachers and pay them well. The only solution was to sell its product—education—at a profit. With no dormitories, infirmaries, huge refectories and the other trappings a residential college must support, the price did not have to be too high. Hofstra's 3000 full-time day students pay $900 a year in tuition and another $150 for books and college fees. The students squawk, naturally, that this is exorbitant, but it is considerably less than the $2200 Hofstra would have to charge for tuition, board and room, if it were a residential college. The 5000 part-time students who come in the late afternoon and evening pay thirty dollars a semester hour, which is generally the going rate for education of similar caliber elsewhere.

From these charges, plus roughly $500,000 in auxiliary fees, the college receives some $5,000,000 a year in income. Its total expenses run a little under $4,500,000. It has, therefore, a little more than $500,000 a year with which to build more buildings and hire more teachers to serve more students.

Hofstra hastens to point out, of course, that it has not been engaged merely in an educational numbers game. While building its expanding plant, it also has tried to upgrade the quality and the character of its curriculum and to bring together a strong faculty of young, eager teachers, highly competent in their fields. Just after the war the school had to take a few instructors who did not live up to expectations, and the erosion of the years has taken the zest out of some who have been fine teachers in the past. Weeding these out is a slow process, for the American Association of University Professors—the college teachers' union—stoutly defends its own; but the college is working at it doggedly. Raises in pay are not based on seniority but on merit. The college does not guarantee a young instructor that he will automatically become a full professor at a salary of $12,000, at any given time. Most of those who do not get the raises they expect take the hint and seek employment elsewhere. A few do not, however, and they are fired.

The cycle of more students, more money, more buildings, more students, has been going on at Hofstra for fourteen years now, and the end is not yet in sight. In 1959 the applications for admission held at the 1958 level, the first time since the war that there had not been a 30 per cent increase. However, recent figures indicate that the pressure for admissions will soar again in the '60's.

This new wave of students will sorely burden Hofstra. President Adams, a stout believer in the idea that a college campus should look like a college campus, is determined that no more green, open land and trees and playing fields shall be buried under buildings or parking lots. The college as it stands today, therefore, is about as big as it can become on its present site. Highways hem it in on two sides, and adjoining real estate, which the school desperately needs, is now priced so high it cannot afford to buy. The last acre it acquired, in bits and pieces, cost $115,000, and a small 100-by-160-foot plot hard by the campus, which would make an ideal building site, is offered at $55,000, though appraised at $6200.

Across the road from Hofstra lies huge Mitchell Air Force Base, on a site where American military men have trained since the Revolution. The college is eager to buy at least 100 acres of this beautiful flat land. But, though it keeps a hopeful ear cocked toward the Pentagon, so far no word has come that the Air Force is ready to sell.

Caught in the land-price squeeze, the college has been quietly picking up scattered tracts wherever it could find useful land for sale by the acre instead of by the foot. On these sites it hopes to establish satellite institutions for freshmen and sophomores. Graduates of these junior Hofstras would move in to the main campus for their junior and senior years. The school had hoped to begin this system of feeder colleges this year on fifty acres of estate land it had acquired near Old Westbury, some seven miles, as the crow flies, from the present campus. The neighbors, who could hardly have been more upset if the school had proposed to start a snake farm there, protested so strongly that the plan has been postponed until tempers cool.

With a $175,000 grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, the college is also starting an experiment next fall, which, if successful, will increase capacity one fourth by cutting down, by a full year, the time required to earn a bachelor's degree. In a new building now being constructed on the main campus, six teachers and 100 to 120 students will test the theory that by abandoning the old course pattern of the freshman and sophomore years a student can learn as much in one year of concentrated study as he has learned in two years in the past.

Students in this experimental school, which Hofstra hopefully calls New College, will go to school for four days a week—Monday through Thursday—from 8:30 in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon. The year-long course, to be called An Introduction to Science and the Humanities, will include mathematics, the physical and social sciences, literature, fine arts, philosophy and religion. The day will begin with a two-hour lecture in one of these fields, followed by small group discussions led by a teacher, in the pattern of the famous preceptorials at Princeton. There will be ample time set aside for independent study and laboratory experimentation. In addition to the general course, each student will be required to do intensive work in whichever of the major fields interests him most.

The old pattern of September-to-June enrollment was set in the days when America was an agricultural nation and the student could only be spared for schooling between autumn harvest and spring planting. This no longer has any validity in the urban community which Hofstra serves, and the summer months will be devoted to a (*Continued on Page 59*)

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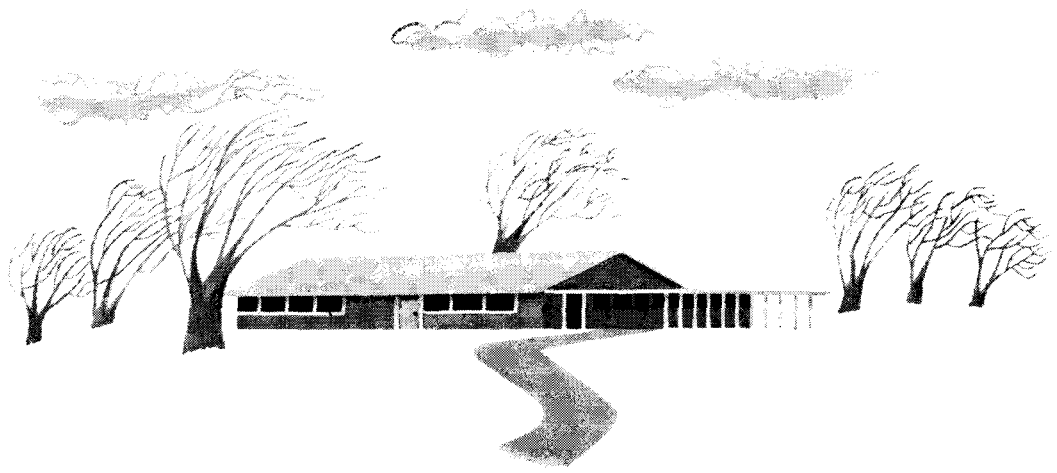

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(*Continued from Page 56*) concentrated study of a foreign language. The four-day week, it is believed, will give the student who works his way ample opportunity to earn money on weekends, although Friday classes will be available for make-up work by those who fall behind, or for advanced work by the more ambitious.

Hofstra believes it will take about five years to find out whether the new system has any merit. At the end of each year outside experts will be called in to evaluate the experimental students in comparison with the learning levels reached by the college sophomores in the main college. If the New College students are found ready for the junior class after one year of concentrated work, the satellite institutions Hofstra hopes to set up will follow the same pattern.

For an institution now so desperately needed by its community, Hofstra had a singularly inauspicious beginning. When Mrs. Kate Mason Hofstra died in 1933, she provided in her will that all her twenty-seven cats, which she named in the document, should be supplied with all necessary comforts so long as they lived. Once the cats were provided for, the residue of her estate, which consisted of her huge manor house, "The Netherlands," and its surrounding twelve acres of lawns and gardens, plus some $700,000 worth of stocks, bonds and real estate, would then be used for such "public, charitable, benevolent, hospital, infirmary, scientific or research purposes" as the executors felt would be in the public interest. The will further stipulated that whatever was set up should be named in memory of her late husband, William S. Hofstra, a wealthy lumberman of Dutch descent.

For a while the executors, who were faithfully housing and feeding the twenty-seven cats in a small building near the main house, thought of converting the entire estate into a home for homeless felines. There was some doubt, however, that this would please the shade of Mr. Hofstra, whose name, under the terms of the will, the institution would have to bear. For during his lifetime Mr. Hofstra was not partial to his wife's cats, which he frequently had to chase out of his easy chair.

The executors sought to turn over the estate to the local Masonic lodge, to be operated as an old-folks home, or as a public park, but the lodge politely declined the offer. Not long after this Mr. Howard S. Brower, one of the executors, while riding the Long Island Railroad into Manhattan, mentioned his problem to a fellow commuter, Dr. Truesdel Peck Calkins, who was then on the administrative staff of New York University. At that time N.Y.U. was teaching extension courses in borrowed quarters at Hempstead, and Doctor Calkins felt sure that the institution would be happy to have the Hofstra legacy with which to establish a two-year college on a permanent campus.

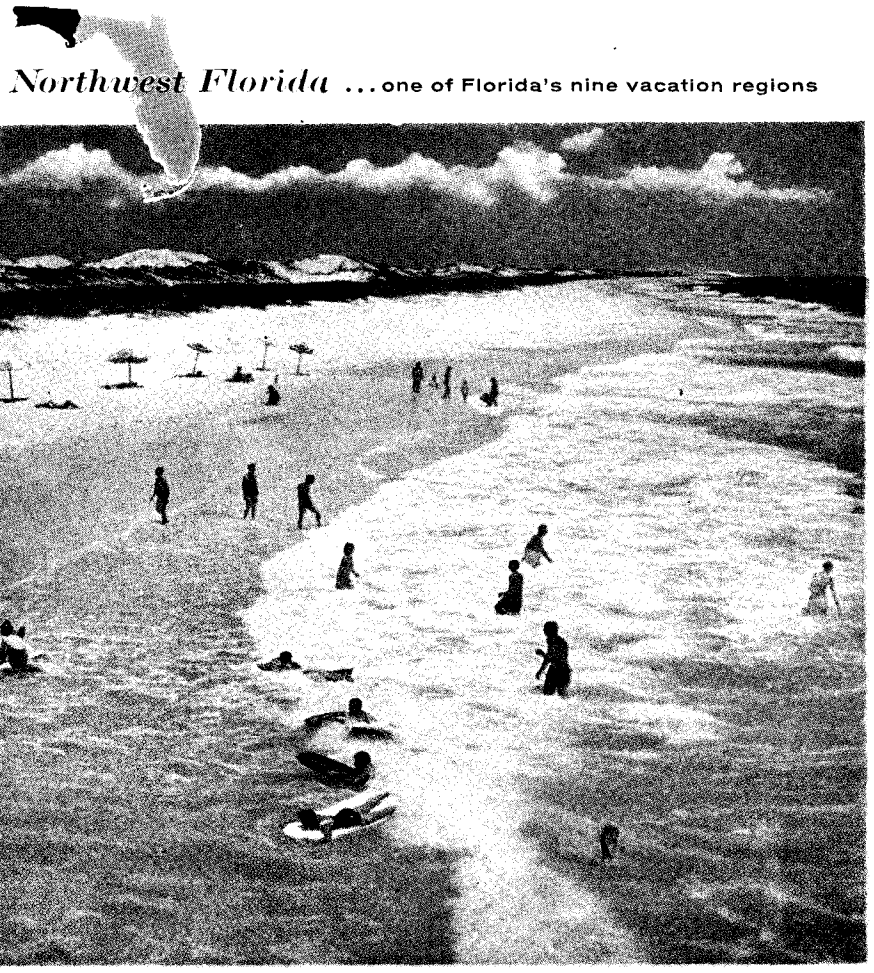
New York University, it turned out, would indeed be pleased to do this, and twenty-five years ago, in September, 1935, Nassau College-Hofstra Memorial opened its doors under the academic supervision of N.Y.U. With Mr. Hofstra, an amiable-looking man in gold-rimmed pince-nez and a high collar, and Mrs. Hofstra, in diamonds and furs, beaming upon them from large oil paintings in the hall, 169 students and forty-two staff members crowded into the huge rambling manor house for the first classes. Five years later, at the insistence of its students, Hofstra obtained a state charter giving it the right to become a four-year college granting its own degree, and the connection with N.Y.U. was severed. Doctor Calkins was named president, and Mr. Brower treasurer of the board of trustees.

It proved to be a bad time to cut loose from the parent institution. In the first four years all the liquid assets of the estate had been used to construct a library, two handsome classroom buildings and a gymnasium, and the student body had increased to nearly 1000. As soon as the war began, however, enrollment started to plummet. Soon the student body was down to 225, the biggest building, Brower Hall, was closed to save fuel, and the school was operating at a heavy deficit. In 1942 Doctor Calkins died unexpectedly in his office, and Mr. Brower, who was a lumberman by profession, took over as interim president.

For a while it looked as if the institution might not survive the war. Mr. Brower, however, was determined that a school that had made so brave a beginning should not close its doors. He beefed up the board of trustees, bringing on to it a number of distinguished Long Islanders, among them Mr. Robert Moses. Mr. Moses has long since departed from the board, leaving some mildly bruised feelings in his wake, but the school still bears the stamp of his personality and his ideas. It was he who beat the academic bushes to find Doctor Adams, a handsome and extremely articulate Cornell and Cambridge graduate who was highly respected by Shakespearean scholars for the painstaking research which enabled him to build a scale-model replica of The Globe Theater, where the bard's dramas were presented. It was also Mr. Moses who insisted that the school remain a (*Continued on Page 62*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... then, after the meeting, we went out for a sandwich, and I came home. Deal me a slice of toast, will you, dear?"



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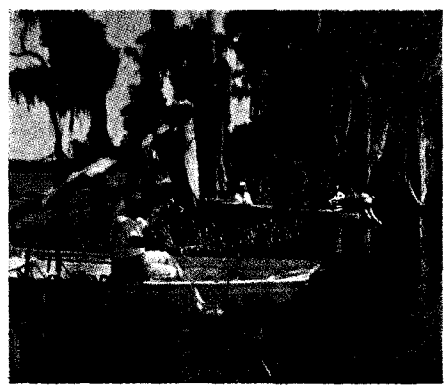

The sportsmen above are fresh-water fishing in Wewahitchka's Dead Lakes.

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GOODYEAR

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GOODYEAR

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(*Continued from Page 59*) community college, serving its own region and ignoring those students who might wish to come from Timbuctoo or Texas. Hofstra, he felt, was to be the urban college of the future, and the urban community needed a school to which students could drive by car.

With the end of the war Hofstra's student problems were solved. Thousands of G.I.'s returning to their Long Island homes were clamoring for admission, and as the G.I. tide began to ebb, the first wave of war babies began to come in. The problem then became not one of filling empty classrooms, but of building classrooms fast enough and using them to the fullest. In the average liberal-arts college, for example, the work week is about forty-four hours, and the classrooms and laboratories are in use approximately 39 per cent of the time. Hofstra operates seventy-nine hours a week, and all its available space is filled about 85 per cent of the time.

"Our goal," says Doctor Johnson, jovially, "is to keep these classroom seats warm."

They rarely cool. The 3000 day students start coming at eight A.M. and are in class until three P.M. By 3:45 the 2000-car parking lots are empty, and 2000 schoolteachers, working for their master's degrees, come in from four to six. As they depart, the 3500 evening students, who go to school from six to 10:30 P.M., begin to arrive. Most of these are ambitious older folk who never got a college degree, or college graduates from the many industries near the school who are working to keep up with new developments in their fields. In a period of rapidly changing technology this extra education is essential, and many industries happily pay tuition for their employees. Others do so more reluctantly under union contracts which demand that opportunity for off-the-job education be provided as a fringe benefit.

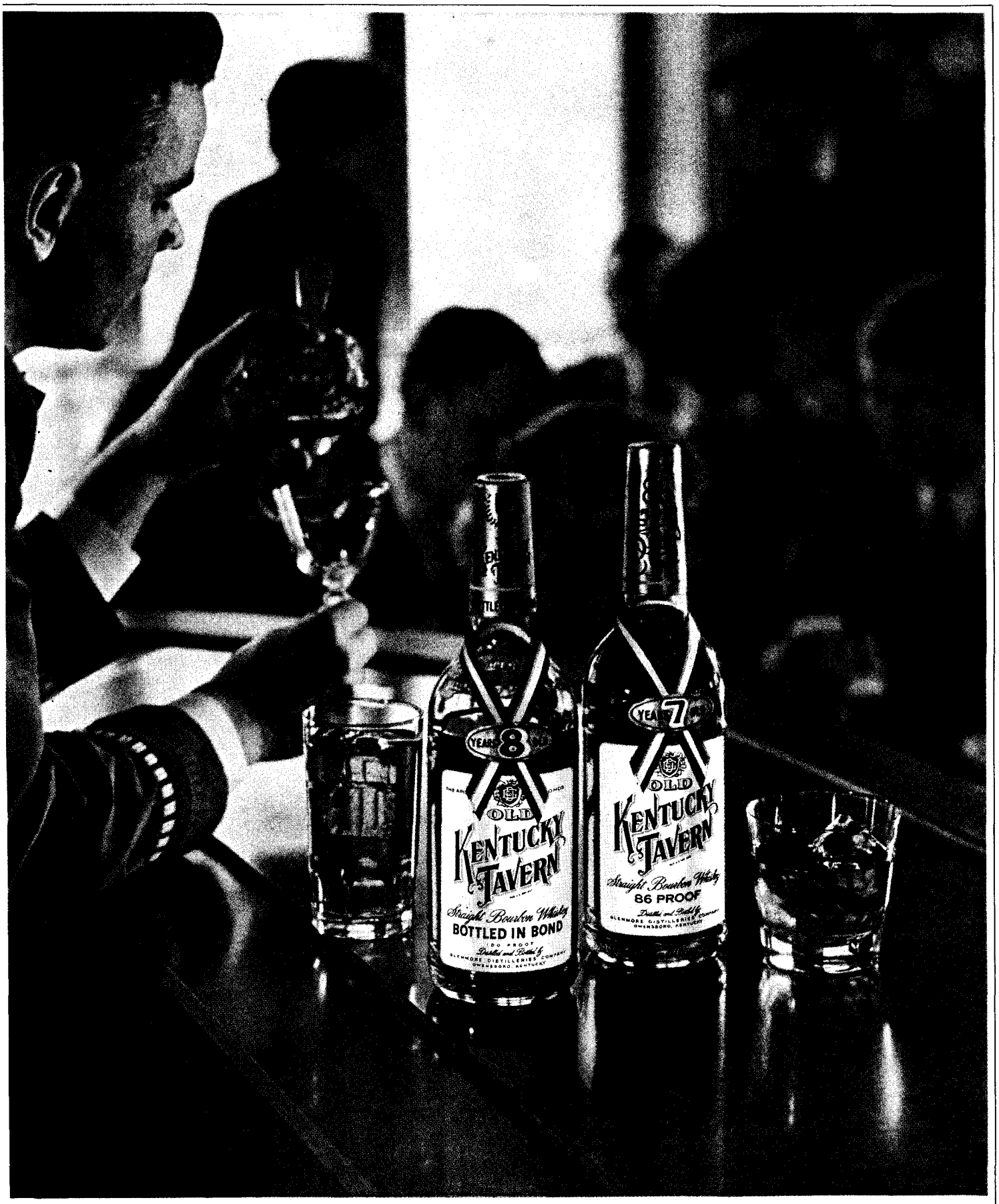
There is, of course, a difference in atmosphere between the day and evening schools. The 3000 day students in crew cuts and car coats, pony tails and ballet slippers, look and act like college students anywhere. Knowing that as a commuter college it must make an extra effort to enlist the loyalty of its students, the school encourages fraternities, sororities, clubs, and extracurricular activities of all kinds, both academic and social. It is also profoundly pleased that its football team won all its games last year against such stalwart foes as Muhlenberg and Gettysburg, and the basketball team beat Army. Such victories, it is felt, add greatly to the cohesive school spirit, which the administration seeks to inculcate. The collegiate atmosphere is so strong, in fact, that a stranger may feel that he is back on the college campus of thirty years ago. Freshmen wear beanies, cheer leaders shrill and bounce in practice sessions on the greensward, and during fraternity-rushing season pledges go about in strange garb, carrying large paddles and reciting complex doggerel at the demand of their elders.

Too young yet to have developed a distinctive personality of its own, Hofstra lays great stress on its Dutch heritage, with the thought, perhaps, that this will link the school in the public mind with patroon days and Long Island's earliest history. To carry out this gentle deception the president's office is called Holland House, the football team is the Flying Dutchmen, the flag of the Netherlands is carried in academic processions, and on festive occasions student mummers, representing "Kate and Willy," the benefactors, clack about in wooden shoes. The connection with the Lowlands actually is somewhat tenuous. Mr. Hofstra was of Frisian ancestry, and he was born in Holland, all right, but it was Holland, Michigan. Mrs. Hofstra came from New Orleans.

Despite the somewhat rah-rah aura that hovers over the day-school campus, the students are a strongly dedicated and hard-working lot. Eighty-five per cent of them earn at least a quarter of their college fees by working afternoons, nights and weekends, and the college runs an active placement bureau which helps them to find jobs.

Many of the students who work—jobs range from tending bar to working the late shift in an electronics plant—have to forego the multitudinous cocurricular activities that Hofstra offers. It is hard to be a big wheel on the campus, a good student, and a wage earner at the same time, and those who try it get a little gaunt and hollow-eyed by the end of the term.

"They bring you in here and wake your intellectual curiosity," said one male student. "Then before you know it you are so tangled up in outside things you don't have time to study—unless you are going



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to give up altogether the habit of sleeping. I'm just hanging on until I finish. Then maybe I'll get around to reading all these books I haven't had time to read."

Most of the day-school students are the first generation of their families to go to college, and many of them are the sons and daughters of first generation Americans. There is, therefore, no long tradition of seeking "wisdome for wisdome's sake" in their family background, and they come to college strongly job-motivated, preferring to concentrate on vocational courses which they think will be directly useful in their future work.

The school, however, is stubbornly dedicated to the liberal arts, not to vocational training; and in a long orientation course for freshmen, it gently tries to convert them to the idea that its job is to produce men and women of broad general culture, not to turn out technicians. This sometimes causes friction at home, for self-made fathers who know that they earn considerably more than a college professor are frequently disgruntled when they find their offspring poring over Chaucer, Milton, and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

To iron out these conflicts, the college conducts a counseling service for parents at which the case for the liberal-arts education is presented on the grounds that no matter what a man's life work may be, he is a better, happier and more useful person if he has some understanding of the great ideas that men have lived by, the epics they have written, and the forms of political and social organization under which civilization has developed. Fortunately for the school, business and industry in recent years have begun to come around to this point of view, and more and more the bachelor of arts, trained in the humanities, is finding a welcome when he seeks a job.

Some of the more sensitive teachers believe, however, that the average student still wants a degree, the symbol of an education, more than he yearns for the knowledge it represents.

"All they seem to be looking for," said one sociologist, morosely, "is the key that will open the door to a job. They want that diploma to throw down proudly on the personnel manager's desk. They think the world will be easy, once the great corporation enfolds them in its sheltering arms."

Hofstra knows that in the public mind the image of the ideal educational institution is still the residential school. It strives, therefore, to look like one. Since its founding, the school's physical plant has been designed by Aymar Embury II, a Princeton graduate, architect of famous bridges and of noted college buildings throughout the East. Mr. Embury made no effort to emulate the ornate Gothic of the Ivy League—Hofstra, in fact, ripped the ivy off its oldest buildings because it harbored sparrows— and he purposely avoided marble, bronze, belfries and other costly decorations. The result is a grouping, in quadrangles similar to Jefferson's plan for the University of Virginia, of solidly handsome buildings of modest dignity, faintly reminiscent of classic Greece. Once its young trees are grown, Hofstra feels it will have one of the stateliest groves of academe in the country.

The school knows that in a commuter college drawing its students from a narrow radius, those attending miss the broadening influence of associating with youngsters from other parts of the country. To avoid the blight of provincialism, therefore, the college has concentrated on assembling an urbane and cosmopolitan faculty, drawn from all the great universities of the nation and from many of the more noted foreign schools. It has little trouble in keeping good people, for its salaries are higher than the average and are just below the top scale paid by the biggest universities. It also brings in distinguished scholars from surrounding schools, and noted scientists from the industrial laboratories as part-time teachers. Eleven first-chair men of the New York Philharmonic, for example, serve as adjunct professors of music, and the director of the Foreign Department of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York teaches money and banking in the evening school.

Hofstra makes a determined effort to get its share of the top students from the local high schools, bringing them out for dinner and showing them around the campus, and last year six of them were among the 310 students to (*Continued on Page 67*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They tell me the service here is superb. . . . I wonder if I might have a little of it?"

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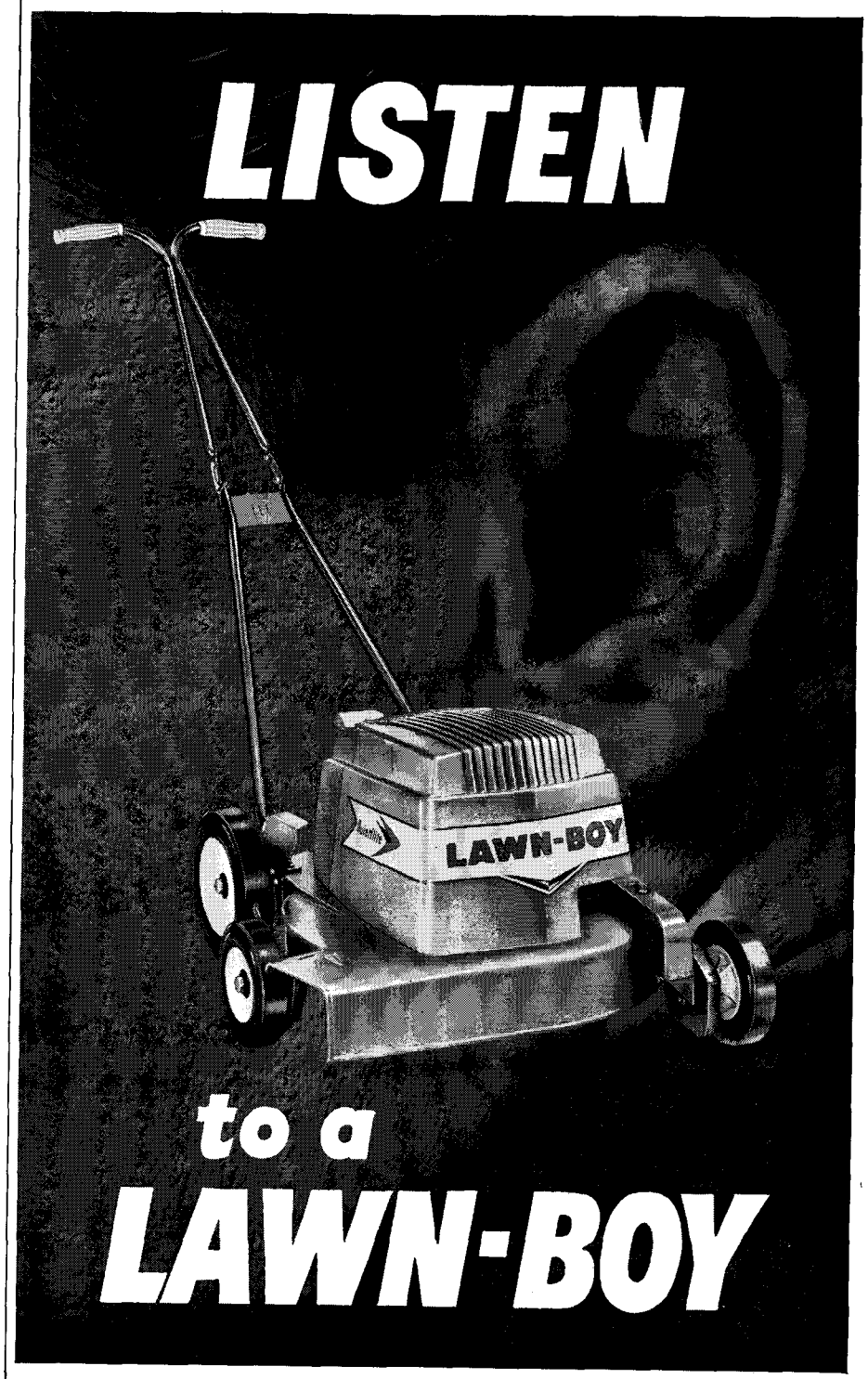

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(*Continued from Page 63*) whom Hofstra granted achievement scholarships, ranging from books to full tuition. In the main, though, its students are the "good-average" products of the high schools—the C+ and B students, whom it hopes to inspire to work consistently at their highest level. It also carefully hand-picks a few from the lowest quarter of the high-school graduating class, hoping to find, as it often does, late-bloomers who will do extremely well in college.

"Our purpose," says Doctor Johnson, "is to take an average American boy, stir his intellectual curiosity, spur his ambition and turn him into a man of cultured power."

Hofstra, as a commuter college, feels a strong obligation to the community it serves. Its psychological-counseling clinics serve not only students but their parents as well. The speech and reading centers are open to the public for a fee, and the art department performs a service which is perhaps unique in educational circles. Once a year Long Island's residents bring their paintings to a Painting Evaluation Clinic for appraisal by Hofstra's experts. Most of them discover that what they hoped would prove to be a lost "old master" actually is not worth very much, but now and then something of value turns up. Last year, for example, a Mrs. Ella Jaffe, of Long Beach, was highly elated to learn that the French post-impressionist painting she brought in was a Monticelli worth $6000.

Hofstra naturally hopes to become the cultural center of its community, and it is making great strides in that direction. Lectures and concerts on the campus are well attended by the local folk, and in the spring, when the magnificent Shakespeare Festival is produced on an elaborate stage based upon Doctor Adams' scale model of The Globe Theater, the 1124-seat Hofstra Playhouse is filled with drama lovers from Valley Stream, Levittown, Hicksville, Hempstead, Rockville Center and Mineola.

"We try to serve the needs of the surrounding community in every way possible," one Hofstra administrator explained, "particularly the high schools from which our students come. These high schools, over the years, have become as close to us as the famous prep schools are to the Ivy League colleges. We try to turn out the kind of teachers they need in music, drama and the fine arts. They, in turn, try to prepare their graduates for the kind of education that Hofstra is equipped to give."

Hofstra is not disturbed by the fact that the state is now planning to establish two-year commuter colleges, which will compete with the private school for freshman enrollees. Ten years from now not 10,000 but an estimated 35,000 students will be graduating annually from high schools in Nassau County, and Hofstra is confident it will get its share. The state colleges, in fact, should serve as feeders, filling Hofstra's junior and senior classes with students of proved ability.

The school is also pleased to note that, as our population explosion continues, more old residential colleges throughout the country are adapting themselves to the commuter plan, and are adding evening classes to keep their teaching plant in profitable use more hours each day.

"We are the pioneers in creating the kind of college the new times demand," says Vice President Johnson. "We have been doing for twenty-five years what many an urban college and university will be doing ten years from now. The image of the old residential college as a community of scholars living withdrawn in monkish contemplation dies hard. But whether we like it or not, this is the answer to higher education—the commuter college, serving its own community. And above all, paying its own way."

Furtive Affair (Continued from Page 30)

Tod gave a smile broken at the edges. "A marriage that needs a baby to hold it together isn't worth a darn," he said.

I rode home. The meadows were purple. They gave off damp, sweet odors. It was June, soft June—the month of dreams.

At our gate I stopped and pulled open the mailbox. There was a Manila envelope addressed to me. It was lumpy with something inside, but I jammed it in my pocket without a look.

Our house was a huge Victorian with naked rafters and oak walls. On the brick mantel I found a note from mother: DINNER AT THE GRANGE HALL. WEAR A TIE, NOW.

I put on my tan corduroy jacket and a yellow knit tie. Since dad's death we had eaten out a lot, and I liked it. But tonight I hated it. I was almost sick from thinking about Tod—and about a lot of other things.

I drove to the Grange Hall, cruising slowly. The neon lights from Neidlinger's Drugstore made candy-colored reflections on the green. I bounced my motorcycle over the curb and parked it under the Grange Hall awning.

The room was full of voices and tinkling china. In the coffee line somebody nudged me. "We saved you a seat, slugger."

It was Tod, wearing a red-checkered shirt that showed his arm muscles as big as turnips. Gail had got a baby sitter for Pokey. I followed him to his table.

"Hi, Gail," I said.

She was pretty, Swedish pretty—Gail. And nicely slender. When she smiled, a soft light seemed to go on beneath her cheeks. And when she lifted her arm to touch her taffy-gold curls—well, you realized she wasn't slender in all places. She was just eighteen.

"Your nose is sunburned, sir," she said.

It was a strained meal. Tod kept leaning across Gail to say things to me about diesels or fishing rods—as though he thought that if he could only be matter-of-fact enough about his wife he wouldn't lose her. Then mother came over and started talking recipes with Gail. I saw a chance to get out.

"Got to see Warren Haight a minute," I said.

The side room of the Grange was dark. The whole place had once been a church. I groped past piled-up pews to the steeple stairway. I felt funny—as though I wanted to be near familiar things, but not familiar people.

I climbed into the steeple. On the platform above where the bell had been, a small, square window shone palely. I opened it. Stars twinkled on the dark roofs below. The elms stuck up like big bunches of celery—all the way to Quotonset Beach. If there was any place where a guy could get together the brittle pieces of himself and start over again, this was it.

"Hiding?"

My breath stopped. The voice melted in me like chimes. Then I swung around, and she took my hands.

"My gosh, Gail," I said, "we just got to cut it out."

We looked at each other. Her eyes shimmered tenderly.

"Don't say it," she whispered.

In a few minutes I went down. Tod was wandering among the half-empty tables, his big shoulders sagging a little.

"Seen Gail?" he said tonelessly. "She went for cigarettes ten minutes ago."

"No," I said.

It was the first lie I'd ever told Tod O'Conner.

Well, what do you do when you're in love with your best friend's wife? I rode home, not caring whether I crashed or not. On the stretch above Holbrook's sand pit I hit eighty. I shot right past our gate. By the time I pulled into Gramps' farmyard my eyes were streaming from the wind.

I drove into Gramps' garage and turned on the lights. The place was jammed with tools and machinery. The wall was covered with Connecticut license plates going back to 1904. I sat down on a Model A axle.

Gail and I hadn't meant it. One night I had brought her home from Torrington in Tod's truck. She was tired and laid her head on my shoulder. When she got out, our glances met. She ran in the house without saying good night.

Later we discovered we liked the same things. Gail was a dreamer. She liked to stand on Toby Hill and look at the town and wonder about all the lives that had been lived in it. She liked to copy Revolutionary War epitaphs from our cemetery.

I opened Gramps' toolbox and began to work on my motorcycle. I took off the carburetor. The engine was hot and I burned my hands, but I didn't care. Then I started to clean some parts.

"Hear you coming up the pike," said a voice. "Walking right along, wasn't you?"

It was Gramps. He could ease up on you, soft as an Indian. He'd learned it out West in younger days.

I patted my bike. "This baby don't creep."

He walked around, whistling gently. He was dressed like always—blue jeans, suspenders, white sneakers. Strangers would never believe that such a big, cat-like man was ninety-one years old.

He put his foot on the Model A axle and snapped his suspenders. "Greasing up them pants for Sunday?" he said.

I stood up. *For crying out loud.* I had on my best clothes. And here I was making like a mechanic.

"You worrying?" I shot back.

He shrugged. No, he wasn't worrying. He walked some more. Then he stopped, his gnarled old thumbs hooked in his jeans.

"You get my letter?" he demanded.

It took me a moment to remember. Then I reached for the Manila envelope I'd picked up at the gate.

"Left it in my work pants, Gramps."

He eyed me thoughtfully. "Getting so full of business that you don't read your mail no more?"

He was getting my goat. The old Brandon temper prickled my neck. "You a trial lawyer?" I said. "You want to know how many pickles I had for lunch?"

"Don't git sassy!"

We glared at each other. Gramps and I were always roaring. That was the Brandon way. Once when I was a kid he whipped me with a willow—then gave me eight dollars for a catcher's mitt.

I went back to my motorcycle. His thick hand touched my shoulder—an old man's gentle pat. "You come in the house after, hear?"

I worked until ten o'clock. My clothes were ruined and I was soaked with sweat, but I felt better. Outside, dew had drenched the grass. I stood in the door and cleaned my hands with a kerosene rag. Across the mowing, over two fences, one mile down the Pond Meadow road, Gail was getting ready for bed—combing her hair, slipping into her blue-nylon pajamas. . . .

I threw down the rag and went into the house.

The house was old-fashioned and smelled of wallpaper. I pumped water at the sink and scrubbed my face.

"Heat some tea if you've a mind to," called Gramps from the living room.

We sat and sipped tea. Gramps talked about the rye crop, the election. After a while he veered around to the West, my favorite subject. Gramps had lived with the Comanches.

"Hell, we wintered at Snake Forks, Wyoming, in 'Eighty-seven and nigh starved. Gray Beaver and me couldn't git a buffalo for sweat nor lather. That's the winter I made The Scenery."

The Scenery. I looked at the mantel. The Scenery was a design made from bright stones, bird wings and Indian hair. All glued together on a polished board. Gramps kept it under a glass bowl. It was pretty—but no one had ever figured it out.

"What is it anyhow?" I said.

He scowled and stood up. In the house he looked bigger than ever, his white thatch an inch from the ceiling. He picked up The Scenery.

"Darned if I know," he said. "It was trouble work."

I looked at him.

"Trouble work," he repeated. "Like you and that fool motorcycle out there."

I wet my lips. If the old coot was going to lay into me ——

His big hand jumped down and grabbed the poker. "Now you listen me out," he said harshly, "or I'll hide you, hear?"

He unbuttoned his shirt and pulled up his underwear top. On the hard bluish flesh, from the lower left rib to the right hip, lay a scar. "You see that there? Gray Beaver gave me that. The best damn Comanche in the West—my own brother."

He peered over my head, looking across time and distance. Suddenly a fat tear slid into a groove on his cheek. "I got fooling with his squaw."

I stood up. "Hit me with the damned poker if you want," I said through my teeth.

I slammed the door, but he pushed it open. He called as I crossed the lawn, "You read that letter, hear?"

It was bad enough being in this mess without Gramps knowing about it. Riding home I tried to think how he'd found out. Gail always stopped at the farm for milk. Once she had carried Pokey out to the garage while I tinkered with a motor. Just friends talking. But Gramps could read eyes. . . .

In my room I opened Gramps' letter. A lot of money fell out, then a note on the back of a fertilizer bill:

Mike. You been hog-bellering for two years about going west. Here's three hundred dollars and a letter to Sweetgrass Ranch at Yellow Cat, Wyoming. Now git.

Gramps

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I tore the note and flung it in the wastebasket.

The next day Tod and I hauled gravel to Kelsey Point. The sun glanced off the water like a million knives. There was no wind. The insides of the cabs were blistering, and we stripped down to our shorts. Then Sal, the straw boss, backed Tod off a retaining wall, and his rear tire blew on a stone.

"Damna fool sap, you," shouted Sal.

Tod got out. Sal threw his hat on the ground. He called Tod everything in the Sicilian dictionary. Tod simply stooped down to look at the wheels. He didn't even answer.

I leaned out my window. "You backed him off, you stupid ape," I said.

Sal walked over. He had a red-sausage nose, pebbled with sweat. "You don't like, hah?" he said.

I yanked open my door.

Then Tod was between us, pushing us apart. "All right, all right."

Sal left. I looked at Tod, surprised and sore. "What's with this chicken stuff?" I said.

He examined me mildly—big Tod O'Conner, who had semifinaled in the State Heavyweight Tournament three years before. There was something new in his eyes, something older and more patient than I had seen before.

"It's a hot day," he said. "We all got to watch it."

At check-out time I said good-by to Tod without giving him the usual buddy-buddy poke on the arm. The way he had stopped that fight had added something distant to him. For the first time he seemed more like a grown-up brother than a twin to me. And that made me feel lousier than ever about Gail.

By bedtime I had reached a decision. I would wind it up. Finish it. Then at one o'clock I woke up dreaming of Gail. I sat in the window and watched a lemon moon climb through the big elm in our yard. And I thought, *I've kissed those lips, but I can't ever kiss them again.*

I put my face in my hands. It was too tough.

In the morning I stopped at Gramps'. He was in the kitchen, eating cereal and milk. I tossed the envelope of money on the table. I called him a meddling old sourpuss.

His ears grew blood red. He stuffed the money in an empty pewter pitcher and growled, "That money stays here, see? You come git it. And you come soon."

I decided not to go to work. I felt jumpy. I drove my motorcycle to Stevens Corner Restaurant where they served bitter-hot coffee—and that's how I happened to run smack into Gail again.

She was buying a newspaper. She saw me and lifted her brows in surprise. "Not working, laddie?"

She was in ruffly white. The scent of pine soap floated from her. She looked fresh and lovely—the dew still on her.

A wave of weakness rolled over me. "It's a day for a picnic," I heard myself say.

She colored. "Now, really. . . ."

We walked outside. She had her sister's old car. Pokey was in the baby seat, kicking his fat legs.

"I'll buy the hamburger," I said.

We drove to Dona's woods. We spread a faded Indian blanket. I dumped down magazines and cigarettes. Gail settled Pokey on the blanket and gave him a bottle in a prop-up holder.

"Let's look for robins," she said.

We couldn't go far because of Pokey. It was only ten o'clock. A gauzy coolness floated between the trees. The birds made sweet flutings in the leaf tops.

"Fairyland," Gail breathed.

I squeezed her hand. It was that.

We spotted three robins and a goldfinch. We walked back to the blanket and found Pokey asleep, a tiny bubble of milk on his lips.

We sat. We pitched pine cones at a stump, trying to make them stay on top. "I'll read you a story," said Gail.

She thumbed a magazine. She began to read. Of all things, it was the story of a young couple whose marriage was cracking up. I only half-listened.

"'Tears welled in Anne's eyes,'" she read. "'Was there some deeper meaning to marriage? Something she and Sandy had missed in their endless party-trotting?. . .'"

She paused, biting her lip. She closed the magazine.

"I'm sleepy," she said.

In three minutes she was asleep. I gathered branches and broke them for kindling. That story had disturbed her. I tore it out of the magazine and crumpled it to start the fire with.

After a while I sat down and smoked. It was nice there. The sleeping girl and baby, the silent woods. Love was stronger than friendship or vows or anything. I shut everything out of my mind—Tod and Gramps and the future. And that made it good.

Gail murmured and rolled on her back. Then a curious thing happened. Her hands began to clutch at the blanket. I bent down. She was dreaming something that wasn't good. Her face showed pain, then fright. She gave a cry and sat up.

"Tod?" she called.

Her eyes came into focus. She reached out and touched my hand. We were silent for quite a while.

"I'll light the fire," I said.

That flash had shown me something. Our affair had got to the point where we had to make a decision. Until now I had been the stranger outside. Now I was moving in, wrecking her peace of mind.

I got a good fire started and put four hamburgers on the wire mesh. Gail came up to me then and wound both arms around one of mine and snuggled her face into it.

"Isn't it time to knock this off, Gail?" I said.

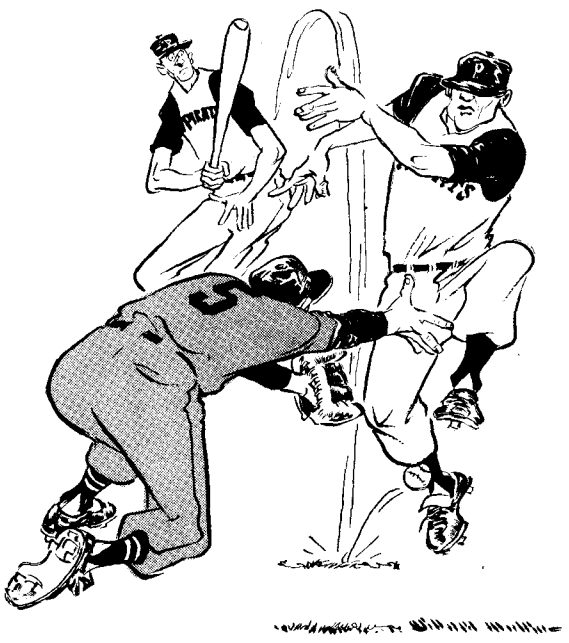
Abruptly she moved away.

"You called for Tod just then," I said.

She began to cry. "I'll get a divorce."

There it was—the *word*. I swung around and gripped her arms roughly.

"Decide," I said. "For heaven's sake, *decide*." (*Continued on Page 70*)



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Nothing angers a manager more than a missed signal. Here, in a hypothetical setting, is an instance of it which might nettle umpires also.

Say the Giants and the Pittsburgh Pirates are in a scoreless tie as the Pirates bat in the last of the fourth. With one out, singles by Don Hoak and Bill Mazeroski, and a walk to Bill Virdon, load the bases. The Pirate pitcher comes to bat, and the bunt signal is flashed. Somehow he misses it.

As the Giant pitcher winds up, Hoak breaks for the plate. The batter swings hard at the delivery, but gets only a little pop-up along the third-base line. The umpire shouts, "Infield fly, if fair!"

Hoak's momentum carries him to home plate. He touches it and beats a hasty retreat to third. The ball drops before the straining Giant third baseman can reach it. It bounces once, then hits Hoak on the heel in fair ground. He and the other runners return safely to their original bases.

The batter is out, of course, on the infield fly. But what about Hoak?

See page 70 for answer

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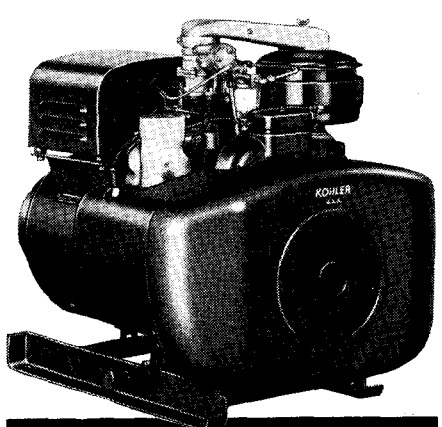

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(*Continued from Page 68*) She only covered her eyes. "Love is a terrible thing, isn't it?" she said.

We didn't eat much of the picnic. I tossed away what was left for the goldfinches. Driving home we knew we hadn't decided whether to stop or go on—and we felt lousy. She let me off a mile from my house.

The rest of the day was unreal. I mowed the lawn. I took a ladder and ripped shingles off the old barn that mother wanted down. But nothing would drain off my jitteriness. After supper I watched clouds become blood red over Pond Meadow road, then fade. I thought, *Gail and I are on a one-way street. There's no turning back now.*

I tried to watch television. At nine o'clock the phone rang. It was Gail. "Is Tod there, Mike? His supper's all cold."

My throat tightened suddenly. "He's not here. Did you call the company?"

"Yes. His truck was checked in at seven-thirty."

I rode my motorcycle to her house. A fantastic thought seeped into my mind. Was it possible that Tod—solid, loyal Tod—had decided to chuck *her* first?

Gail was standing under her porch light, looking bewildered. "I don't understand this," she said. "Will you drive me to the center? Pokey's at my mother's."

We drove around town. Gail sat on the buddy seat of my cycle, her arms hugging my waist. I was too tense to enjoy it. Tod wasn't at Wilcox's Garage or the drugstore.

"Maybe he went to Hawk's Nest," she said in a weak voice.

Hawk's Nest was at the deserted end of Quotonset Beach. It was a secret place of Tod's and mine and hers. It was a knoll of cedars and grass set back from the sound. We drove under the dark, sweet-smelling trees. Tod wasn't there.

"He's left me," she said calmly.

"Now wait ——"

"It's true. It's what I wanted, didn't I?"

She climbed off the cycle and walked to the beach. I followed. A broken moon floated over the sand. A quarter mile away the Quotonset Roller Skating Rink flashed colored lights on the water—red, green, yellow.

"Tod and I. . . ." she began.

She talked about him almost in a whisper. They had been sweethearts since her eighth grade. He had taken her to her first high-school dance.

"It was Tod, Tod all the time. I never existed for myself," she said. "He's four years older, you know."

A cool wind washed in from the sea. I dropped the arm I had started to put around her waist.

"A girl's got to exist, hasn't she? She can't live forever on cooking and washing and . . ."

We had reached this point—touched fingertips—and now she was whirling away. Suddenly she sank down on her knees. She pressed the backs of her hands to her forehead—as though she had an awful headache.

"It was what I wanted, wasn't it?"

Our affair was over. Without a word spoken I knew I would never kiss Gail again. She knew it too. But that didn't stop the numb feeling in our stomachs. We had found out too late.

She nodded toward the skating rink. "Can you get cigarettes over there?" she said.

I took a short cut across the salt marsh. Once I glanced back. Gail had her shoes off. She was wading in the water, pale and lovely.

I stepped inside the rumbling, rattling rink. Skaters whizzed by. Music blared. Suddenly two arms grabbed me. Warren Haight's sweaty red face grinned at me.

"Where were you today, Mike?" he panted.

"I was sick," I said.

"We hauled scrap iron to New London. Hey—Tod's looking for you. He was here about ten minutes ago. He found a kid's wagon in the scrap pile, and he's been fixing it up at Winneger's shop."

A moment later I was running, running. It was like a nightmare, trying to make your feet go through clinging fingers of sand. Tod O'Conner looking for Gail and me! He'd be sure to think of Hawk's Nest before long.

Through the salt marsh, over a rowboat. There was still time to bury this whole thing. I sprinted onto the hard beach—and just then a motorcycle zoomed around the corner at Hawk's Nest.

"Gail, Gail!" I shouted.

The rest is blurred. In the back of my mind was the idea that if I could only get Gail composed and be sitting with her, smoking, Tod wouldn't think anything. As it turned out, his headlight swung through the cedars just as she waded up the beach, holding her skirt up to her thighs. Then the light flashed on me.

It was like a stream of white paint—that light. It drowned me.

"Hello, slugger," said Tod.

Sometimes seconds last forever. It was one of those times. His voice, tired and flat, told everything. He saw through us like two panes of glass. And it wasn't a new discovery either.

He got off. He looked at Gail. He wasn't going to do anything. I could hardly stand it. *Sock me.* I begged him silently, *For heaven's sake, fight with me.*

But he just stood there mildly—the same way he had when he was breaking up the scrap between me and Sal. Then he said, "I found a peach of a wagon for Pokey, Gail. I've been welding it up at Winneger's."

Something swished by me. Gail slipped into his arms. "Oh, Tod."

A lot of feelings rushed through me then. Suddenly I was the creep outside, the silly kid. I had an odd flash of anger at Gail. Then I felt like sinking in the sand where neither of them could look in my face. I walked away.

Tod's voice followed me through the cedars. It had no anger. "Now steady, slugger."

The tears didn't start until I turned up Holbrook road. Hot tears, streaming over my ears from the wind. Tod O'Conner, my closer-than-a-brother Tod. Even Gramps was luckier than I. He had Gray Beaver's knife mark to show he had paid back something in pain.

Gramps' house was dark. I felt my way into the musty kitchen. I fumbled in the pewter pitcher for the three hundred dollars.

On my way out a big hand reached from the back stairway. "Here's luck," said Gramps.

We shook. Then Gramps followed me into the yard. He tightened one of my saddlebags crammed with dungarees.

"No call to stay away forever, boy," he said with a funny hop to his voice. "This here's your town. You come back, mind?"

"I didn't leave a note at the house. Fix it with ma," I said.

I didn't make any sentimental side trips. But on Grove Hill I pulled off Route 1 and looked back. The town was a cupful of lights—Wilcox's Garage, Neidlinger's Drugstore. A blaze of street lamps trailed down Pond Meadow road where Tod and Gail lived.

They were down there, putting together fragments, building a new relationship. Gail was probably crying a lot. Later she would wonder what had sent her flying back to marriage when she had cared so much for me—or thought she did. And Tod would tell her time had done it. Time had made a sudden click, and Gail had changed.

He'd be too kind to tell her the truth—that all along she had just been trying to force his attention. Like a child running away from home. It had taken a shock to make her grow up.

Gail was a woman at last. The world would spin on. But it would never come back to kid lips pressed against mine—a taffy head crumpled on my shoulder. Nor back to me and Tod skidding trucks into Holbrook's sand pit on a golden morning.

I turned my motorcycle into Route 1. Then something wonderful happened.

It was like an explosion deep inside me. A very strange thing. Tod's last words lighted up in my head, just like fire. *Now steady, slugger.*

I sat there, gripping the handle bars. Seconds passed. *Now steady, slugger.* I swung my cycle in a slow circle and headed back to town.

Gramps was furious. He hammered his great fists on the kitchen table. "Damnation, I might have known you was too apron-stringed to act the man."

I dropped the money envelope on the table. Why explain it to Gramps? How could you say that Tod had spoken and forgiven in three quiet words? And that if you ran away from your truest friend, you'd be running all your life.

"Thanks anyhow, Gramps."

I went out. This would be tougher tomorrow. And the next day and the next. But Tod had given me a green light back to his comradeship. I wasn't taking any detours through Wyoming.

Gramps followed, his massive nightshirt flapping at his legs. He grabbed my arm. "Look at me."

I turned. His Indian eyes bored into me like two pistols. Then they softened. He let go.

"There's both ways of doing it," he admitted. "Mind you've got the guts, hear?"

I drove home. Silver tinted the meadows—the moon was sinking. The pumf-pumf of fishing boats had started on the river. I had the guts. I'd *make* the guts. I'd start by not going near her house, even with Tod.

A girl couldn't haunt you forever—at least only on June nights or at a beach. And I'd get over those. I would, somehow or other. THE END

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 68

Hoak has scored a run, so take him off third. The rules exempt him from being called out for being hit by a batted ball.

(Section 5.06, Case Book Notes: "A run legally scored cannot be nullified by subsequent action of the runner, such as . . . an effort to return to third base in the belief that he has left the base before a caught fly ball.")

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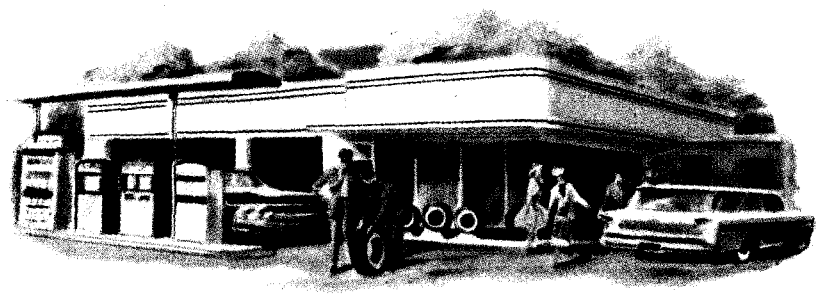

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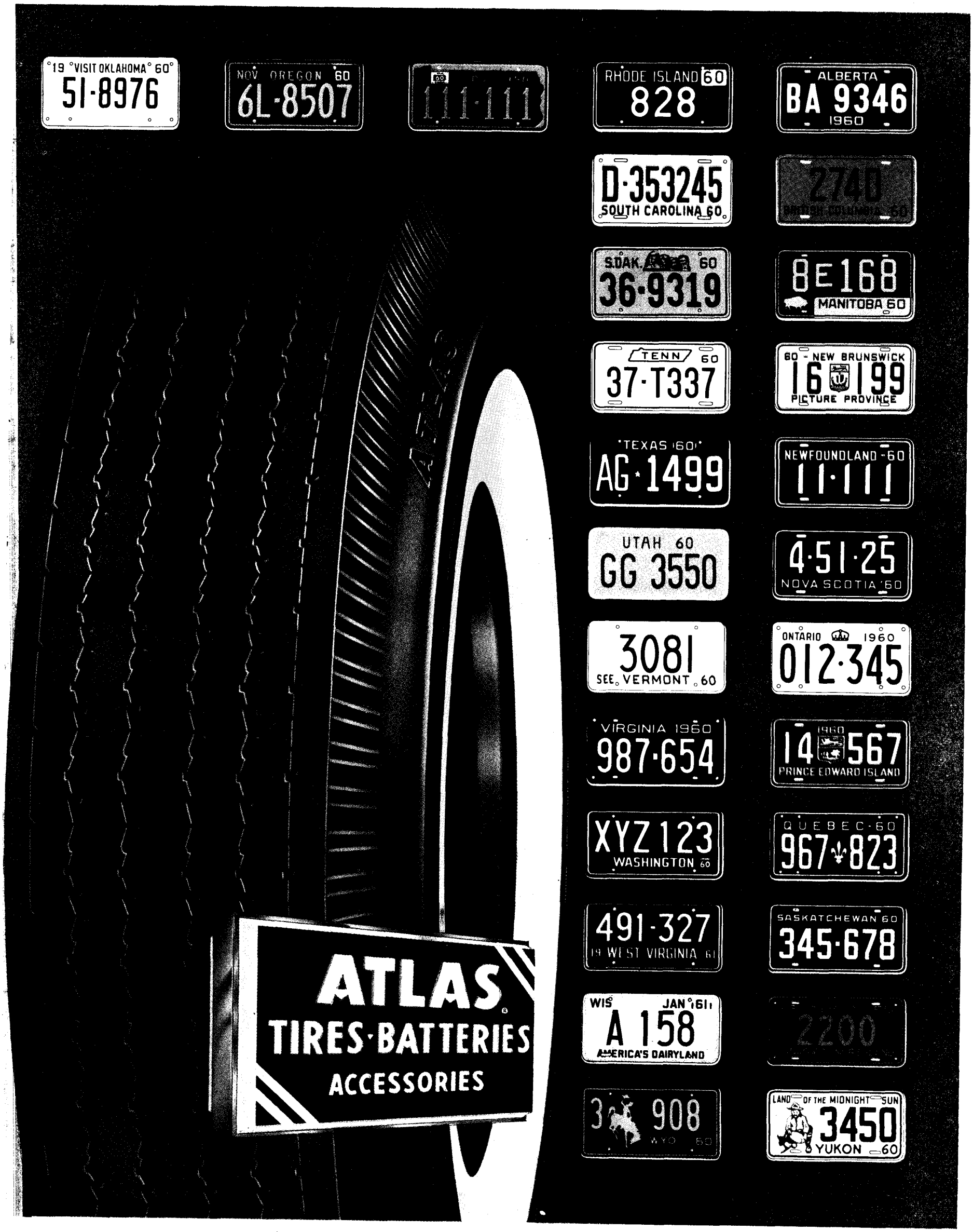

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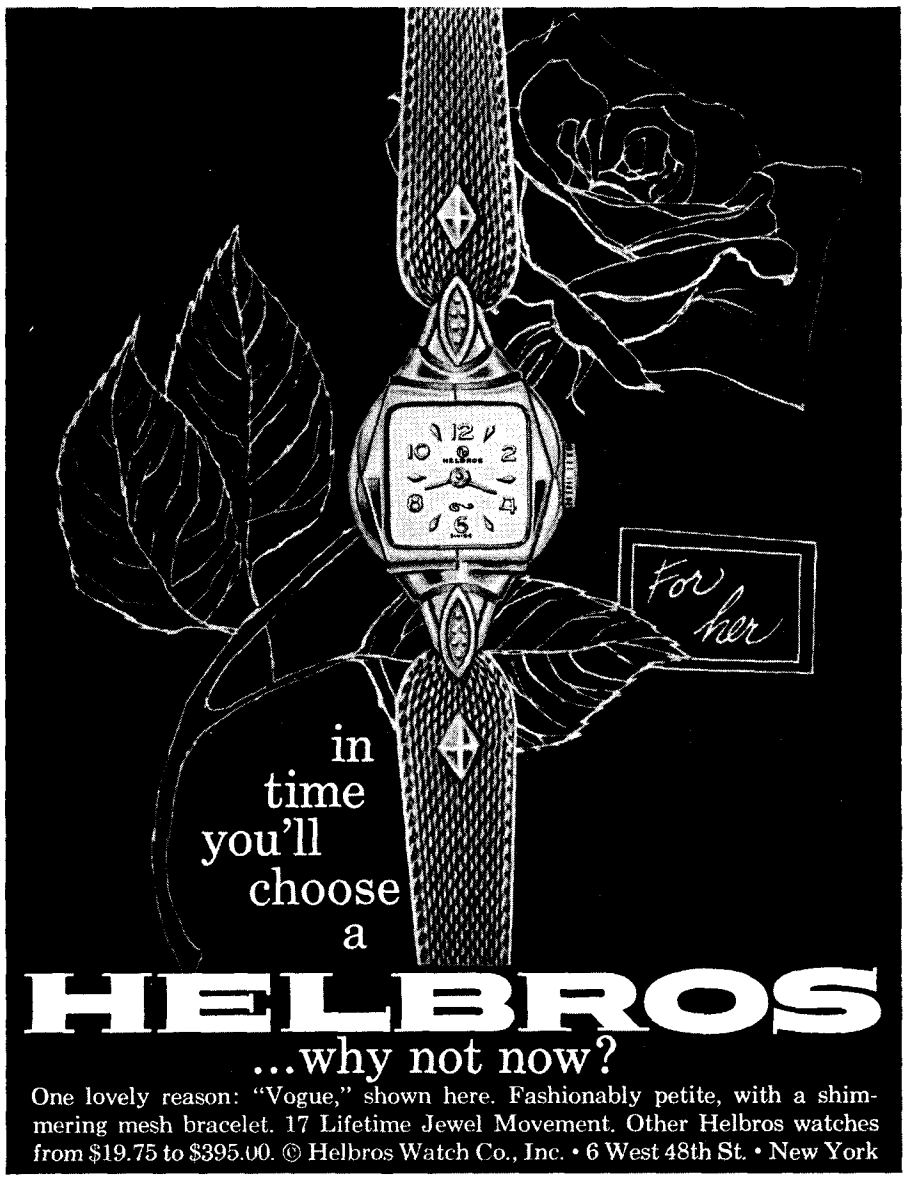
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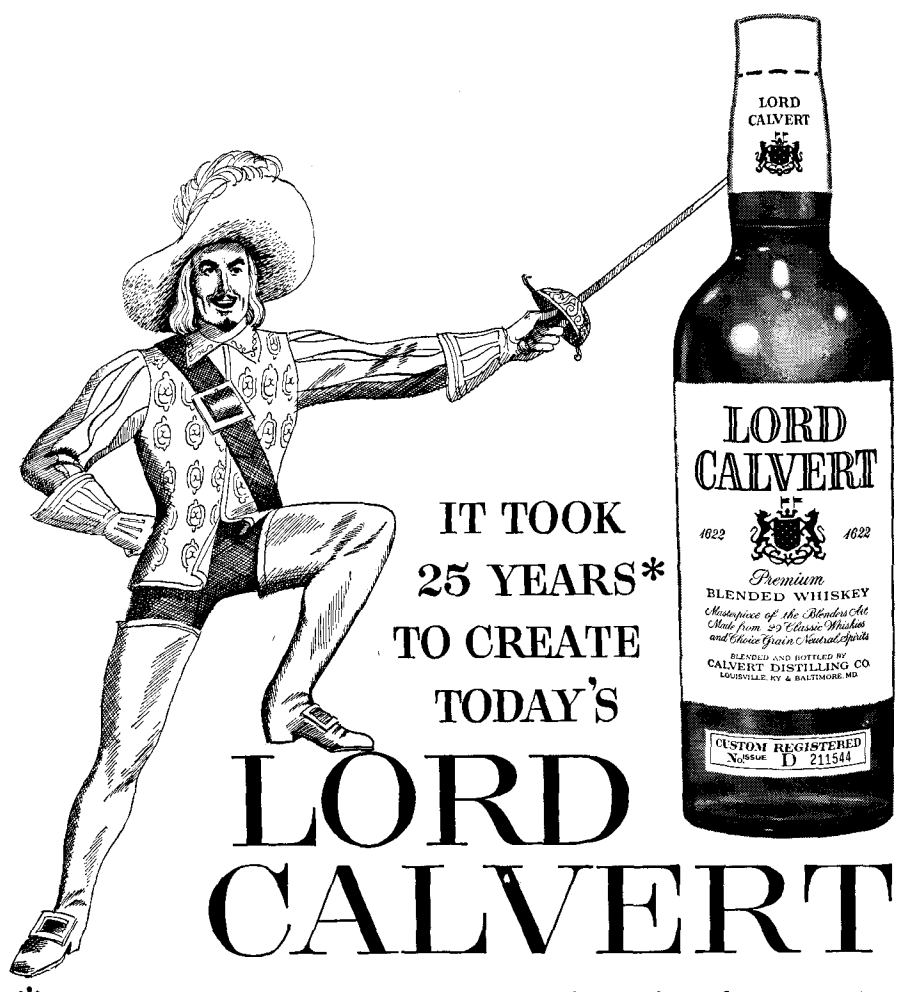
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The Tewksbury Feud

(Continued from Page 48)

"It's Perkins," he announced, "and George Newton—and damned if I don't think that's old Judge Meadows with them!"

As they approached rifle range John Meadows spurred his big horse into the lead and, with a flourish, removed his wide-brimmed hat. The steady waiting rifles lowered, and the men who had raised them came out from concealment to welcome the arrivals.

Judge Meadows seemed to have stood the journey well, but the two other men were exhausted and dispirited to the point of illness. George Newton was stricken at finding his place reduced to ashes. Charley Perkins, his whole fat body an aching mass from the terrible ride, also was sick, his usually florid moonface a bilious green hue. For the three of them had buried Hampton Blevins and John Paine, not an agreeable task in the hot August weather.

Throughout the substantial supper the women got on the big kitchen table in a surprisingly short time, Judge Meadows rumbled exhortingly about the brand of renegade trash which had sunk so low they'd burn a noncombatant's place and ride off, lacking the decency to bury the bodies of their fallen cronies. He turned a benevolent gaze on his old friend, Jonathan Tewksbury.

"Jonathan," he said, "there'll have to be records of the complaints on this set-to before it's official—and Billy Mulvenon is likely hightailin' it right now, with a double handful of warrants all around. But he'll have to stop here and there, gettin' a posse together, so it's liable to be a few days yet."

"Warrants for who?" Jonathan's anxiety thickened his speech again.

"Now, don't you get to frettin', old hoss," Meadows soothed, "and set your mind to rest about your boys. No court in the land would hold 'em for downin' them two gun slingers! Accordin' to Newton and Perkins, here—and I'm willin' to take their word as gospel truth—it was three men agin eight. And everybody was armed, but the eight of them rode up and picked the fight, and that ain't murder, not by a long shot." He paused in his summing up to nod with authority before continuing. "I figger from what Perkins told me that the trouble coulda been from old Mart Blevins's disappearance." His shrewd look turned calculatingly on Roberts. "Where is old Mart?" the judge shot the question.

Roberts did not answer at once; he took time to frame his answer. "I don't know—exactly," he pussyfooted, "but I do know this: no Tewksbury had a hand in it!"

The judge still watched him closely. "I think you better tell me the rest of it."

Roberts was unwilling but he looked at Jonathan, and the old man nodded, affection for the rider in his face; for this man meant as much to him as his own sons.

"The raiders thought they done for the Navajo," he said, "but he crawled outta the canyon and follered them to Canyon Creek."

The judge's eyebrows shot up. "Was old Mart in on that raid?"

"No," Roberts said, "but the raiders gunned down a twelve-year-old boy—the herder's only son. He took the first man that rode out—and that was old Mart."

Judge Meadows' eyes glowed fiercely. "Good for him, dammit, good for him!" He seemed to exult in the justice of it. "Old Mart reared himself a den of rattlers," he pronounced, "and somebody was bound to get bit!" He nodded and then asked, "The Navajo get away—make it out of there?"

Roberts nodded. "There was a cloudburst right after—never a track or trace; nothin' to point in any direction."

"Good!" Meadows asserted. "I'd like to shake the hand of a man with that kind of guts—and right under the Blevens bunch's nose." He shook his head in admiring wonder and then got on with his official business. "Now, Jonathan, about them warrants. I doubt it ever comes to a hearin', but if it does, it'll be in my court. And I've heard and seen all the evidence I need, so it would save everbody a heap of time if I settle it here and now." He smiled broadly at Jonathan, including all of the intent listeners. "You get word to your boys to come on in, Jonathan—tell 'em I'll have set Sheriff Billy Mulvenon to rights on the whole thing myself, so they got nothin' further to worry about on any score with the law!"

At dawn the next morning Roberts saddled up and rode out, arriving at the Furnace Ridge line shack just before dark. Breed and Jim were tired, but their weary faces lighted with joy at the official message sent from Judge Meadows. It meant that the law was in charge and that there would be a truce of sorts between the Grahams and the Tewksburys.

Judge Meadows had decided to return to Payson. He would intercept the sheriff, save him from continuing a now-fruitless journey. But he had a further thing on his mind. "I'm gonna have Billy Mulvenon get a man or two out after this Andy Cooper renegade," he announced grimly. "If Texas wants him, there's likely a reward out, and I've a mind to add to it so as to interest the bounty hunters as I doubt if Mulvenon's got a deputy willin' to chance it with Cooper—not for what pay they get!" The old man swung vigorously into his saddle and lifted his hat to Lydia and Jonathan, who stood on the porch to bid him good-by. "I intend," the judge announced in an oratorical way, "to see that the basin is cleared out of these renegades!" He nodded belligerently and, replacing his hat, rode majestically away.

Judge Meadows was not alone in his opinion that something must be done about Andy Cooper.

In Flagstaff, in the room used as an office in his big house, plump and angry P. P. Daggs, the junior partner in a most profitable number of enterprises, felt he had a right to his fury. He was often rendered almost apoplectic by the costly fumbles of hirelings. One of these, but one whose record was as yet clear of blunders, presently knocked at the door and was admitted.

The caller, James Houck, removed his hat and took a chair before the desk at Daggs' invitation. Houck seemed a mild and harmlessly quiet man, even genial, for his wide mouth constantly wore a half-smile. Few noticed that the smile never reached his eyes.

Daggs offered him a cigar, which Houck declined in favor of the tobacco he was chewing. "Jim," Daggs had a gravelly voice, "you still got that deputy badge?"

"Sure," Houck said.

"How about them open warrants you had awhile back?"

Houck nodded. "Got a couple I ain't used yet." A glinting flicker was covered by the thick eyelids. "Got a name you'd like wrote on one of 'em?" His tone seemed utterly devoid of interest in the answer to his question.

"Andrew Blevins—or Cooper, he calls himself now ——"

"Him that ramrodded the sheep raid," Houck identified. "Guess you might have a bone to pick there."

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"You're damn right I got a bone to pick with Cooper!" Daggs exploded. "There was three thousand head of sheep in that herd, Jim—and a total loss!"

Houck's smiling mouth pursed into a soundless whistle.

"Day before yesterday," Daggs said, "there was another gun fight in the basin"—Houck's face became even drowsier than it usually appeared—"two men were killed, Johnny Paine, a Hash Knife rider, and Hampton Blevins, Cooper's brother. The Tewksburys done for 'em," he said authoritatively. "Word was got to Judge Meadows at Payson and he wired Billy Mulvenon at Prescott. Sheriff Mulvenon is on his way, gatherin' an army of deputies as he rides. Judge Meadows hit out for Pleasant Valley himself—didn't wait on Mulvenon."

Houck nodded. "So the law is headed for the basin," he said. "And now what?"

"So I don't want those lawmen in the habit of snoopin' and meddlin' in the Tonto!" Daggs' gorge had risen again at the thought of it. "This Cooper and his gunnies have upset my plans and cost me money—too much money!" He sat back breathing heavily. "So long as Cooper is proddin' around, the law is liable to stay interested—him bein' a known outlaw. I want Cooper used up—now! I want his hash settled for good, before he stirs up a hornets' nest." He was almost choking on his ire. "And I don't want the Pleasant Valley folks to get in the habit of callin' in the law over ever little squabble amongst themselves. I want it drug out slow, so nobody gets to investigatin' around."

Houck had been listening, nodding from time to time. He raised and lowered the thick eyelids and waited for Daggs to get on with it.

"Another thing," Daggs said; "Breed Tewksbury is back in the Tonto, and from what I can piece together, Cooper is liable to go gunnin' for Breed—some old grudge left over from several years back. I don't want Cooper free to tackle Breed—he might down him, although I hear Breed's pretty handy. But here's the thing"—he shot a significant look at Houck's listening face—"whether they like it or not, the Tewksburys are lined up on one side now and the cattlemen on the other—and the cattlemen outnumber them maybe eight or ten to one." He lighted another cigar and puffed vigorously until he got it drawing.

"What I want," Daggs said, "is for things to settle back for a while now. Till the law quits bein' nosy and snoopin'. Then we can go on with the plans, slow and easy-like. But to do that, Cooper has got to be taken care of. He's a sorehead and if he gets a big-enough bunch together they could wipe the Tewksburys out—and I don't want that, not yet."

There was a silence while Houck considered these things, the faint smile curving his mouth. Daggs leaned his plump forearms on the desk and emphasized with his cigar. "There's Texas reward money on Cooper," he announced. "Five hundred dollars—dead or alive."

Houck's eyes lifted slowly. "And how much from you?" The soft voice was silken.

"You bring me proof," Daggs said, "and I'll match it."

Houck nodded. "I'll do that," he agreed and his tone was as though he had asked the salt to be passed.

Bill Jacobs pulled in his gelding under the shade of trees. His usually surly face had an almost unused expression of content, and he was mildly surprised to find himself hoping that things would stay quiet in Pleasant Valley. There had been no further trouble since Judge Meadows' edicts, some two weeks past.

His idly roving gaze suddenly halted and sharpened. A few hundred yards to his right a rider moved among trees toward him, not exactly keeping to cover but in a way that seemed cautious. Jacobs pinched out his smoke, straightened back into the saddle and slid his rifle from its boot in one swift-sliding movement.

The stranger rode into an open spot where he paused and deliberately removed his hat, which had shadowed his face.

"Houck," Jacobs acknowledged, but with no welcome in his voice. "What are you pussyfootin' around here for?"

"Business," Houck replied blandly; "business—like always."

Jacobs' stare was full of suspicious contention. "Listen, Houck," he warned, "I had me a bellyful of Daggs and his business! I told him so when I quit."

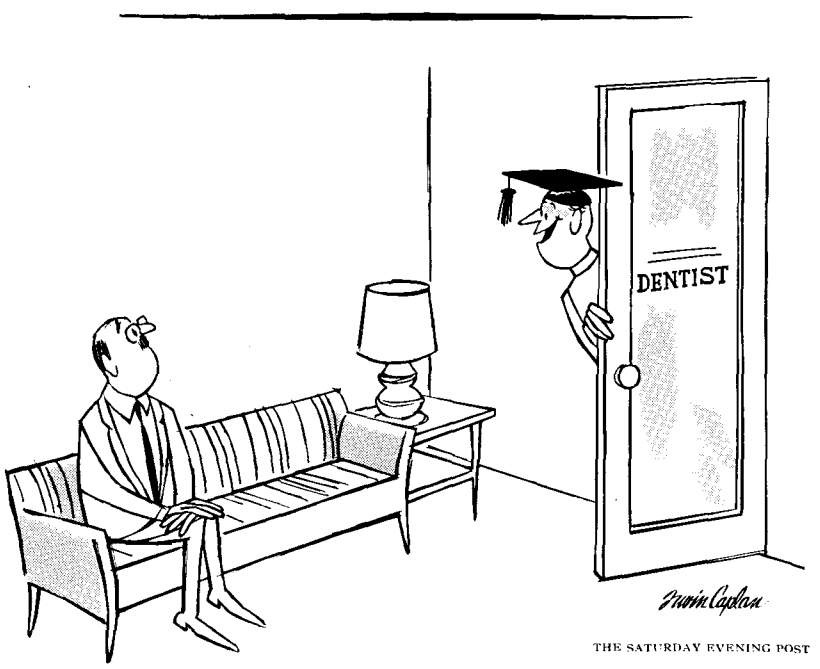
Houck inclined his head; his thick lids hid his eyes, but his mouth remained genial. "Mr. Daggs understood that you were through," he said placidly. "All I want, Jacobs, is to be told a coupla things. And no hard feelings either way—if you do or if you don't."

"What sorta things?" Jacobs asked uneasily.

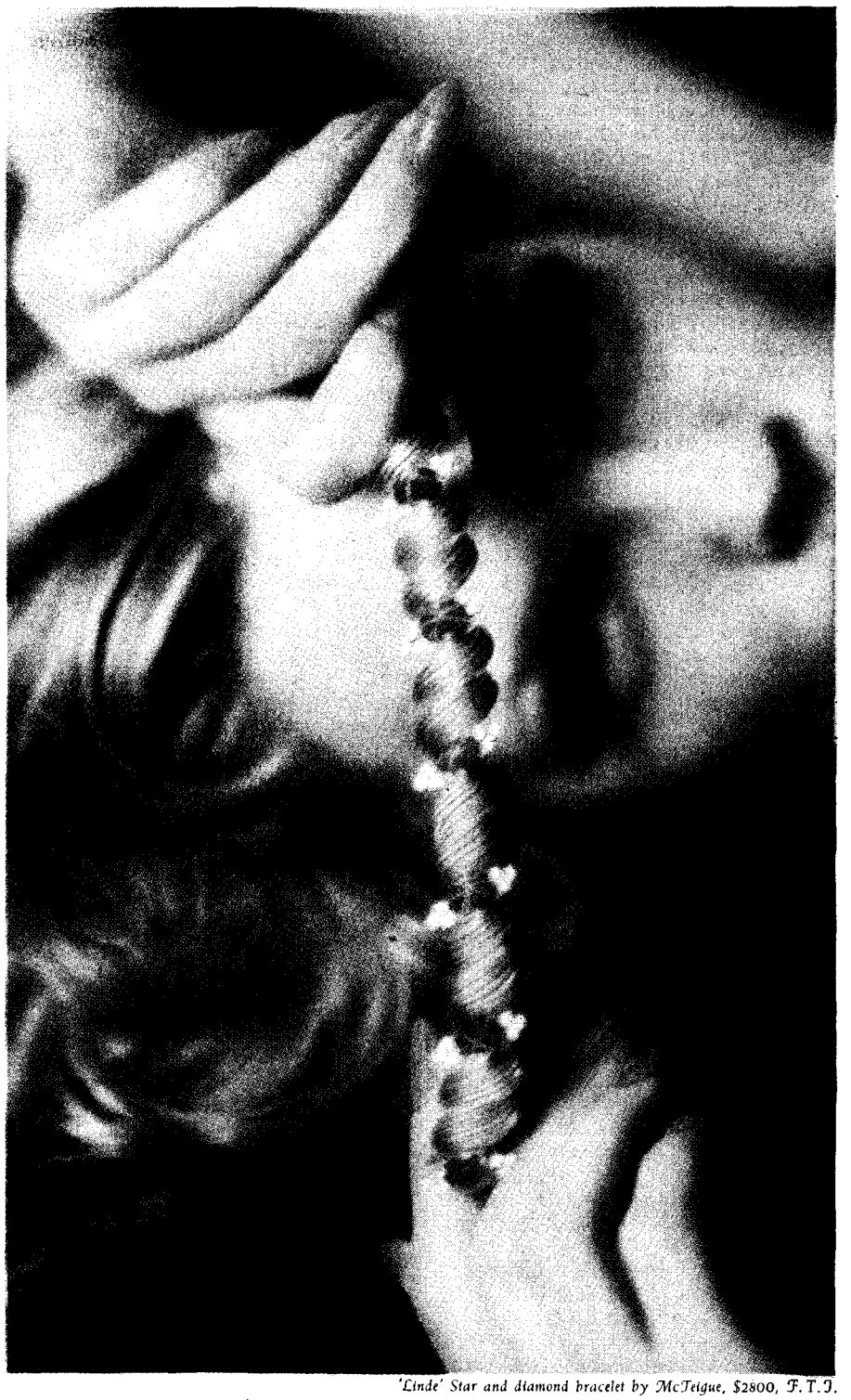
"Things about Andrew Blevins, who calls himself Cooper, now."

Jacobs was surprised. "What d'you want to know?"

"There's Texas reward money for Cooper, and Mr. Daggs added enough to



"Come in, sir!"



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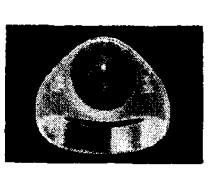

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make it worth my time." The heavy lids drooped as Houck added mildly, "Mr. Daggs was right upset about the loss of that sheep herd so he felt like giving the law a hand in bringing in a wanted outlaw."

Jacobs' smile was not pleasant to see. "I kin guess just how upset the law-abidin' Mr. Daggs is." His sneer was open. "So you want to know now, Houck, what back-country trails Cooper rides and what he looks like?"

Houck's smile was tender. "That's right, Jacobs," he agreed.

Jacobs' first inclination was to deny the blandly smiling executioner his trophy, but then he considered who the prey was to be and he shrugged his uneven shoulders irritably. "I'd as lief Cooper got it at that," he admitted and then thought about Cooper briefly. "He's an ugly critter, Houck. He's got a mess of yellow teeth that stick out from under a droopy mustache; he's skinny and he sets round-shouldered in the saddle, packs two fancy guns, low and tied down. But hell, Houck, you don't need to know what he looks like close up. Catch you a sunny day, like this here, and you'll see him comin' a mile off. Cooper goes loaded down with Mex silver, conchs on his duds and saddle—even on his chaps, when he wears 'em."

Houck nodded a couple of times, pigeonholing each item in his methodical mind. "He was seen in Holbrook lately," he said. "Is he back in Tonto now?"

Jacobs pushed back his hat to scratch his head. "I dunno that," he said; "I'd say your best bet is to ask old Charley Perkins—runs the store and saloon."

"Where does he stand in this?" Houck inquired with his painstaking thoroughness.

Jacobs considered the question. "Don't rightly think he's took sides," he said, "but it was him that rode with George Newton to fetch the law in. Old Judge Meadows."

"That's good to know," Houck said piously, "that he's a law-abiding man."

Jacobs' thin mouth twisted. "Yeah, I'll bet," he said disagreeably, "so you can flash that phony badge of yours, Houck—and Perk'll talk his fat head off! Works real good with some, don't it, Houck?" Jacobs pulled his horse around and rode. Houck's snake stare followed him, and for a moment he allowed his eyes an expression because there was no one to see the venom in them.

Houck approached the crossroads store with circumspection, but he saw no horses at the tie rail in front; and when he dismounted and stepped inside there was no one in the cool gloom of the store and saloon but Perkins himself. Houck nodded and ordered a drink, which he sipped with a silent air of relief.

"Just passin' through?" Perkins asked in a visiting way.

Houck's thick lids raised, his smile took away the edge of his evasive reply. "You might say that," he replied pleasantly. "At least I hope my business won't take long."

Perkins nodded and was about to pursue the subject when a slight commotion at the doorway caused both men to turn and look. A small woman was wrestling with a pink parasol, trying to get it neatly collapsed and folded before entering.

Perkins' round red face broke into a beaming smile, for it was little Anne Melton Graham, Tom Graham's bride of a few weeks. The twenty-year-old Anne had arrived at the Graham ranch and been flusteredly installed as its mistress and queen. For although she looked like a tiny doll, her snapping black eyes and explosive temper gained her her way if her dainty wiles did not.

Perkins headed around the bar to meet her, and Houck deferentially removed his hat and placed it on the bar. Anne was a picture of delicate feminine daintiness. She frowned prettily now as she shook her pink ruffled skirts to rid them of the clinging dust, for she had walked down the lane from the Graham ranch house to the crossroads store.

Perkins' fat middle was not used to elaborate bows, but he came close. "Mrs. Graham," he gushed, "I swear you look like a rosebud in the spring!"

Anne smiled up at him, revealing small and even white teeth; two distracting dimples appeared in her cheeks. "Pshaw, Mr. Perkins," she rallied him pertly, "I'll bet you have a collection of pretty things to say to every woman who comes in!"

"That's right, ma'am," Perkins said with ponderous archness, "but they ain't many of 'em deserves it like you do!"

Anne produced a long list of items, and Perkins took it and bustled along his shelves, placing things on the counter as he went. "And how are you liking Pleasant Valley by now, Miz Graham?" He made determinedly sociable conversation.

Anne's smile twinkled again. "It's just beautiful, Mr. Perkins. And I'm having such fun," she went on with a sort of little-girl excitement, "fixing up our house. When my new furniture comes, Mr. Perkins, you just *have* to come up for Sunday dinner and see how fine we'll be." She put her head to one side and, with her black eyes twinkling at him, reminded Perkins of a small, shiningly pretty bird. "I get so lonesome for company"—she let her voice become little-girl forlorn. "We had lots of company at home, friends dropping in all the time and church socials and all." She sighed. "And there just doesn't seem to be many girls my own age here."

"Why, that's right," Perkins shook his bald head and thought about it and then brightened. "But, say," he offered with eagerness, "there's the Tewksbury ladies, and it'd sure be a good thing if—I mean, they live right close, so to speak. Young Mrs. Tewksbury, she rides that bright sorrel of hers all over the valley. Now that'd be the ticket for you, Miz Graham." He was stumbling over himself with eagerness to solve her problem. "You'd ought to have Tom pick you out a nice gentle little horse, and you and Miz Tewksbury could ride out together ——"

Anne's surprised face stopped him and her expression had become daintily shocked. "Oh, Mr. Perkins, I don't ride," she said. "Tom is getting me a *buggy*. None of the ladies in Phoenix rode horseback—why, mamma would just *die* if she thought I'd ——"

Her protestations were lost as the drumming of running hoofs neared, and there was the trampling sound of a horse being pulled plungingly up at the tie rail. Perkins had identified the horse as it flashed past the open door. "Do believe that's young Miz Tewksbury," he said somewhat uneasily, casting a wary glance at Anne. But she had turned about to face the doorway, her black eyes bright with unconcealed curiosity.

Stella swept into the store like the sudden gust of autumn wind. "Where are you, Perk, you old horse thief?" she called, blinking her eyes in the sudden gloom of the interior. She saw him then, in the store section, and also saw the small dainty figure in pink beside him. Smiling, Stella moved toward them, and Anne Graham's eyes widened and then narrowed as she watched her approach.

Stella was bareheaded, and her magnificent torch of red hair was wind-blown about her narrow face. She reached a hand and began tucking wisps back into the heavy braid which formed a coronet about her high-held head. Her lifted arm brought into sharp focus the long, gently slender lines of her that seemed to flow like a cool, rippling stream. A faded green calico shirt was tucked casually inside her divided riding skirt, which was made of rusty-brown corduroy, old and skimpy, worn almost bare of nap and—Anne's swift eyes noted—patched in several places. The skirt was snug about her lithe hips and, in the other girl's shocked opinion, far too short, for it ended well above her ankles. They were decently covered, however, by men's high-heeled riding boots, dusty and worn, their pointed toes and tops undecorated.

Anne became incensed at the further lack of propriety evinced by the gloveless hands, the sleeves rolled above the thin elbows and the unbuttoned neck of the shirt. Most shocking of all was that long supple waistline; no woman properly corseted could move with such ease, and Anne was sure she wore no corset at all!

Stella carried in one swinging hand a spouted can which she set on the counter. "Need some coal oil, Perk."

Perkins rushed into a nervous introduction—nervous because of a tension which seemed to be building. "Miz Tom Graham . . . meet young Miz Tewksbury," he said.

Anne's clear, childlike gaze did not betray her sudden and disagreeable sensation of dumpiness as she looked at the wandlike tall slenderness. A cold lump congealed inside her, a jealous fear, distortingly ugly. For the first time in a pampered, adulated girlhood she laid eyes on another woman and felt outclassed on all counts. It was a jarring shock, which evolved into an instinctive female counterattack. The metamorphosis was swift but it was all within, for Anne's brightly cool smile remained on her face, setting it in a social mask. The mask was necessary, for it had been Anne's ambition to rule Pleasant Valley as its undisputed queen, and before her she saw a dangerous contender who must be dealt with.

Anne's social smile became coy. "Oh, yes, of course"—her birdlike voice was innocent—"*young* Mrs. Tewksbury. It was your *mother* who married the old man who went crazy, wasn't it?" After only a pause the tinkling voice pattered on, "Let's see now—there are three Tewksbury brothers, isn't that right? And did you marry the Indian one? Or was it the one who was arrested for rustling? Or was it the one who shot the Blevins boy?"

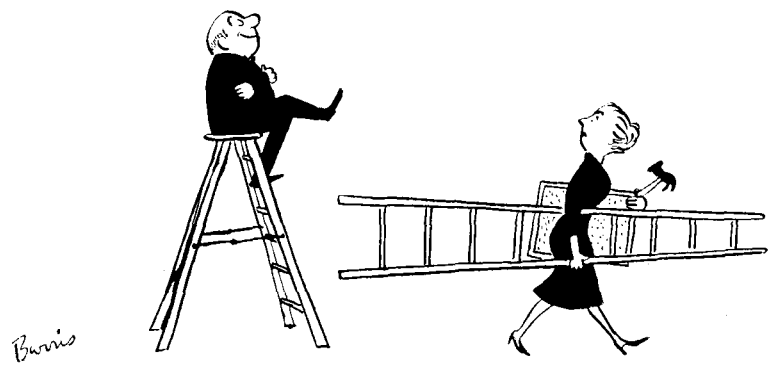
There was a silence as sudden and appalling as a thunderclap. Perkins, reaching for the coal-oil can, knocked it over with a shattering clanking. He righted it, staring with horror at the two young women facing each other. At the bar Houck kept his hand over his twitching mouth and he waited with fascination for the scene to be played out.

Stella continued to smile but only with her mouth. Her eyes seemed puzzled as they moved to the frivolous parasol and the pink ruffles. When she raised them there was a glint of amusement—and mischief. She leaned down, as to a small child, and spoke in a syrupy, gossipy tone.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I get right mixed up myself sometimes as to which one I married. For it's share and share alike, with the Tewksburys, and the boys take turns—with *everything!*"

There was another horrible silence broken only by Anne's offended gasp. Stella straightened and turned to Perkins and spoke in her natural voice. "How about that coal oil, Perk?" she asked. "And shut your mouth—it looks like a real good fly trap." Perkins agitatedly filled the can and, replacing the cork, set it on the counter. Stella took it up and started away, then she turned back and spoke to Anne Graham. "I've enjoyed meeting you, Mrs. Graham," she said, and the note of laughter was rich in her voice, "really enjoyed it—a lot!" She strode unconcernedly from the store, but she didn't start to laugh until she reached Coutouch at the tie rail. Her husky laughter, peal after peal, reached them along with the small thunder of the sorrel leaping into a run.

Anne Graham's oval face was almost purple with (*Continued on Page 79*)



The Perfect Squelch

George, a windy duffer, muddled his way through a series of minor jobs until his wife inherited a sizable sum. Then, having persuaded her to buy a small apartment house, George suddenly became a big, successful businessman. While his wife worked endlessly to keep the place going, George circulated among the tenants, explaining at length how he had climbed the ladder of success, and stressing the fact that he was a self-made man.

Once, while he was voicing his usual self-congratulatory story, his wife hurried along the corridor, carrying a screen and hammer in one hand, a ladder in the other. As George finished his long tale with the inevitable boast, "I'm a self-made man," she paused.

"My, my," she marveled, "what a horrible example of unskilled labor."

Roger Q. Beckstead

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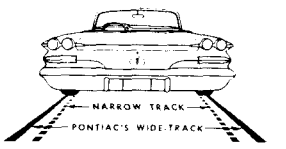

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Continued from Page 76) rage, and she had trouble with her voice. "If you'll just finish the list, Mr. Perkins," she said, "I'll have one of the boys come and get the things." She stalked, rigid as a china doll from the store. Pausing to erect the parasol over her indignant head, she carefully lifted her skirts the barest trifle and stepped precisely up the lane toward the Graham ranch. She looked a dainty picture of girlish sweetness, but inside Anne Graham boiled a fury as molten as the fires of hell her father preached about so indefatigably. She had never been laughed at before this—and for so good a reason. *Just wait*, she vowed, her tiny teeth clenching, *she can just wait—I'll show her!*

"Whew!" Perkins mopped his sweating face as he came back to the bar. "After that I need a drink myself!" He helped himself to a neat shot. "You need a refill, mister?"

Houck signaled acceptance, a wry and amused expression on his heavy features. "Don't figger those two ladies are gonna be bosom friends," he observed.

Perkins shook a bewildered head. "Can't figger what the hell got into Miz Graham, so sudden like," he mused, "Always acted like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth—and then lashin' out at Stella thataway. No call for it that I could see. Damn shame, too—I'd sorta hoped them bein' friends could iron out family differences a mite. Womenfolks kin put a stop to foolishness if they're a mind to. But," he sighed heavily, "not this time, looks like."

"'Fraid you're about right," Houck agreed. He glanced toward the empty doorway, and as no one approached he looked back at the storekeeper. "Mr. Perkins," he said in a somehow significant tone, "I was told that you are a law-abiding man who knows how to keep his mouth shut."

Perkins stilled, his friendly red face became guarded as he looked with quick inquiry at his customer. He saw the smiling mask, but he was long adept at judging character and he also saw the lead-dull eyes and felt chilled. He reached for a bar towel and began to polish glasses, well aware from the devious introduction that something he might not like was to come of it.

Houck smiled and reached into an inside, buttoned coat pocket. His cupped hand briefly displayed the silver glint of a badge. "Special deputy," he said, "in the Tonto to bring in a certain man." He replaced the badge and lifted the flat gaze to the storekeeper. "I need information on this man." His eyes challenged.

"Depends," Perkins answered, "on who the man is."

Houck's nod was immeasurably understanding. "Andrew Blevins—calls himself Cooper now."

Perkins' vast relief was expressed in a beaming smile. "Well, say," he said enthusiastically, "I knew old John Meadows was gonna get after it, but I never dreamed it could be done so fast! I'll tell you anything I can."

Not the slightest flicker betrayed Houck's surprise at this unlooked-for information. "Meadows is a very able man," was all he said.

"He is that," Perkins agreed, "he sure is." He came around the end of the bar and ambled to the door, looked up and down the road. The valley dozed in the bright warmth of the September sun; no one appeared to be about.

"Just to be on the safe side," he suggested, "why don't we step in my back room? We can talk there and anybody happenin' in will be no wiser."

Houck acceded to this with gratification and accompanied the storekeeper into the living quarters behind the store.

"I ain't seen him lately," Perkins said as he closed the door behind them, "but I know he's back from Holbrook. You sure couldn't a come at a better time, for they tell me he's frothin' at the mouth—boilin' for blood! They still ain't found hide nor hair of old Mart—and then his brother, Hampton, gettin' it in this last fracas ——"

The trail from Canyon Creek zigzagged down into Pleasant Valley through a series of steeply intersecting canyons and ravines. Houck chose a deadfall tangle of young trees and brush on the slant of a ravine which commanded several hundred feet of narrow trail on either side.

Satisfied with this natural ambush, he picketed his horse a good distance away and proceeded to change clothes; he removed his respectable store clothes and donned worn and faded butternut pants and shirt. He put his well-polished boots aside and thrust his feet into moccasins. He then untied his blanket roll from which he took the two parts of a custom-made Sharps rifle.

An ingenious contrivance permitted the dismantling of the Sharps. The wooden stock was detachable so that the two parts could be carried undetected in an innocent-looking bedroll. Houck assembled the rifle with pleasured dexterity, his ever-smiling mouth slightly scornful of those who scoffed at the inadequacy of a single-shot weapon.

When he took up his position behind the deadfall, he and the Sharps seemed to have melted into the dusty coloration of the drying brown and innocent foliage. He sat there cross-legged, the gun across his thighs, composed and patient.

About the middle of the afternoon Houck's breathing stilled as he slowly turned his head and froze into an intensity of listening. In a matter of seconds a rider would turn and come down the stretch of trail toward the deadfall.

Houck's thick body moved with silent and astonishing agility; he slid onto his belly and shoved the snout of the Sharps just past the screen of dry leaves, dead-resting it on an already carefully prepared branch. Noiselessly he thumbed back the heavy hammer as his trigger finger crooked and waited; through the delicate peep sight his squinting gaze focused along the barrel and up the trail.

Not a muscle quivered in Houck's contained body, but he was filled with exultation as a black-and-white pinto single-footed onto the trail, moving unconcernedly toward the deadfall. For in the bright and slightly lowering afternoon sun, dancing light reflected from many silver conchs on the clothing and saddle gear of the rider. The man's face was shadowed by the wide brim of his hat, but Houck saw that he was thin and he rode slumping easily in the saddle.

The heavy booming of the Sharps re-echoed, rumbling briefly like a muted roll of thunder. The pinto reared and screamed as its rider was jolted backward, up and out of the saddle. Bucking and plunging with terror, the horse thundered into a dead run and disappeared around a turn of the trail.

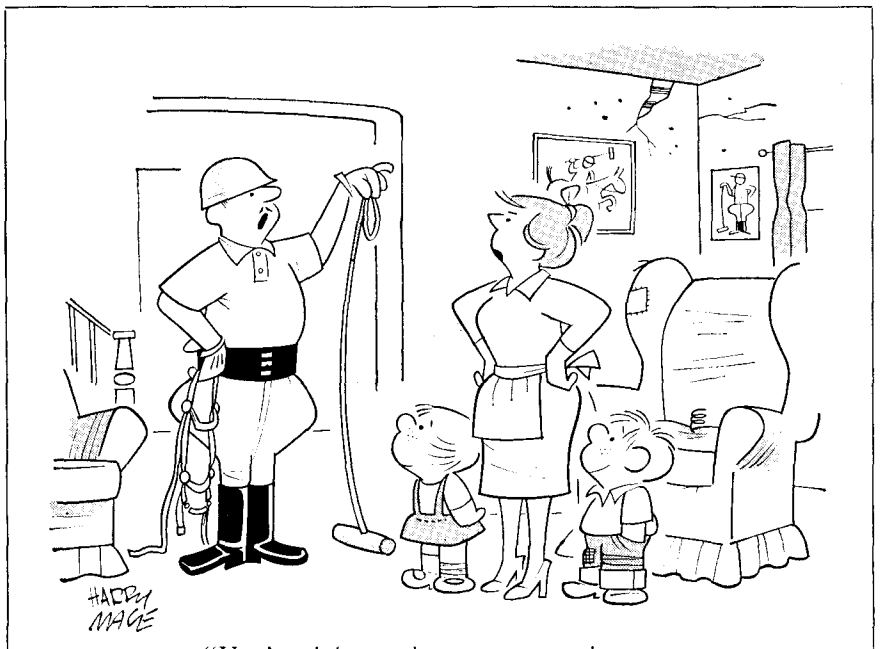
Houck eased to his feet, having first placed a second cartridge in the chamber of the rifle, and came from behind the deadfall to approach the motionless body in the trail. Houck regarded him with detached care for a few seconds and then with one moccasined foot turned the body onto its back. A wave of consternation and shock jolted his phlegmatic features into an ugly grimace of surprise.

The dead man's face was boyishly round and handsome, but he was very young and he was not mustached. Stunned, Houck studied the features and then searched his pockets. He found a letter, and dismay thickened his expression at the name of the addressed.

Houck turned his back on the dead man and left the vicinity with a swiftness mounting to urgency. He returned to his horse and hastened to change back into his other clothes, dismantled the Sharps and concealed it once more in the bedroll. He mounted and rode with haste but much circumspection until he arrived on a much-used trail where his horse's tracks would be lost in the many others.

On this traveled road he continued on his way long past dark, putting miles between himself and Pleasant Valley. James Houck felt a desperate urgency not to be among those present in the neighborhood when the boy's body was brought in—for two men knew that he had taken the trail of a wanted man, and one of these knew well the method to be employed. Houck doubted that Jacobs would talk under any circumstances, but he cursed the fact that Perkins had also stressed the silver conchs as a means of identification.

Houck examined again and again the carefulness with which he had proceeded and found no fault with it. But why, in God's name *why*, the bounty hunter cursed savagely, had neither Jacobs nor Perkins mentioned that Tom Graham's half brother, young Billy, also had a liking for silver conchs on his gear?



"You're right, we have to economize . . . now let's see, where can we start?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was near to midnight, but lamps still burned in the Graham house. A knot of silent men waited in the small parlor. They avoided one another's eyes when hushed sounds reached them from the next room, where Tom Graham and his wife and his brother, Jack, prepared young Billy for burial. Tom had tried to dissuade Anne from sharing the brutal task, but she spared herself nothing. White-faced and wordless, she was a credit to her mother; a preacher's wife had many calls for such duties as this.

The uneasy men looked up as the bedroom door opened and Tom came in to them. His face was gray, drawn beneath the bleak and aching eyes; he held his sturdy body as though hunched against severe pain. He looked around at them: his neighbor, Al Rose, and his friend, Charley Duchet; Andy Cooper and two of his brothers, Charley and Jay. Miguel Apocada hovered apologetically near the kitchen door.

Tom spoke directly to Andy Cooper, who squatted on his lean haunches, elbows propped on bony knees, his long, nervous fingers twitching at one another. "Tell me," he said, "exactly how it was that you ——"

Cooper's narrow head tilted back, his pale eyes slitted up at Tom. "Billy rode out alone, maybe an hour 'fore we did." His teeth bared in a painful grimace as he went on. "We come on him just below the Juniper Creek forks. He'd been shot outa the saddle." Cooper's eyes lowered to his clawing hands and then lifted, outrage making them merciless. "He'd not touched either of his guns, never had a chance, for he'd been bushwhacked from behind a deadfall of trees and brush. There was tracks come from behind it and up to where he laid. Then they taken off in a hurry back up the ridge. We lost 'em in a rocky stream bed, one canyon over. We maybe coulda found 'em again, but we already figgered who'd done it." He reared to his feet and stood facing Tom, legs spraddled, hands on his flat hips, just above the low-slung, holstered guns. "Them were *moccasin* tracks!" he announced significantly.

Tom's broad face had had a sickened expression; now incredulity twisted it. "An Injun?" His voice was also baffled.

Cooper's sharp bark of laughter had no humor in it. "You're damned right an Injun!" he snarled. "But not just any Injun, Tom! For a renegade buck woulda stole his gear—his guns, anyhow—but nothin' was missin'. This here was a figgered-out killin'—murder! The polecat that bushwhacked Billy had set in that deadfall a long time—waitin'." Cooper prowled a tensed pace or two and turned back to face Tom. "Like it or not, Tom"—he challenged argument—"only one man in the Tonto wears moccasins!"

"Breed Tewksbury." Tom's voice was flat and the expression of his eyes unreadable.

Cooper nodded, his waspish gaze intent as he waited for the expected protest, but the stocky man facing him remained silent while an odd coldness flickered in his eyes. When he seemed about to speak Cooper rushed to intercept. "I've held my hand too long, now," Cooper accused himself and the rigid man before him. "I listened to you, Tom, and I done nothin' when Breed done for George. When pa turned up missin' there wasn't nothin' pointin' at nobody till the Tewksburys gunned Hampton down, and him just tryin' to find out had anybody seen pa! I figger now," Andy went on, "that he done fer pa the same as Billy, only in some out-of-the-way, Godforsaken hole. Hell"—the gunman's voice had an almost unused note of compassion—"ma ain't even got the comfort of a grave to fetch flowers to! She's gone to pieces over pa,

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and then Hampton, and the whole dirty bushwhackin' way of it I figger points at the Tewksburys! And that ain't all of it, Tom, not by a long shot! There's more ——" Cooper came to a halt before Tom, his tensed, bent body hunched. "Listen," he said, "I was comin' over to tell you about this today, when we run onto Billy. I fetched ma over to stay with sister Lela in her house in Holbrook and I run into a feller there that I knowed from—knowed, back a while. He'd quit Daggs brothers when they crooked him on a deal and he was sore, sore enough to talk. He told me a couple things he thought we'd oughta know here in the Tonto. He said Daggses had went into partnership with the Tewksburys on sheep—and we knew that anyway. But what else he said was that P. P. Daggs is hirin' killers—bounty hunters—and he's put a price on the heads of certain cattlemen here in the Tonto! They aim to pick us off, one by one, and have the whole of the basin range for sheep! P. P. Daggs has passed the word, quiet like, but it's been passed that there's as much as a thousand dollars apiece ridin' on the heads of men here in Pleasant Valley. He said that Jacobs, in cahoots with the Tewksburys, is on Daggs' payroll and has been for several years! And this man said watch out because Daggs money has bought out some lawmen too!"

Cooper's wolf glance darted around the taut and silent men in the room, came back to Tom Graham. "We got to look after ourselves in this here mess," he stated; "no use to call on the law because the Daggses and the Tewksburys have bought the law off ——"

No one had noticed that the bedroom door had silently been opened when Cooper first began to talk. Now the men looked up in dismay as Anne Graham stepped into the room, moved uncertainly to stand beside her husband. Tom put a comforting arm about her small shoulders, looking down at her with grieved concern.

Anne wore a flowing wrapper over her long-sleeved, high-necked night dress. Her dark, braided hair was strained back from her ashen face, and her small mouth was set and colorless. Her black eyes, the lids swollen from tears, moved quickly from man to man with an appalled questioning.

When she spoke it was not in her usual soft and girlish voice—it was thread-thin and hoarsened by tears. "Are you all just going to sit here and *talk* about this—this horrible thing? What kind of people are you, anyway, that you sit and wrangle while—while Billy lies in there ——" Her voice caught in a sob and she shook her head as though to free it of a net. "I know—I know what my father would say if he were here!"

Cooper's vindictive mask twitched, as he had not the slightest desire to hear a hysterical woman prate of what Preacher Melton might say. His exasperated gaze dropped, and the men lowered embarrassed eyes away from the wrought-up girl. But all stiffened as at a near bolt of lightning when her voice rang out.

"'And Jehovah said, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground!'" The sobs were gone from her voice and it gained strength: "'Cursed be he that smiteth his neighbor secretly!'" The eyes of all had lifted and they fastened with hypnotized shock on the white, oval mask of her face, which was dominated by the furious black eyes. "'The word of Jehovah came to me, saying'"—she spat it at them—"'I will deliver thee out of the hand of the wicked . . . they shall die of grievous deaths . . . they shall be as dung upon the face of the earth: and they shall be consumed by the sword and by famine and their carcases shall be meat for the fowls of heaven, and for the beasts of the earth!'"

She stood white-faced and shaking and saw the effect of her words upon them. She half turned, looked up at her husband with somber knowingness. "You need not shield me," she said to him. "I know as well as you; I heard it all—what you have to do. Mr. Cooper has said"—she glanced at the paralyzed form of the gunslinger—"that we need expect no help from the law. Therefore, you must take it up in your own hands. But you need not fear the outcome." There was a calmness in her tone. "'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The room rang with silence when the shrill, obsessed voice stopped. The men sat with their jaws still agape, not daring to look at one another.

The kitchen door opened and two men came in. They seemed puzzled at the tension within the room, and then one of them spoke in a low, respectful voice to Tom. "It's ready," he said; "we dug it yonder—under the cottonwoods."

Tom nodded his thanks, his eye burdened with fatigue. "If you'll give me a hand now," he said to no one in particular, "we'll carry him out."

They buried the boy by the flickering glow of lantern light in a grove of trees a short distance from the house. Anne Graham said a prayer in a whispering but controlled voice. Then all stood back with bowed heads while the dirt was shoveled softly onto the blanketed body.

When it was done Tom Graham stepped to the head of the grave and lifted high his lantern so that the feeble rays reflected on the circle of grim faces. "All them that are so minded"—his voice was cold and without emphasis—"ride and pass this word: about Billy—and the deal between the Daggses and the Tewksburys. You kin say"—his voice dropped a notch but was still deadly calm—"you kin say, to them that count me a friend, that I'll be waitin' in the gulch just to the west of the forks of Cherry Creek. Tell 'em—I figger to hit the Tewksbury place come sunup!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A teen-ager is one who knows everything except what makes his parents so stupid.

One advantage of being an amateur athlete is that nobody expects you to pay income tax on your salary.

The trouble with a small boy who finds a puddle is that he always brings part of it home with him.

The worst parking problem with young drivers is getting the girl to agree.

If it weren't for civilization it's doubtful that the H-bomb would have been developed.

It's amazing that a wife who can see right through you doesn't notice there's a button off your shirt.

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Preview of a Roman Holiday

(Continued from Page 41)

will be Pope John XXIII, whose summer palace, Castel Gandolfo, happens to overlook the site.

A pretty blonde, endowed with all the casualness of Roman society, called for me early one morning to show me through some of the principal Olympic installations. She introduced herself as one of a number of escort-hostesses now warming up for the games, and she drove her own small car. "I hope you won't judge things by their present appearance," she said, as we drove off in a dull, chilly drizzle. "All will be nice and shiny next August."

Most of the 230-odd events, she explained, would be held on three major sites, two of them in the northern part of town, the third in its southern outskirts. Our tour began with a visit to the Mussolini Forum, renamed Italic Forum, situated on the right bank of the Tiber near the spot where the Emperor Constantine, in 312 A.D., saw a cross in the heavens together with the words *in hoc signo vinces*—by this sign thou shalt conquer. Seen from the river, the forum seemed an ill-defined, untidy area backed up against a wooded range of hills.

The first thing claiming our attention as we entered the grounds was a white obelisk inscribed, in large, imperious letters, MUSSOLINI DUX. This forum had been somewhat prematurely constructed by the Duce in hopes that the 1944 Olympics—canceled on account of World War II—would be held in Rome. The Rome city council, my escort told me, after debating lengthily whether to pull down the obelisk, had decided to consider it as just one more historic monument. "So much has happened since," she said.

Picking our way around all kinds of earth-moving equipment and gravel-laden trucks, stepping across large puddles and passing squads of workmen wearing caps fashioned from newspapers, we presently came face to face with another one of Mussolini's delicate touches, the Stadium of the Marble Statues, so called for sixty thirteen-foot gleaming-white colossi of Imperial Roman athletes guarding its outer rim. Seating 6000 spectators, this stadium would be used for hockey finals, but its main function during the Olympics would be as a place where athletes could limber up before slipping, through a connecting tunnel, into the nearby Olympic Stadium to compete seriously in track and field events.

"Here," said my *signorina* as we entered the huge oblong of the open-air Olympic Stadium, "we're in the heart of the Olympics. This is where they'll begin and end. The opening ceremony will start with the arrival of Giovanni Gronchi, the President of the Italian Republic. Mr. Avery Brundage, of Chicago, as president of the International Olympic Committee, will welcome him and lead him to the State Box. Through the gap over there the national contingents will file in, parade around the track and fall into formation on the field. This stadium, incidentally, holds seventy-five thousand people and is by far the largest in the country. Ever since its inauguration seven years ago it's been a favorite site for our Sunday soccer matches."

Walking around the ponderous red office building of the Italian Olympic Committee, we came upon the new open-air swimming stadium—the last word, my blond guide remarked, in beauty and refinement. In carving out the series of sunken pools, care had to be taken to avoid burrowing through to the water level of the nearby Tiber. The principal swimming pool, where most of the finals would take place, was equipped with underwater floodlighting and portholes in the sides through which the swimmers' underwater movements could be observed. A high diving board towering over the diving pool could be ascended by elevator so the contestants wouldn't be out of breath before hitting the water.

It was by no means easy, in Rome's raw, blustery air, to think of swimmers diving cheerfully into that pool while eager spectators in summer garb crowded the grandstand and jostled one another on the flower-bedecked terrace of the adjoining restaurant. But once one made one's ear throb with the hubbub of gay voices, cheers and splashes, one had conjured up a scene that would undoubtedly be one of the Olympics' chief attractions.

From the Italic Forum it is a distance of eight miles to the fairgrounds, the second major site of the Olympic Games. A 1000-acre plot of rolling country to the south of Rome, developed by the Duce for the 1942 World's Fair that never was, the site is still known by its old initials, E.U.R.—*Esposizione Universale Roma.*

"We used to call this place the bankrupt merchant's shopwindow," my escort told me as we drove into the sprawling grounds. "You know—a fancy front with nothing behind? As you'll see, Mussolini laid this out in the most lavish manner—nothing but columns, statues, fountains, and rare kinds of marble everywhere, (*Continued on Page 83*)

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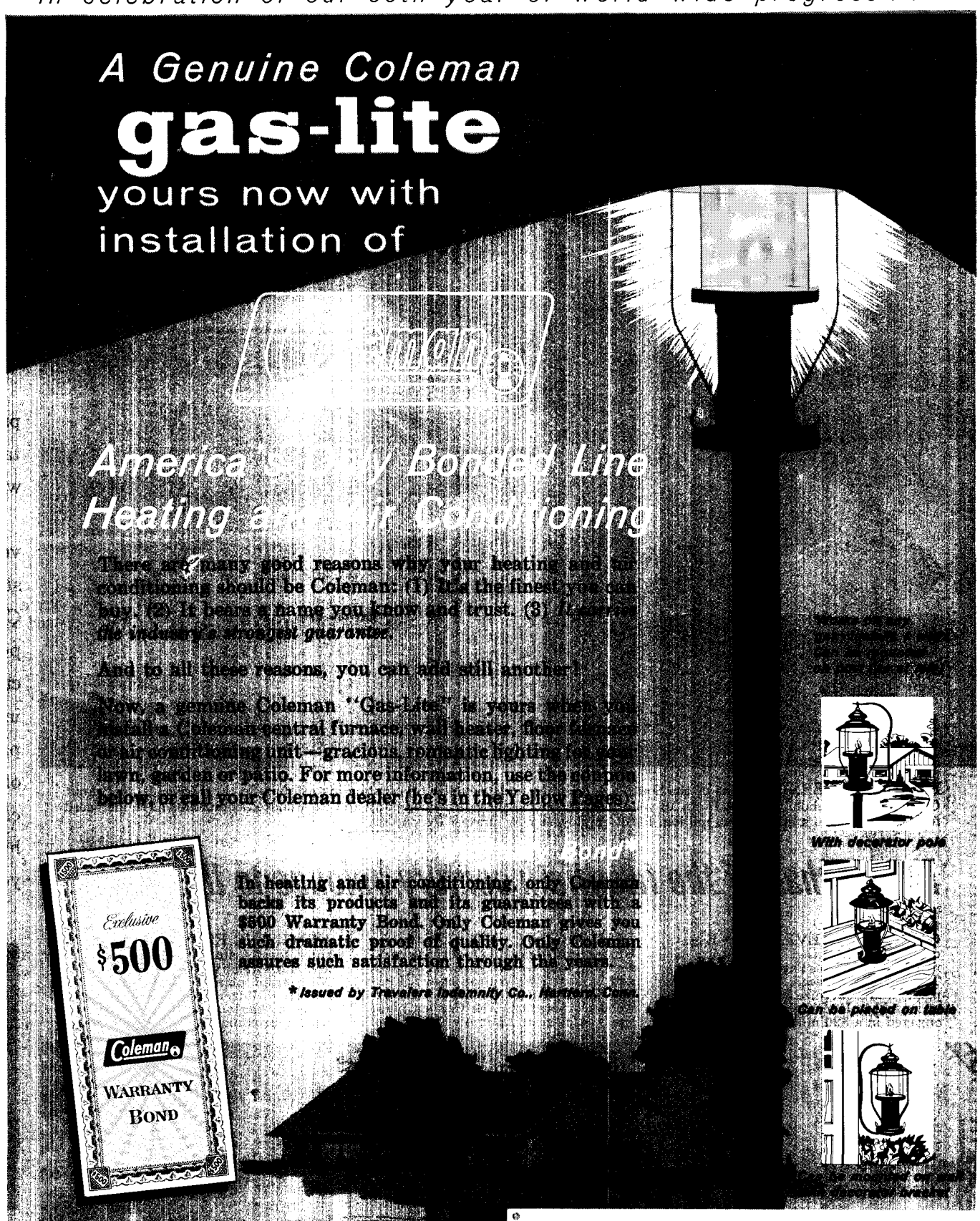

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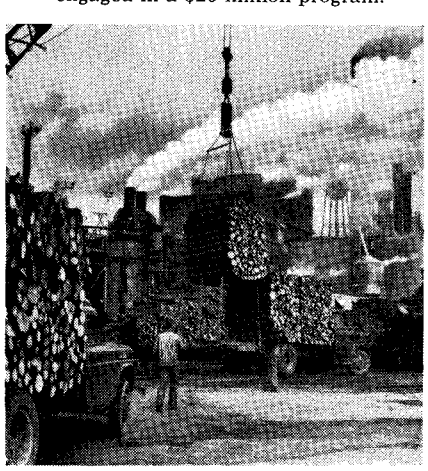

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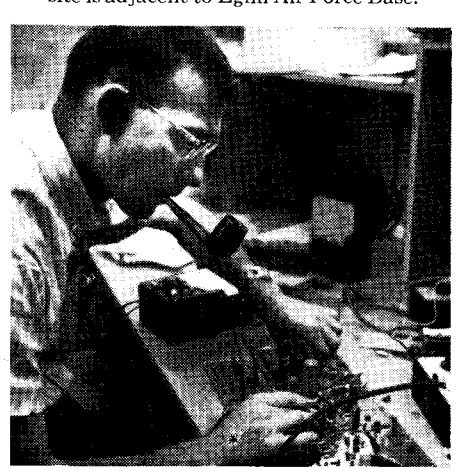

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(*Continued from Page 81*) inside and out. He was thinking of the foreign visitors and wanted Italy to shine when things were really very bad here. But he had one idea that made sense. These fairgrounds were to be the nucleus of a garden city, filled in with government offices and residential areas, only ten minutes from the Capitol by the new Christopher Columbus Highway. That way Rome itself would be less congested, and office workers would be able to spend their days in nice, wholesome surroundings."

Was there not, I began to wonder, a good deal of Benito Mussolini in Rome's approach to the Olympics? Not only had the late dictator personally picked two major sites, but something about the tone of the Olympics—the emphasis on Rome's imperial grandeur that was Fascism's stock in trade—seemed to be heavy with black-shirted memories. Still, as my guide had said, "so much had happened since," and it was certainly not Fascism, with all its terror and stupidity, that was being recalled for active duty. If Mussolini's ghost would put in an appearance here this summer, it merely proved that the late Duce—like Nero, like Tiberius, like Rienzi—had found his final niche in Rome's tumultuous history.

For years the grandiose buildings of the fairgrounds stood vacant. Damaged by shellfire and pilfering, they formed a haunted city where sheep grazed among fallen columns. It wasn't until 1951 that the Italian Government began selling some of the woodland lots for private houses and with the proceeds turned the larger portion of the property into a new administrative center and exposition site.

Today the fairgrounds are a beehive of activity. A number of key government departments already function in their new setting, and more will make the move as soon as their new office buildings are completed. Small, modern houses, among them some owned by Americans, have gone up in the garden sector. Museums, banks, a new hotel, restaurants and cafés, and a congress hall complete with rooftop theater, round out the picture of a Rome-outside-the-Walls. And pleasantly mixed in with all of this are some of the most powerful ingredients of the 1960 Games.

We took a look at the Pool of the Roses, where water-polo matches will be played amidst rosebushes in full bloom. We carefully inspected the streamlined Velodrome with its bicycle tracks built of rare, specially imported wood. After a visit to the huge, marble-clad congress hall, where fencing matches would be held during the Games, my guide bade me *arrivederci*, leaving me in the hands of a lean, crisp, extremely sprightly gentleman who turned out to be Pier Luigi Nervi, one of Italy's best-known modern architects.

Professor Nervi, though much in demand these days, was glad to take me up to his new Sports Palace—a stubby, green-domed edifice which, sitting on a hillock at the far end of the fairgrounds and looking down their central north-south axis, presided over the entire site. I was aware that Nervi, at the age of sixty-eight, was considered the world's leading builder in reinforced concrete, and I had heard that the new Sports Palace which now confronted us was his crowning achievement.

"I can't swear to it," he said, "but I believe this is the largest concrete dome ever attempted. It measures three hundred thirty feet across. Saint Peter's dome has a diameter of one hundred thirty-eight feet, but it is built in stone, of course." The Sports Palace cost $1,000,000 for the concrete work and $1,500,000 for the rest.

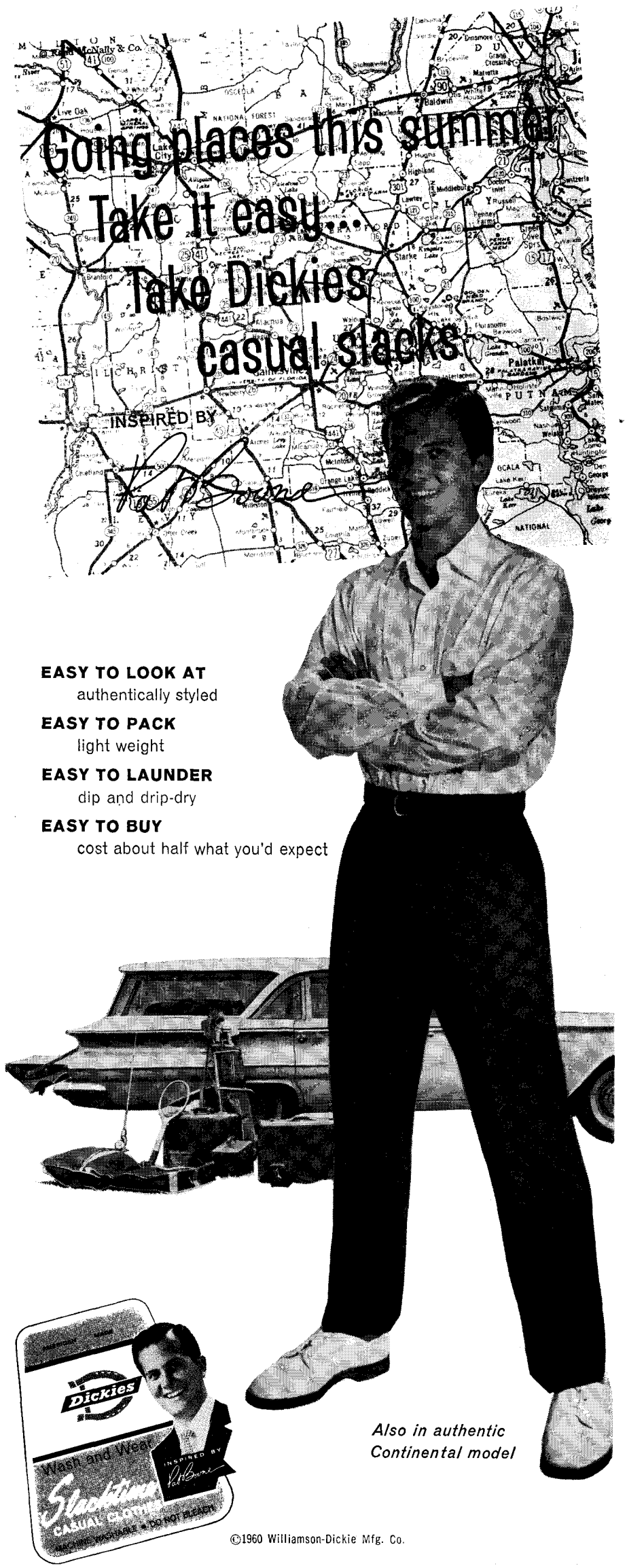
Evolving from a Roman invention, the wall-enclosed arena, the circular Sports Palace is an indoor circus that will seat 18,000 spectators and, during the Olympics, will be the scene of boxing tournaments and other indoor sports. Afterward it will serve Rome as a skating rink, an auditorium and a concert hall. The vast interior seemed a miracle of lightness, and Nervi, visibly pleased with his accomplishment, explained that the impression of weightlessness was due to the economy of means he had employed, and in particular to the slenderness of the prefabricated concrete elements forming the "corrugated" ceiling. He asked a workman to switch on the lights, and the great dome, illuminated by a myriad of concealed fixtures, seemed to rise up and float above us, a silvery apparition one wasn't likely to forget.

Later, and on my own, I sampled more of Nervi's contributions at the last of the three major Olympic sites, back in the northern part of Rome and just across the winding river from the Italic Forum. The *Palazzetto dello Sport*—or Little Sports Palace—as well as the big, open-air Flaminio Stadium, built to replace a recently demolished older stadium, bear Nervi's thumbprint. So, for that matter, does the elegant $2,000,000 skyway that will whisk traffic north across the river and out of Rome.

The *Palazzetto*, which Nervi built three years ago in association with another architect, A. Vitellozzi, is a circular

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, I see there are two sides to the question."



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indoor arena considerably smaller than the Sports Palace. It is, if anything, even more functional in its design. Because the buttresses upholding the umbrella roof lean against the structure from the outside, carrying the profile of the shallow dome all the way to the ground, the whole affair looks rather like a flying saucer about to whir into outer space.

Still more impressive in its simplicity is the $1,300,000 Flaminio Stadium which Nervi built with his son, Antonio. Rearing up from the landscaped grounds like an enormous concrete ship, it combines all-round visibility with a strikingly modern design. This stadium will accommodate 45,000 spectators. Neatly packed underneath the stands are three large marble-lined gymnasiums and a swimming pool.

During the Olympics both structures will do heavy duty, and there is little doubt that for some years to come they'll rank, together with the Sports Palace, among the world's most beautiful arenas. It struck me, then and there, that it would be the Nervi touch that would give the Rome Olympics their modern personality. Not only would his "weightless concrete" outshine the pompous monuments that Fascism had left behind, but through his works the Romans would be able to show the world what modern sports facilities could do to liven up the skyline of a city. What Monsieur Eiffel and his "weightless steel tower" had been to the 1889 Paris Universal Exposition, Professor Nervi and his circuses might well be to the Rome Olympics.

A young official of the Italian National Olympic Committee awaited me at the entrance to the new Olympic Village, adjoining the Flaminio Stadium. The entire area between the stadium and the Tiber, he told me, had until recently been a swampy plain where squatters had built hundreds of shacks and where thieves, pickpockets and prostitutes had been hiding out. The new houses, handsome two- and three-story affairs raised on tall concrete stilts above the ground, were widely spaced, allowing ample room for lawns and flower beds.

"We like to think that this will be superior to the housing you Americans provided for athletes at the recent Winter Olympics at Squaw Valley," the official said. "For one thing, all these houses are built for permanent use. After the Games our government will put some fifteen hundred civil servants and their families here, relieving Rome's terrible housing shortage. During the Games we count on about seven thousand tenants, meaning all of the athletes plus their trainers, doctors, dietitians, and so on. The apartments vary in size. Please note that every occupant will have a bed; there'll be no bunks, with one berth above the other. This is the men's block—the women's quarters will be over there."

The village would be staffed, my guide explained, by some 2200 operatives, from laundrymen to switchboard operators. As they would be employed only for a few weeks, finding qualified personnel had been a headache. There would be ten self-service restaurants, most of them specializing in some national cuisine, and athletes would pay a flat rate of eight dollars a day for room and board.

And that is pretty much the story. Whatever aspect of the Olympic preparations one takes in, one comes away with an impression of competence and readiness. The men in charge, most of them officers in Italy's armed services borrowed for the occasion, are a confident, enterprising lot, determined to make the Olympics more than a sports event whose ultimate success is measurable in meters jumped and seconds run. There'll be fireworks, balls, galas and receptions. Rome's open-air opera will fill cool summer evenings with music, an exhibition of Sports in History and Art will present priceless works of art covering thirty centuries, and folklore troupes from many countries will do their stuff.

There are only two flies in the Olympic ointment, and both of them, it must be said, Olympic-sized. Already Romans are predicting that the biggest Olympic competition will be for beds. Rome, after all, is Rome—not Melbourne or Helsinki. For the first time in twelve years the Games are to be held in a central spot, one of the world's busiest crossroads, "six air hours," as the new saying goes, "from anywhere." Besides, who doesn't want to come to Rome?

The crush will be terrific. From the beginning the official ticket-vending agencies throughout the world have been reporting heavy sales—at prices ranging from fifty cents for the cheapest single event to about $160 for a complete series of first-rate seats for one—and there's no telling how many will decide at the last moment to crash the party.

A haggard and harassed young man at the Olympics housing bureau on Piazza Barberini looked up at me from a mountain of papers. "Rome has about thirty-five thousand hotel beds," he said. "We've been promised several school buildings—luckily it will be vacation time—and religious institutions which we'll turn into dormitories. Still, so far we're assured of accommodations for only ninety-seven thousand, and we may have to cope with more than twice that figure. Look at this!"

He handed me a letter from Cairo announcing that a group of 400 spectators from the United Arab Republic desired lodging during the Games. "We may have to put people up in nearby towns and in motels, and some may have to sleep on board ships anchored offshore and come in every day by bus or helicopter."

Worse even than the housing problem will be the traffic situation. Rome, for the last few years, has been bursting at the seams. Its prewar population of 1,300,000 has increased to 2,000,000 and, what with people streaming in from the impoverished and backward south, the capital keeps growing at the rate of 40,000 a year. Postwar prosperity has multiplied the number of private cars which, in the narrow, crooked streets of downtown Rome, tangle with government vehicles, military and commercial trucks, trolleys and motor scooters.

Nobody here is fooled by the eleventh-hour effort to widen a few streets and build some underpasses in the city; it is a matter of too little and too late, and the Olympic visitor will need large doses of *pazienza*. However, the old problem of breaking the stranglehold of the medieval city walls is, at long last, being attacked in earnest.

As one takes a good look at some major construction jobs in progress—a couple of new throughways skirting downtown Rome, a new open-span bridge over the Tiber, the extension of the city's only subway line to the far end of the fairgrounds, and the burgeoning real-estate developments between the fairgrounds and the beach—one finds that there is more to these seemingly scattered operations than meets the eye. Behind them stands, in fact, a master plan that would leave the old city center to its own devices while Rome would march on south toward the sea.

"If you include the cost of the new international airport by the sea which will be operative next August," a government engineer summed up, "the Italian Government is spending nearly one hundred million dollars on modernizing Rome, compared to close to thirty million dollars the Olympic Committee is putting into its new installations. That is a lot of cash for our country, and frankly, without the impetus of the Olympic Games, I don't believe we'd ever have been able to shake it loose."

He smiled. "Olympics come and go. But out of that brief flash next summer there may rise a new Rome—a city that Romulus and Remus would have some trouble recognizing."

Portrait of a Police Chief (Continued from Page 45)

unless the rival cops are also on hand. Moreover, there are a few unincorporated zones, such as the famed Sunset Strip, where the law is enforced only by the sheriff of Los Angeles County.

In spite of the handicaps he must labor under, Parker is considered by many underworld characters to be the most fearsome cop on the globe. Mickey Cohen, who has had numerous losing encounters with Parker, says poutingly, "He's a man that don't never seem to forget. He just keeps up his vindictiveness against me." What Mickey means is that Parker's men, without laying a hand on him, have a fair idea what time he gets up, where he goes, whom he sees and what kind of soap he's using in his shower on any given day.

If it is any comfort to Mickey, Parker is just as watchful with assorted politicians, newspapermen, judges, district attorneys, pressure groups and celebrities with whom he has dissented, including, among others, Susan Hayward, Nikita Khrushchev and Clark Gable.

Gable, for example, wanted the right to shoot squirrels, blue jays and other similar intruders on his Encino estate, despite the fact that Parker has never issued private gun permits and sponsored a law that forbids private citizens to discharge any firearm within city limits. When Gable went to the Police Commission with his request, he found Parker standing guard, like Horatius at the bridge. "There can be no exceptions," Parker said to the five commissioners. "Otherwise our program against guns won't mean a thing." The permit was unanimously denied.

Parker's own personal problem as a public official is aggravated by the fact that, rather than being a suave, clever political manipulator, he is almost embarrassingly candid when he believes he is right.

Thus he regularly jousts with the courts, the press and the American Civil Liberties Union in his campaign to legalize wire tapping as a means of trapping criminals. He has tangled with Gov. Pat Brown on two subjects—the Mafia and capital punishment. Brown says there is no Mafia as such, but Parker has a complete file on the organization and its criminal activities in California. Brown would abolish the death penalty, but Parker can rattle off dozens of cases in which murderers were paroled, only to kill again. Parker is still grumbling about the way actress Susan Hayward played the role of the executed murderess Barbara Graham in the picture, *I Want To Live*. He says that Miss Hayward, whose life was saved by Los Angeles police officers after a suicide attempt, made Barbara Graham look like the victim of a police frame-up. He irked visiting Premier Khrushchev by refusing to provide a police escort for a ride to Disneyland, which is outside the Los Angeles city limits, and had the satisfaction of having the Russian security officers cancel the trip.

Another time Parker heard that the city's police reporters, in their customary poker game in the press room, were admitting outside players and that one young newspaperman, during an all-night session, had lost $2000 he couldn't pay. Parker was furious and issued orders to break up the game. "If you don't," he told the reporters, "I'll send the wagon around and book the whole bunch of you."

Those who know Parker will tell you that he would pinch any of his own relatives who committed a crime. "The first thing I tried to do," Parker says, "was to build a service that has no skeletons in the closet simply because there are no closets. The secret kind of operation has ruined too many police administrators. They want to keep away from offensive and irritating situations and to conceal their departmental defects, and eventually there is an explosion."

During the ten years Parker has been in office as the fortieth police chief in Los Angeles history—all his predecessors went in and out as though they were in revolving doors—enemies on both sides of the law have been out for his scalp. He has had hundreds of telephone threats, and there have been innumerable plots to frame him, kill him or bomb his house. He has been sued some 280 times by disgruntled citizens—they usually charge false arrest or false imprisonment—but he has never lost a case. There is hardly a month when some opposition group does not demand that he resign. For years he feuded with the late District Attorney Ernest Roll, and currently he is on the personal blacklist of Paul Ziffren, the Democratic National Committeeman for California. Ziffren openly disagrees with Parker's stand on investigational techniques, such as wire tapping, has demanded his resignation and is reported to have said, "Nobody is safe from Parker."

Parker nevertheless has put the lid on Los Angeles, a basically nonangelic city which a discouraged California Crime Commission some years ago called "a blot on the face of decency."

There was a period, prior to Parker's appointment, when any citizen could get a bookie, a girl, an illegal drink or a fix of heroin. During the ten-year period preceding the Parker regime, twelve top gangsters were murdered on the public streets. A pretty mink-coated madam named Brenda Allen was dispensing living dolls with the connivance of the police, and an abortion mill was operating openly in at least one small hospital. Mickey Cohen was handling $600,000 worth of bets a day, and many Eastern hoodlums—including such distinguished thugs as Abe Teitelbaum, Benjamin (Bugsy) Siegel, Abe (Longy) Zwillman and Joe Sica—had moved westward to enjoy the outdoor life.

Nowadays, with a prison term behind him, Mickey Cohen says he has retired. The other mobsters—those who still are in business—are operating carefully in other counties or in unincorporated areas of the Los Angeles zone. The madams are disorganized, and (*Continued on Page 87*)

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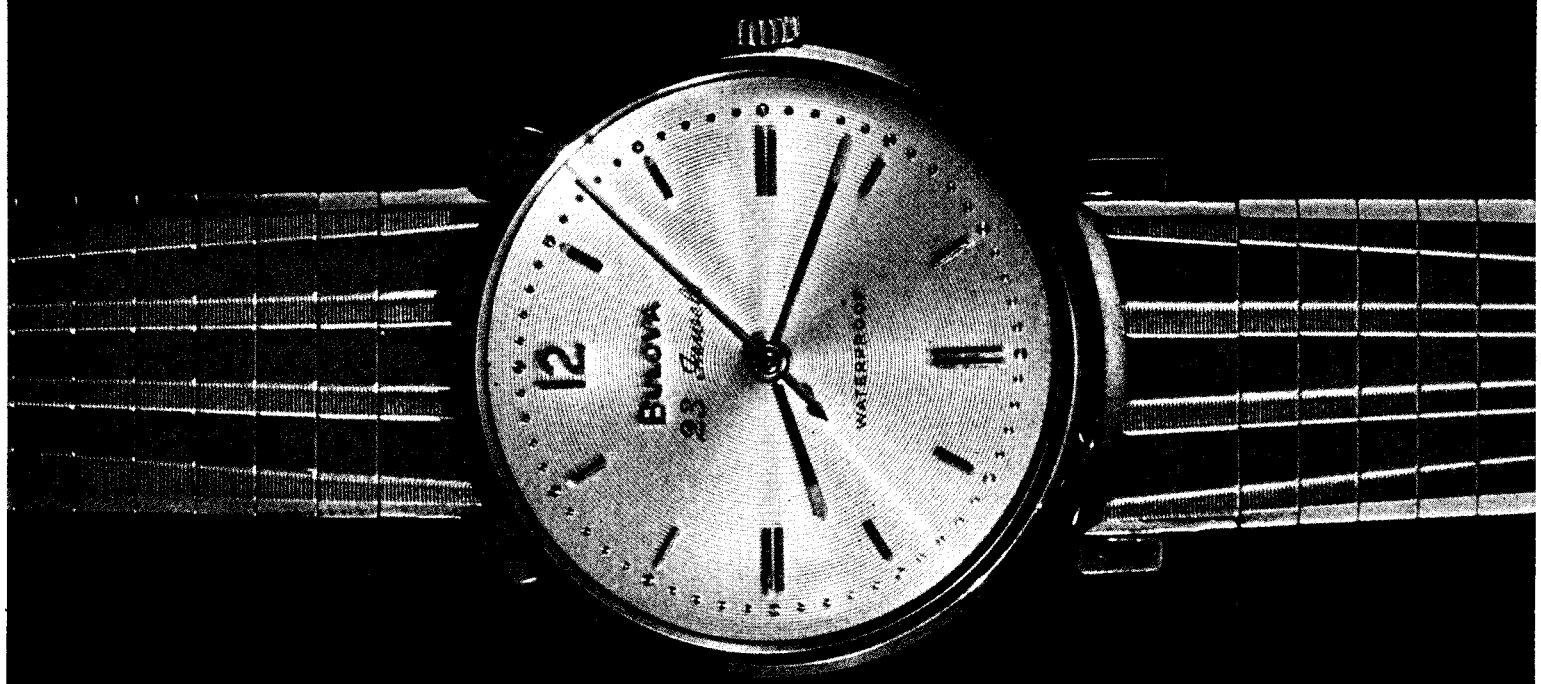

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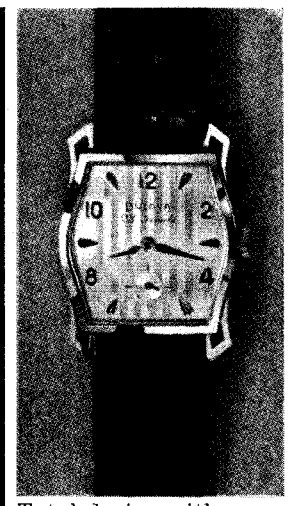
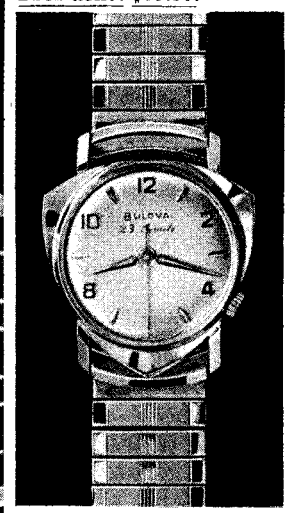
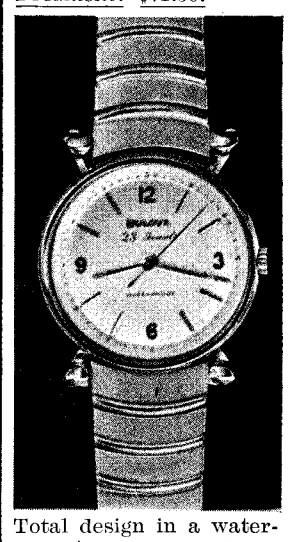


Total design with a sophisticated look. Curved case with striped dial. President: $59.50.



Total design in a watch that's cut to a 3-pointed shield-shape. Waterproof* President: $71.50.



Total design in a waterproof* that has a ship's wheel look to the case. White, too. President: $75.

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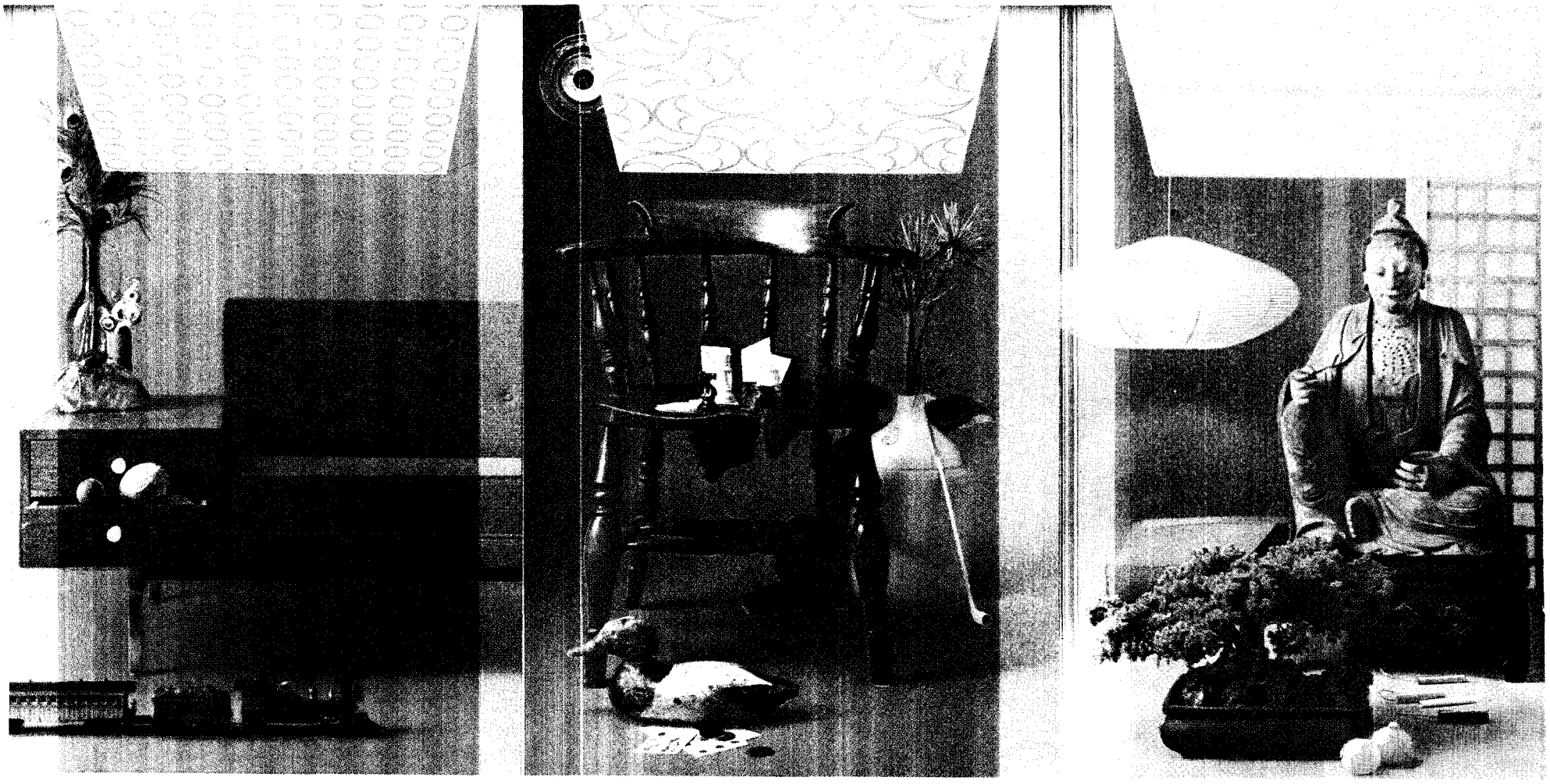

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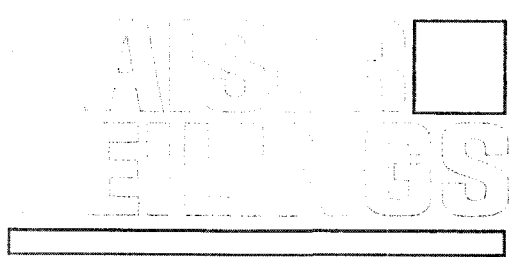

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(*Continued from Page 84*) the major abortion mills, raided and wrecked by Parker, have moved out of the state. The big bookies and betting commissioners and the race-wire services have crawled into holes, if, indeed, they are functioning at all.

The paradox in this seeming triumph of virtue over vice lies in the fact that some responsible citizens—and Parker does not doubt their sincerity—object to his cleanup methods and would like to dump him. Other people, equally responsible, have rewarded him with numerous honors. In 1953 he was chosen as "Citizen of the Year" by the Los Angeles Junior Chamber of Commerce. He won a B'nai B'rith award for "Distinguished Citizenship" and was elected to the executive board of the Boy Scouts. The International Association of City Managers said that Los Angeles "probably has the most soundly organized large police department in the country."

Nevertheless, Parker nurses the unshakable conviction—and it is a thought that gnaws away at him day and night—that people in most American cities are not really interested in efficient police service and they are developing "an appallingly high tolerance for crime."

"We put out forty-one million dollars a year to operate a police department in the city of Los Angeles, and I think that's horrible," he says. "We have become inured to criminality, and we are doing

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Leap-Year Lyric

Though thirtyish and older,
I'm flirtyish—and bolder.

Indra Kirpalani

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

nothing about it. We accept it as part of the American scene.

"The police have unjustly become a symbol of oppression. People cry out against us when we want to use wire taps or other devices to catch known offenders, and they yell about civil rights if we stop a car on suspicion and just happen to find it full of stolen goods. Even the courts are going along with this trend, and are coming up with one decision after another to make it easier for the criminal. But let these same crusaders become the victims in a crime, and the whole picture changes. Now they call the police in a hurry, and they want the villains put away for life."

If Parker imposes such rigid military discipline on himself, his men and the people, it's because of his one-track determination not only to have honest cops but also to give the men a dignified status they never had in a city that was corrupt and wide open for years.

He still bitterly resents, for instance, an incident that happened thirty years ago, when he was a rookie patrolman. He was off duty one evening and on his way to classes at law school when a weaving car barreled through a red light at some sixty miles an hour. Parker picked up the beat cop, who was standing on the corner blowing his whistle, and together they pursued and arrested the drunken driver. He turned out to be an influential newspaperman.

"This man," Parker recalls, "had a bottle of liquor in his car which, unfortunately, had been given to him by a police-captain friend. The brass was scared stiff, and nobody would book him. Earlier that day this same newspaperman had quarreled with the chief and had kicked out the door in the chief's office. The chief finally told me to go ahead and sign a complaint.

"But nothing happened. The prosecutors wouldn't prosecute, and when I took the case to court, the judge threw out the drunk-driving charge. This man came up to me and said, 'O.K., Parker. You tried to nail me. Now I'm going to nail you.' He put on the pressure to get me fired, and I would have been fired if a certain captain hadn't gone to bat for me. The newspaperman never forgave me, and he's been gunning for me ever since."

Parker learned early in life that a lawman's lot is not an easy one. Law enforcement is in his blood, and his career actually began when he was just a boy in his home town of Lead, South Dakota.

A pioneering grandfather, William Henry Parker, was United States Attorney for Colorado and later, as state's attorney in Deadwood, South Dakota, was elected to Congress. His son, William Henry Parker Jr. was a geologist who worked for the Homestake Mining Company in Deadwood and is buried in the little cemetery there, alongside two other pioneers who have since been immortalized on television—Calamity Jane and Wild Bill Hickok.

The third and last William Henry Parker in the family was born in Lead, some three miles from Deadwood, where his grandmother ran a boardinghouse. Parker still has a vivid recollection of being presented with a small silver badge—he was then eight years old—which made him an official deputy of the chief of police of Deadwood. He lost the badge years ago and never found it again. "Perhaps it was stolen by one of the neighborhood kids," he says. "It took me a long time to get over the loss."

Parker got his second badge when he was fifteen. He was going to high school at Deadwood during the day and at night he was a bellhop and house detective at the Franklin Hotel. His job was to keep an eye on the town harlots who hung around the hotel, and prevent them from prowling the upstairs corridors for customers. He can still see the incredulous expression on the powdered face of one such *fille de joie* when she looked at the fuzzy-cheeked boy who was telling her to scram. There must have been something commanding about Parker even then. The lady left in a hurry.

Some years later the family moved from Lead to Los Angeles. Parker joined the police department in August, 1927. Soon he had his second encounter with prostitution. He was working out of the Hollywood precinct, where there had been numerous complaints about a woman who was openly conducting her business on Santa Monica Boulevard. He parked his police car outside her apartment one night and watched men heading for her door. Each man did a double take, and hastily retreated, when he saw Parker sitting there in uniform. Presently the lady in the case came storming out to the sidewalk.

"Listen, you stupid !!**!!" she screamed. "You're ruining my business by hanging around here."

"That's the general idea," Parker said. "So what's the next move?"

"The next move is to put you in jail," he said.

Parker drove back to the station house, reported his findings and was stunned to discover that the Hollywood vice squad had little interest in the case. At that time uniformed officers were expected to do nothing but turn in reports, and the plain-clothes men on the vice squad would then decide whether to go out and make a pinch. Usually they did nothing.

Parker fumed about the setup that evening and then chose to stick his neck out. "If you're not going to move in," he said, "I'll take off my uniform and go out and work this case myself." What the vice-squad men thought about this brash and righteous young (*Continued on Page 89*)

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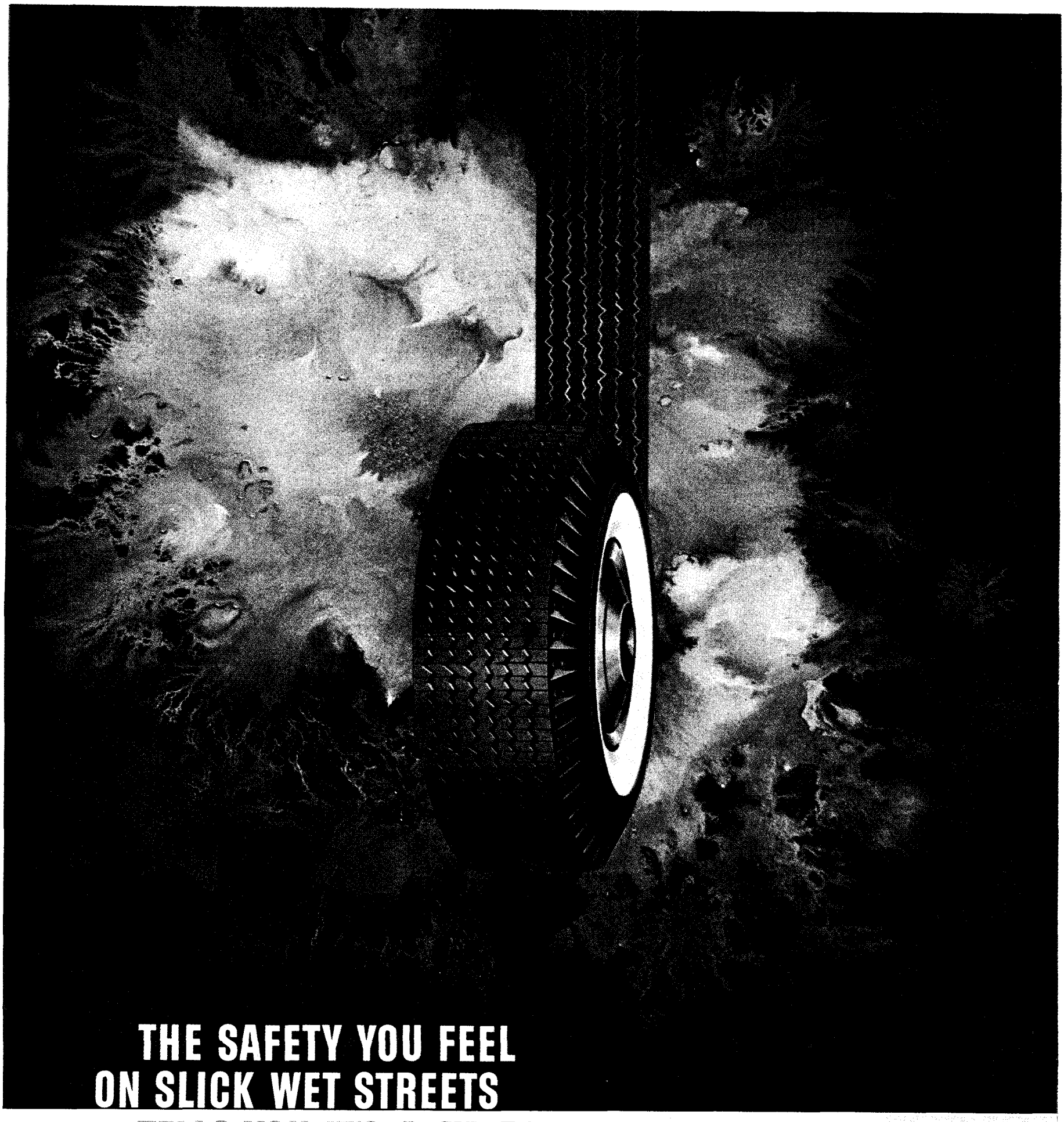

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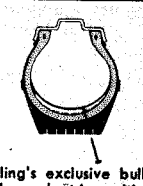

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(*Continued from Page 87*) policeman has not been recorded, but they did go out and reluctantly arrested the woman. She put up bail, of course, and was back in business an hour later.

Parker never forgot the incident, and one of his first moves when he became chief was a skeleton-rattling shakeup of the vice-control machinery. Today each of the fifteen division commanders must crack down on vice in his own area. An administrative vice squad, reporting directly to Parker, makes sure that no division is shirking the job. Moreover, Parker established an Intelligence Division under gangster expert Capt. James Hamilton, and these undercover agents track the daily movements of all the known organized crime leaders in Southern California. Many an Eastern mobster, arriving unannounced at the huge Los Angeles Airport, has been coldly greeted by one of Hamilton's tough detectives and given a choice of taking the next eastbound plane or getting a splash of unwanted publicity.

In retrospect it seems remarkable that Parker, who must have been the most stubborn and irritating rookie in the history of the then graft-corroded police department, was not clobbered into oblivion long before he got within sight of the chief's chair. During his first five years in uniform, when he already had his law degree and was beginning to make a reputation in promotional examinations, Parker was more or less lost in the Property Division. Morale was low, and able men without influence were ignored.

Later, on duty in the Central Booking Office, Parker was sickened to see his fellow cops drinking on the job. "It's hard to believe now," he says, "but there were mornings when I was the only sober man in the office, and no one seemed to care what the others did."

As a result of what he saw there, Parker became a one-man gang when he was assigned to run down the bootleggers in the Boyle Heights district. It was a tough neighborhood where armed policemen were supposed to patrol in pairs. But Parker, then ranked as a field sergeant, went out alone and put the alky cookers into a panic. He seized trucks and cars carrying hundreds of gallons of alcohol, and raided wine cellars and warehouses.

Three times during this period he was intercepted by booze smugglers as he went off shift. "What do you want, copper?" they asked.

"I don't want anything," he replied. "You're on one side of the fence and I'm on the other."

Parker was angered by these propositions and not only stepped up the raids but also began tagging the bootleggers' parked cars if the distance between the wheels and the curb was a fraction of an inch more than the one foot allowed by the law. One day Parker was suddenly summoned to the office of the division inspector.

"Parker," he said, "what division would you like to work in?"

"What do you mean?" Parker asked, but he knew exactly what the question meant.

"I mean," the inspector said, "if you happened to want a transfer, where would you like to go?"

"Hollywood Division," Parker replied.

And that's where he was sent. The liquor mobs had got him out of the way.

Parker doggedly continued taking promotional exams and came out on top in each test. But he was deliberately overlooked time after time. "I was the most passed-up man in the police department," he says wryly. "They just didn't want me in their hair." There came a day when Parker got the highest grade in an examination for lieutenant and found to his dismay that his name was No. 10 on the list. Parker's roar of protest was so loud that the grand jury launched an investigation of the whole examination procedure. In the eruption that followed one officer killed himself rather than testify, and twenty-three others were forcibly retired.

When World War II broke out Parker was still only a captain although he had finished first in examinations for two higher ranks, inspector and deputy chief. At that point Parker went into the Army as a captain, and was asked to organize the police-and-prisons plan for the Normandy invasion. He was strafed by a German plane during that invasion and was awarded the Purple Heart, along with a *Croix de guerre* from France. He served overseas two and a half years, rebuilding the civil government in Sardinia and establishing modern police departments in Frankfurt and Munich.

When Parker came home from the wars he found that, despite his record, he was still *persona non grata* in the upper echelons. He might have been permanently stashed away in some dark niche if a series of messy affairs had not cast a shadow over the police department.

First, Mickey Cohen's personal bodyguard, one Neddie Herbert, was shot to death in front of a crowded Sunset Strip restaurant. Then two other Cohen hoodlums, Frank Niccoli and Dave Ogul, mysteriously disappeared and have not been seen since. Finally, Brenda Allen, the Hollywood madam, was revealed as the sweetheart of a vice-squad detective. And cops were on the take all over town.

These affairs embarrassed a newly elected reform mayor, Fletcher Bowron, and led to the retirement of Police Chief C. B. Horrall. A retired Marine Corps general, William A. Worton, accepted a temporary appointment as chief of police.

Under city civil-service rules General Worton was not eligible to compete for a permanent job as chief, and he stepped out in March, 1950. Two dozen police officers then took the civil-service examination for the vacancy. Parker came out on top, but in July word leaked out that the five police commissioners, including a prominent woman politician named Mrs. Curtis Albro, stood three to two against Parker.

Parker heard via the city-hall grapevine that the commissioners planned to take their official vote at an emergency meeting in the Albro home where Mrs. Albro, a known Parker opponent, was dying of cancer. Parker bluntly told the commission that the proposed meeting was not only in bad taste but also illegal because the public could not attend. While the commissioners debated the point, Mrs. Albro died, and the votes were deadlocked. On August ninth, after one commissioner switched his vote, Parker was named to the post.

Like many another gangster in Los Angeles, Mickey Cohen had inside information on every detail of these events—or so he once told me—and Parker's appointment gave him a bad case of the shakes. "What a queer quirk," he said dolefully. "To use a gambling term, there were aces against Parker, and he never would have made it if Mrs. Albro hadn't died."

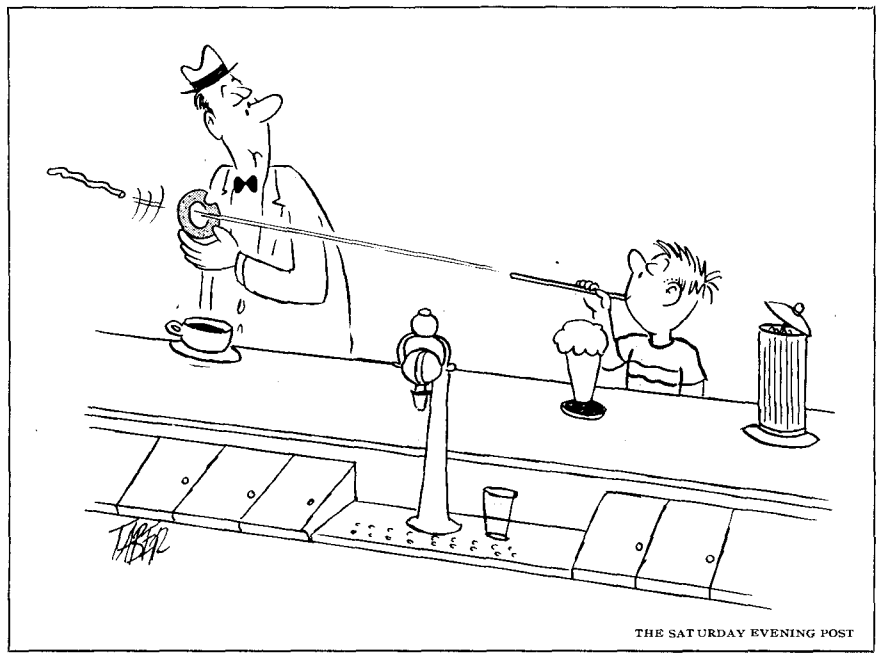
Mickey's lament is understandable. Parker had been chief only a few months when his men helped gather evidence that put the slippery little hood into McNeil Island Penitentiary for four years on an income-tax rap. Indeed, the Treasury Department awarded citations to the policemen involved for their work.

Not long after his release, no longer powerful and still simmering about it, Mickey made his now infamous television attack against Parker and Captain Hamilton on the Mike Wallace show. Parker had warned Wallace and the network that Mickey often frothed at the mouth, but the show went on anyway. Mickey not only called Parker and Hamilton some shockingly unpleasant names but also brazenly challenged Parker to sue for libel. The suit was filed almost before the TV tubes cooled off. It must seem agonizingly ironic to Mickey, who claims that he himself is broke, to know that Parker got a $45,000 tax-free settlement from the network and the Wallace sponsors, and that he will not only use the money for a long vacation trip to Europe this summer but will have something left over for his old age.

The case of Mickey Cohen, needless to say, has been only one of a score of exasperating happenings that have made Parker's career as turbulent as the inside of a cement mixer.

He had just begun to straighten out the snarls left by his predecessors when there occurred what is now unhappily remembered as the "Bloody Christmas" case. On Christmas Eve, 1951, seven Mexican-American youths were arrested after a free-for-all in a downtown bar. Rumors spread that one cop had lost his eye during the brawl, and when the boys reached the Central Station they were viciously and almost fatally beaten.

The public was nauseated by this brutality, and rightly so, and a numbed Chief Parker had to take the rap. Characteristically, though, he assigned a picked staff to investigate the case, and they spent months on the job with no time off. Some 300 men on duty that night were investigated. Two hundred of them got lie-detector tests. Parker turned the evidence over to a Police Board of Rights and to the grand jury. Eight officers were indicted, and four went to San Quentin or the county jail. Two others were dropped from the force, and another thirty-six officers received official reprimands.



As a result of this disgraceful event, Parker was determined to weed out all officers with goon tendencies. From that day to this, all candidates for the police must not only have a 110 I.Q., but must pass an exhaustive psychiatric examination. The tests are so severe that in any given starting group only 2.4 per cent wind up with a uniform and a badge. This system was pioneered by Los Angeles, and other cities have since followed suit.

"I believe we now have a great *esprit de corps* in the department," Parker says. "But unfortunately young men today still don't think of police work as a status profession."

Parker is painfully aware that many people consider him to be a sort of Dennis the Menace with a gold badge, and consequently he can have no life of his own. He is often at his desk until seven P.M., and is then driven home in an unmarked car by his bodyguard, Officer Philip Barone. He carries a gun, and enters his home in the Silver Lake District through a side door.

The Parkers have an unlisted phone, but the number has to be changed frequently because unknown enemies, learning the number by one means or another, regularly make threatening calls. More than once, in an obvious attempt to irritate Mrs. Parker, there have been mysterious female voices cooing, "Where is Billy? He was supposed to meet me at a bar an hour ago." At least twice—after supposedly reliable tips—the grounds were combed for a hidden bomb, and police experts have periodically searched the house for concealed mikes.

Because the Parkers have no children and almost no social life at all, their home serves as a sort of extra precinct. When he is not discussing some urgent matter on the phone, he is busy reading complex reports or writing a speech. He is a tireless public speaker, writes all his own material, and will talk to any recognized civic group willing to listen to his beliefs. Parker's speeches have been so provocative, indeed, that they have been published in book form, with a challenging introduction by O. W. Wilson, who was recently appointed to clean up Chicago's scandal-ridden police force. The book, titled *Parker on Police*, is used in many a police training school, and Parker donates the profits to a scholarship fund.

When Parker has a night off, he engages in a sort of self-punishing rendezvous with his television set. He listens to all the broadcasts by the Los Angeles commentators and news reporters because he wants to know what they think of Parker and the Los Angeles police. He often makes notes, and is quick to challenge any mistakes. One recent night, when former Gov. Goodwin Knight discussed crime on his new television show, Parker jumped out of his seat and grabbed the phone to call the studio.

"I've been listening to you, Goody," he said when the ex-governor came on the line. "You mentioned some figures on narcotics arrests, and you've got 'em all wrong. I think you ought to have the facts."

"Why, of course, Bill," Knight said.

Parker gave him the information, hung up and went back to his chair to monitor another news show.

THE END

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Village of the Dead

(Continued from Page 35)

She did not have very long to wait. She supposed it was a lifetime in this country that enabled her to feel creepily, before she actually saw, that there were people near. Sensibly she made use of the waiting time by eating a piece of cheese, an apple and two candy bars from the emergency ration she always carried. Her hunger satisfied, she lighted a cigarette and prepared to call upon her patience.

The Indian, when he came, might have been a mirage. She was not conscious of when he must first have begun to observe her. There was no creak of brush, no tinkle of a falling pebble to give away his presence. She realized that another Indian might have known from the changed volume of the birds, but the alteration was too slight to catch her own ear. But she had a nervous sense of somebody's nearness. She smoked quietly. The sense grew, and she was almost prepared when he appeared about ten feet in front of her car, a ghost figure in the fading light. They usually moved in pairs, and she was not surprised to see another Indian appear as silently as the first.

"*¡ Hola!*" She opened her window and spoke slowly and distinctly, hoping they understood at least the rudiments of Spanish. "I am in trouble. My engine goes not." It was enough for them for the moment, Noonie knew. Further explanation must wait until they had digested the rudiments.

It was hardly likely that there was anyone in the district who could do anything about her motor. But there would be a village they could tell her about, a place where she could sleep and eat and get some sort of transportation tomorrow to Santa Ispania or Corazon, if there was nothing nearer. It was even possible there was a bus that passed this way, one of those tenth-class jitneys, crammed with braided women with a string full of slowly strangling chickens to sell; and seraped men like stone images under their square black hats.

She had an assignment back in Guadalajara for which she would be late. But over the years even her meticulous Netherlander employers had been reluctantly forced to accept the Mexican sense of time. If Noonie failed to meet a deadline, they knew that no reporter in their power to employ could have met it. It had been years since such a failure on her part had been met with a telegram of anger or anxiety, trying to locate her. On occasion, unavoidably, she had vanished from their sight for as much as a month at a time. They were reconciled to her contacting them when she could. They would not try to find her. "*¡ Hola!*" Noonie spoke again patiently. "The engine is sick."

In the falling darkness the two Indians did not appear to move or open their lips. They remained shoulder to shoulder, watching, motionless as rocks and palpable as fog. Noonie waited for perhaps three or four minutes. And then she spoke again.

"Since the engine is sick, it does not go. Without it the car does not travel." She had faced similar situations in the past, had discovered that they felt reassured by being told that which they already knew. The trick was to use the familiar as a springboard to the unfamiliar, each time repeating until by repetition the unfamiliar became the familiar. These men had seen automobiles, of course. But their understanding of the relationship of engines and wheels could not be taken for granted.

"Since the car does not travel," Noonie said, "I cannot travel in it. I need bed. I need food." That was all she was prepared to burden them with. The complications of finding transportation tomorrow, she thought, was something that could wait until the essentials, the explanation of her presence here, were satisfactorily covered. She needed a bed.

The two Indians remained as they had been before. There was no gesture of the hands, no nodding or eye rolling. She began to doubt that they knew Spanish. If it came to the worst she had a sleeping bag in the car. She could make herself approximately comfortable for a night. And she had enough food to get by for a day or two if she had to. But at best, she thought, she might prevail on them to bring her to some picturesque village, even one to which no tourist or journalist had ever been. The very immobility of the two men convinced her that she was far off the beaten track. They showed not the least acquaintance with the forms of conventional hospitality, surprise, curiosity or even fear. Her papers liked her writing about unspoiled villages. She might very well stumble on a profitable article here, she thought.

Noonie blinked and the Indians vanished. They were quite possibly going for somebody, some one of them who knew some Spanish. Equally possible was that they had investigated her, had found her not dangerous, and that she would never see them again, although she well knew they would keep her under careful surveillance until somehow she and her automobile left their land. The thought was unnerving. If there were only a mechanic somewhere in the vicinity. A darker possibility, she thought, was the reverse: that even with all her care she had failed to establish her harmlessness. Tribal vengeance upon intruders was not supposed to happen any longer in Mexico, but she knew it did happen. You had to be very, very careful how you acted and what you said. Even then you could never be sure in such a remote district as this that you were not outraging some special, unheard-of taboo.

With the not-wholly-blasé nerve of experience Noonie locked the doors of her station wagon, wryly aware that the window glass was protection against little more than the insect clouds of evening. She lighted another cigarette. What would come, she thought, would come.

What came, after the lapse of some half an hour, was an answer to a prayer. This time she had no warning, even of that extrasensory presence.

"Lady?" The finger tapped the window on the driver's side, inches from her ear. Noonie jumped. The darkness was so intense that even the glowing end of her cigarette was sufficient to blind her. "Lady?" The finger tapped again. "Trouble, lady?"

She uncranked the window. "Hello," she said slowly in English. "You speak."

"*Sí*," the voice said expansively. "One time, many times in Santa Monica beach town. Many fix and now come back home." She could see him a little as he leaned in the opened window. He was without doubt a Nayarit, like the others. His face had the familiar delicate oval, the smoothness, the upthrust cheekbones. And she could make out the whiteness of his teeth.

"I am so grateful you've come," Noonie said.

"*Sí*, lady," he agreed, showing his teeth again. "How matter? Vap'lock?"

She started, and stared at him, frowning. "No. It's not vapor lock," she said then. "I don't know what it is. You're not a mechanic?"

"*Sí*, lady. Santa Monica fix many times. ABC Garage. Fix them all up. You know ABC Garage Santa Monica beach town, lady?"

"This is a godsend," Noonie said. She frowned. "I think I stopped there once. Something with the gas. I don't remember. Would you take a look at it for me?"

"*Sí*. You come torch?"

"Yes," she said. "I've got a flashlight right here in the glove compartment." She got it out, switched it on and handed it to him. In its brief light she could see he looked young, about the age she expected. It was virtually impossible to tell with Indian faces, however. They aged so slowly that a man of sixty often looked but a few years older than an impassive boy of twenty. It was the women who aged badly in the Indian country.

"Lock," the boy said.

"Yes," Noonie said. She reached forward and yanked the hood lock. With a bang the Indian opened the hood and bent over the engine. She waited a moment, debating as she always did the etiquette of it, but as usual her curiosity took over and she opened her door and came out. "You find anything?"

"*Sí*." He reached down and touched some part or other. "But the word, the English word." He waited a moment, familiarly impassive. The word did not come to him. He said something in dialect and she shook her head.

"Can you fix it?"

"*Sí*. Santa Ispania."

"Tomorrow, I suppose?"

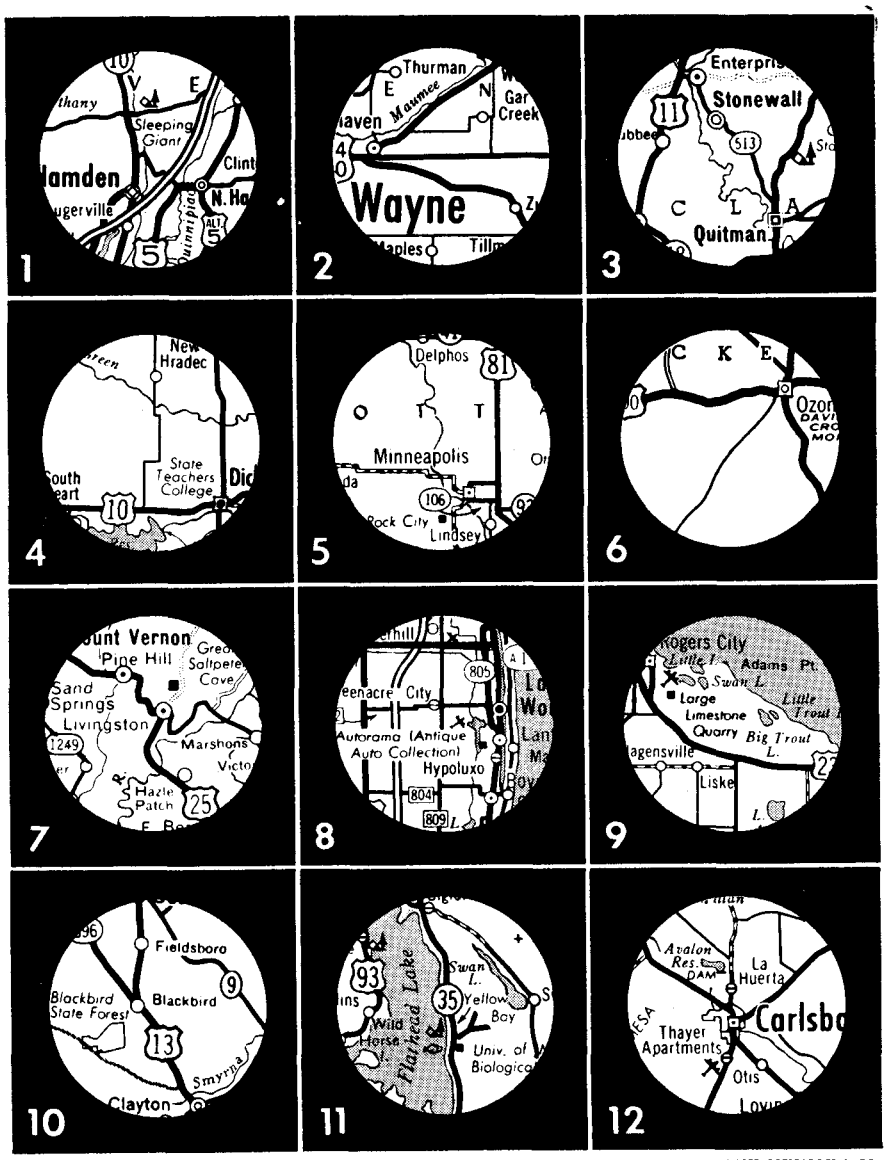
"*Sí*." He straightened, but she was alert enough to pull her fingers away an instant before they would have been caught in the slamming hood.

"You couldn't do anything tonight?" she said. She waited, but there was no answer. He stood motionless, looking at her station wagon. She was insufferably weary. "I need a place to sleep then," she said. "And a place to eat." She forced herself to focus her eyes on him. "And then tomorrow you'll go to Santa Ispania to get whatever I need?"

"*Sí*," he said dully. "Many fix." Then at once he started to walk away.

It was fortunate that she was organized, she thought, for he did not seem inclined to wait for her. But it required only a moment to take her overnight bag and her canteen of purified water and her cigarettes. She left the station wagon unlocked. The car would be an attraction, she knew, and the curious would insist on handling the baubles they would see inside. Locking the car would only earn her shattered glass for her unsophistication—and their own. Whether they would steal or would meticulously replace each examined object precisely as they had found it depended on the local custom. In either case she knew she had no choice.

(*Continued on Page 94*)



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Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 94*)

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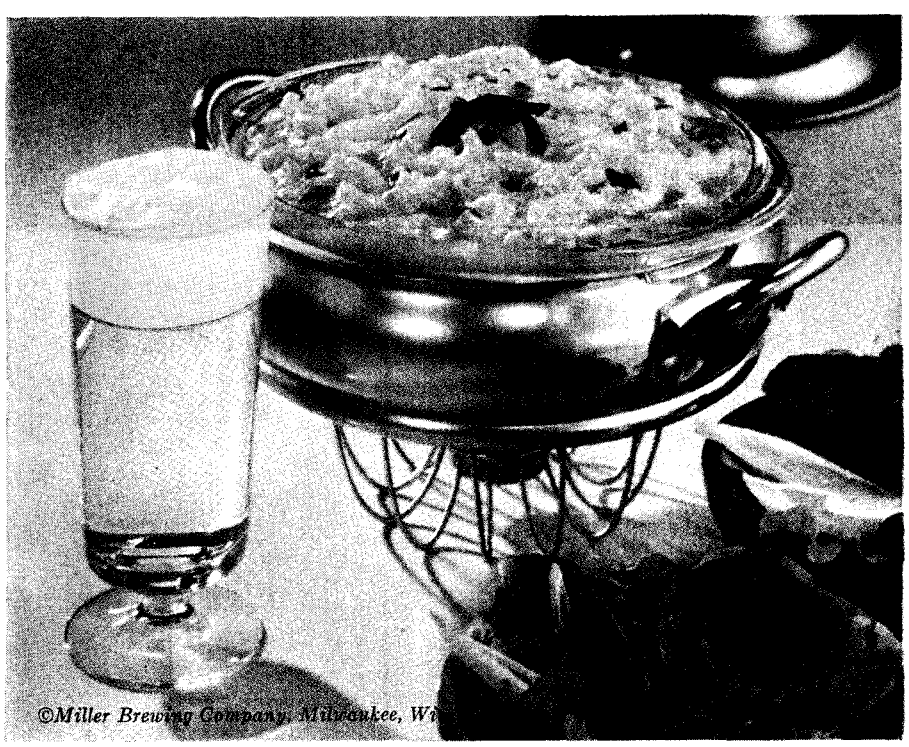

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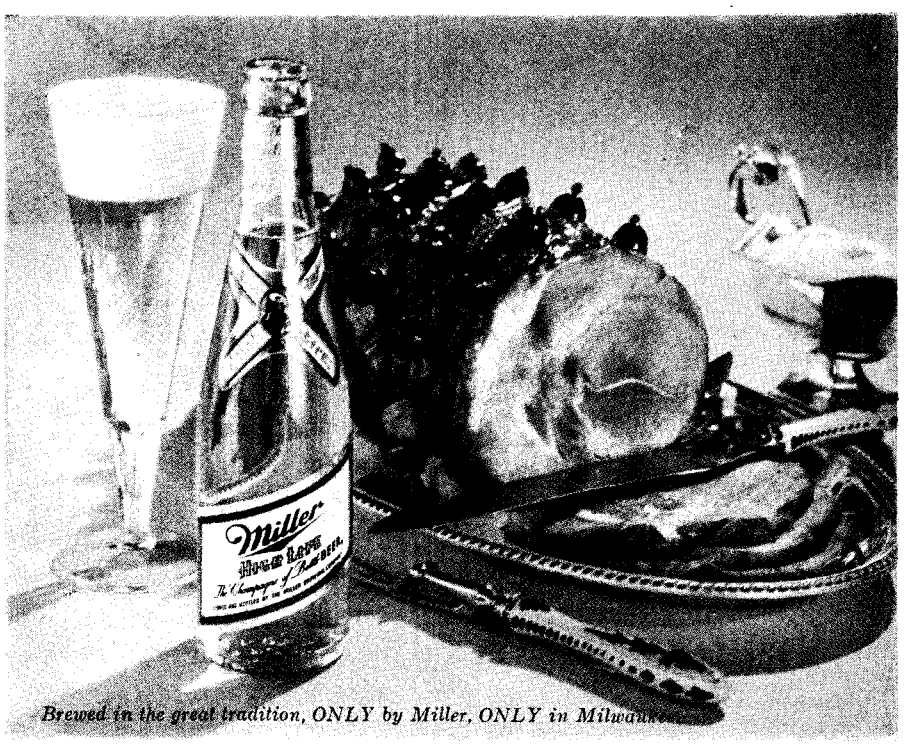

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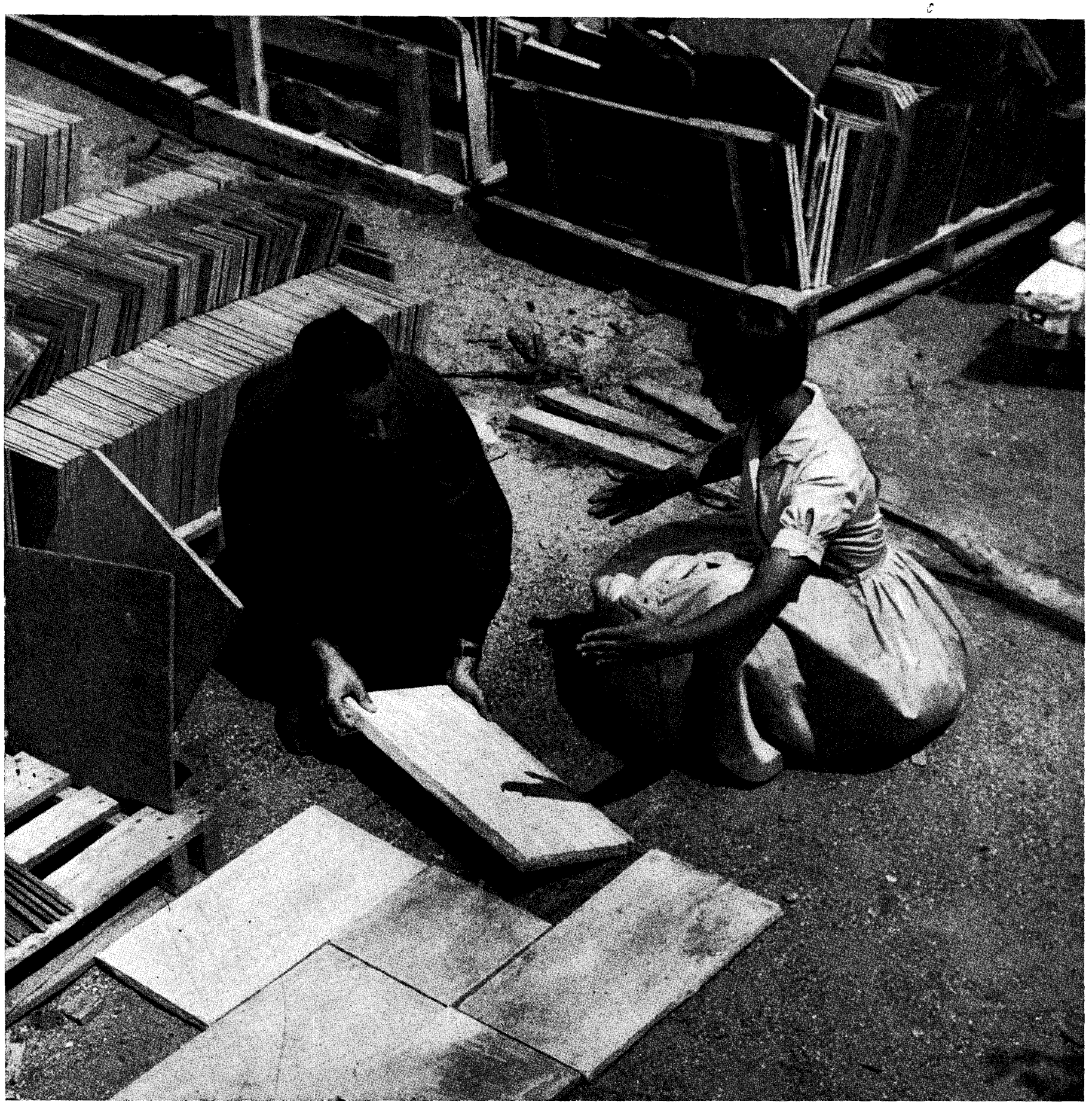

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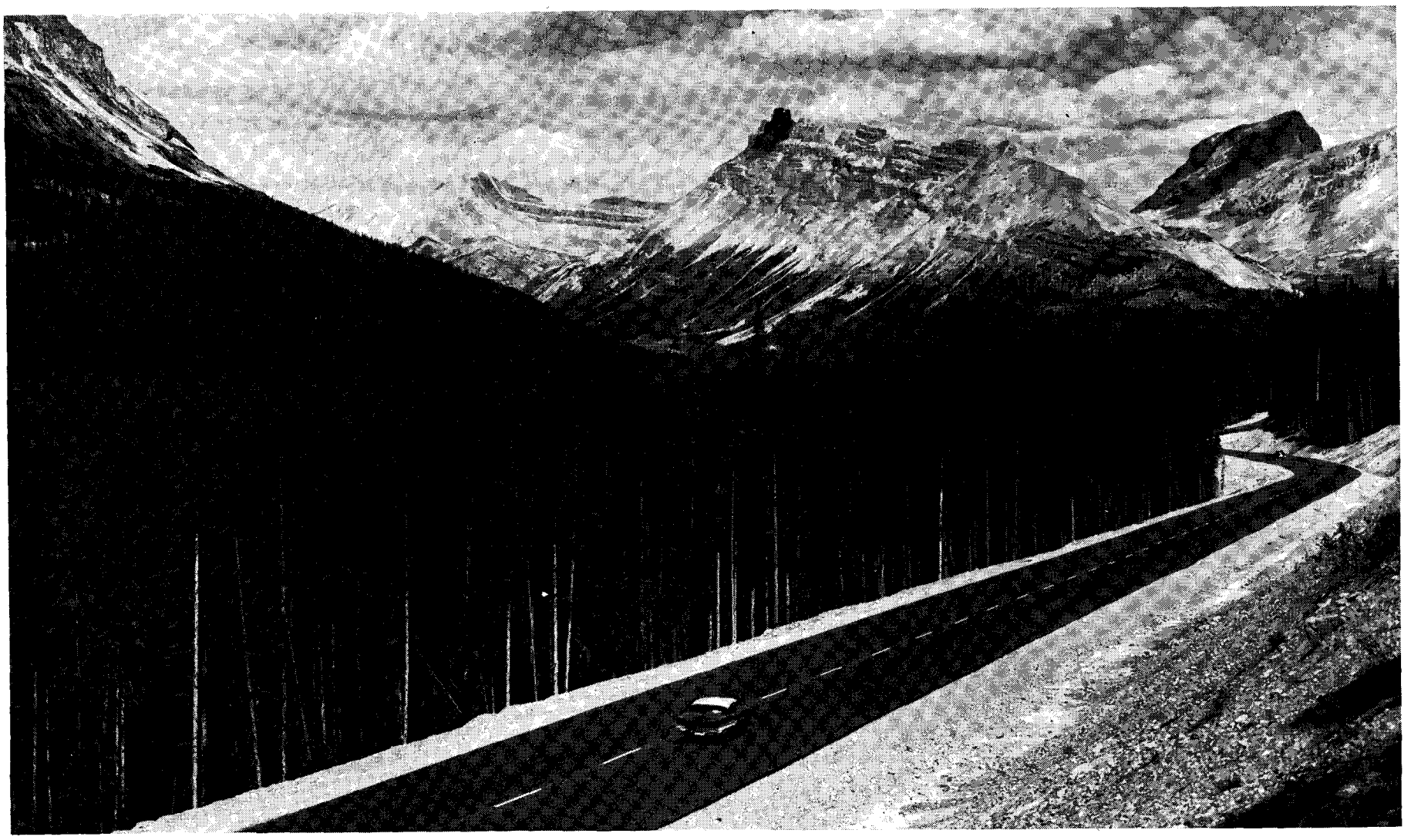

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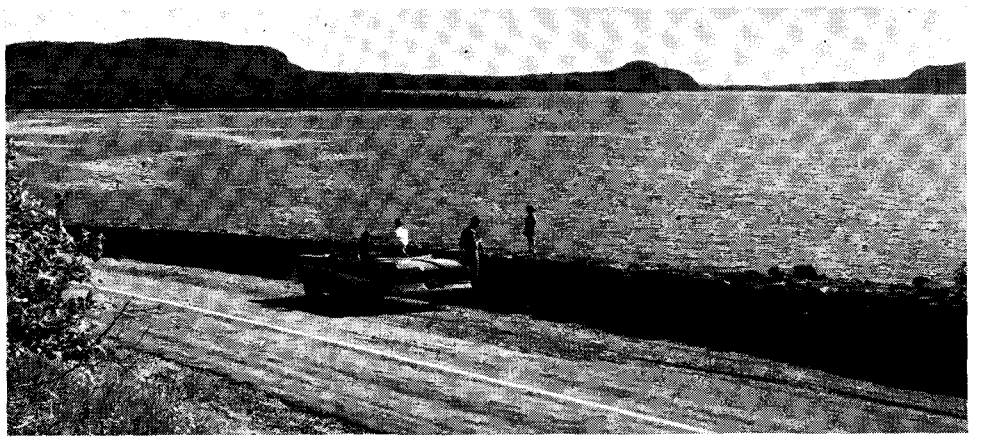

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(*Continued from Page 90*) Her guide moved at a pace that soon had her shifting the growing weight of her suitcase from hand to hand, juggling the water bottle as best she could. It was a mountain trail, at first a vague jungle path. "The flashlight," Noonie said, for he had continued his hold on it. "The torch."

"*Sí*," he said. But he did not turn it on.

Shortly, however, the trail improved and they stepped into a roadway that was at least equal to that she had been traveling, and she guessed that this led to the village. She did not ask.

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After no more than a hundred steps she saw a light. The light began to brighten, and the way broadened. But there was no town here—on her map. Surely a place capable of throwing out this much candlepower would have been marked. "Not Santa Iglesia?" she said, puzzled.

"*Sí*," her guide said.

Santa Iglesia had been charted on her map. But here again, the map makers had played ducks and drakes with location. Instead of showing it as perhaps a half mile off the Corazon-Santa Ispania road, her map had cast it another thirty kilometers into the jungle. Moreover, they had given it no access. In planning her own route she had noted this and had been briefly interested in Santa Iglesia's very isolation. She had written it off as one of those defunct settlements, an uninhabited ruin, that appeared only because the map makers had been told that it was there, because it filled in a blank area and tended to make the countryside seem less desolate.

But Santa Iglesia really merited its inclusion. Indeed, it was almost incredible that it had not already been "found," she thought, by that bustling segment of tourists who tirelessly sought a place to which the tourists did not go. Santa Iglesia was a genuine jewel. She could almost feel the solid weight of the guilders she would get for an article on it.

It was unquestionably of early Spanish construction. The town itself seemed to her no more than a matter of fifty houses. These and the Moorish façade of the church on which the town centered were adobe, quite possibly originals, from the scaled condition of their walls. She guessed it as sixteenth, possibly even fifteenth, century.

Latticed between the adobe houses were afterthought dwellings of thatch, the interstices so completely filled that, passing through the opened, rusted wings of the ornate, authentic conquistador gate, the town seemed as closely packed as a kasbah. Who had built Santa Iglesia and why, possibly no one in it still knew, Noonie thought. There were hundreds of villages like it in the country, but almost all the others, no matter how far off the beaten track, were well exploited by now. Santa Iglesia was as yet "undiscovered." She was positive she would have heard if it were otherwise.

And there was the most fascinating medieval feeling here, she thought. It would be almost a shame to publicize it, to bring in the hordes of gogglers and picture takers who would spoil it; and she was devoted enough to her trade to be surprised at herself, for she had experienced this feeling of purity only a handful of times before. There was no electric light. Instead, pitch torches burned in scaling iron sconces here and there at the angles of walls, just as they must have centuries ago. As she followed her guide in silence—it was this silence again that made her certain Santa Iglesia was Indian, not Mexican—the light grew and she found herself facing the church, and before it the tiny flagstoned plaza. In the center of this plaza, where in every other Mexican town she could recall stood the fountain, there was fire. Low steps led to a circular platform of stone. On it was a blaze large enough to throw an intense light all around the square. She had read about this custom, but she had never dared hope to see it. The sense of history made her feel oddly lightheaded.

It was amazing. In all her years of wandering through Mexico she had never dreamed of such luck. The firelight, the pure Sevillian architecture—the very spirit of the place was like something lifted bodily from the Middle Ages. Here you could believe, she thought, as even intelligent men of Luther's and Erasmus' time had believed, in the actuality of spirits and elves, the dead-certain tangibility of the aching poison on the prongs of Satan's pitchfork.

And then, just as she was about to erupt in admiration to her guide, she saw another, less romantic, fixture out of the Middle Ages. An enormous rat, running unhurriedly with the mechanical even cant of body, as though its legs were wheels, rolled past her.

Uncontrollably Noonie shuddered. "Food," she said to her guide, mastering herself, suddenly almost pleading. "And a bed. Any bed." She looked at him. He did not seem to have taken notice of the rat. His eyes, black in the leaping firelight, did not move. And all at once, with the same indefinable sense with which she had somehow known that the Indians were there before she saw them, she felt a calm and reasoned sense of terror.

This time there was nothing to put her fingers on. Only that some sixth sense in her seemed to hear a rustling, like the pattering of ghostly applause heard distantly, a rustling far back beyond the crackle of the fire that almost alone punctuated the sleeping yet—she felt—watching village. She shook her heavy head dully. She was wearier than she had realized.

"I'd like a bed," she said, deliberately firm. "See if you can arrange it." She paused. "What do you call yourself?" She found this better. There was reassurance in realities. How her placid, pipe-smoking editors would have laughed at her for her trepidations, she thought ruefully, from their sensible Holland hearths. She could almost hear them speak: "Drivel, Miss Brecht. You need a vacation. At your own expense, of course." Noonie smiled wanly.

"*Sí*," her companion said. "I am called Juan." She nodded. It was the most common name in the country. "Tomorrow all fix." And Juan crossed himself.

"Fine," she said. Tomorrow, she thought, and the trip he would make to Santa Ispania for whatever part it was that her engine needed, were realities. Daylight and names were all fine practical realities. "I am Miss Brecht," she announced in a schoolmarm voice. He nodded.

Yet that crossing of himself —— Even now, after she had put her irrational fears back where they belonged, that puzzled her. It was, she knew, a nearly habitual gesture in this country. She had seen men cross themselves in the hope it would not rain or that their lottery ticket would win or that they might succeed with some girl. But there were differences in how it was done, and the habitual gesture was accomplished tongue in cheek, with a wink to God, with the same instinctive something an Anglo-Saxon used to take the curse off a minor taking of His name in vain. Yet Juan had crossed himself with seriousness. The fixing of her station wagon, she thought, no matter how serious a matter it was to herself, did not seem to call for so much concern from Juan.

Facing the church, on the other side of the plaza, was a larger building which she guessed had been administration offices when Santa Iglesia had functioned under Spanish rule. Flanking it were two large houses which might have been the villas of the town's mayor and of its priest. Juan led the way to one of these, moving noiselessly over the worn, uneven flagging.

It was the lack of noise that struck Noonie, now that she had begun to assimilate the wonder of the town itself. The logs of the plaza fire crackled in their crude iron basket, and one broke and instinctively she turned in alarm. There were two Indians near the fire, perhaps the same two she had seen before, but it was impossible to tell. She had wondered at there being no fire tenders. Even though she knew they must have been hidden from her in the shadows, the irrational thought persisted that somehow they might have been standing in the plaza all the time, that somehow she had been unable to see them. They were motionless. They paid her no attention.

Juan did not knock. The great iron-studded door swung at his touch, opening inward with a hushed creak on blackness. He gave her no sign or signal, so she followed him as best she could down what she judged to be a long hall. She had a dim impression of rooms giving off it, ancient, unused rooms with twenty-foot ceilings. Juan led her at length into the kitchen.

Here were many people. At least her second thought told her that had been her first impression, for she could actually make out only a half dozen figures in the red-gray glow of charcoal from the kitchen hearth. Those she could see were all women. All of them squatted on their heels, their arms clasped around their knees. Except for the ticking of the fire, there was not a sound.

Juan bent down, speaking in a hushed monotone to what seemed the most ancient of the squatting women. After a long time the crone looked around. Her parchment face was without expression. Noonie could have sworn the old woman saw nothing. Yet there was a look of vague, numb terror on that old face. The blind eyes stared, unseeing, a look Noonie had never before experienced. Yet she was used to being stared at. Out of habit therefore, she kept her own face expressionless. That kind of ceremonial impassivity was a ritual.

Yet there was more here, she thought, than mere native impassivity. Such utter quiet. She had seen Indians like that on The Day of the Dead, a family squatted around a tombstone, motionless as the hours passed, graven, almost nonexisting. Somehow, more than any single sight in this country of strange sights, this Indian immobility seemed to represent the tragedy that lay over the whole country. Centuries ago the conquistadors had broken the Indian population. She recalled seeing Indian boys riding bicycles without brakes down incredible winding mountain roads, and of learning that not infrequently one of them was killed. She had thought them the bravest people in the world. It had taken her decades to understand it was not bravery. What the conquistadors had killed in them was the sense of cause and effect. They seemed unable to relate to averages and probabilities, to see those hair-raising coasts down the mountains as potentially fatal. They could see (*Continued on Page 96*)

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 90)

1. Conn.	2. Ind.	3. Miss.
4. N. Dak.	5. Kans.	6. Tex.
7. Ky.	8. Fla.	9. Mich.
10. Del.	11. Mont.	12. N. Mex.

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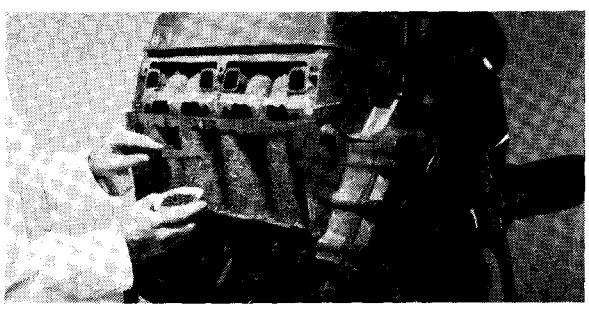

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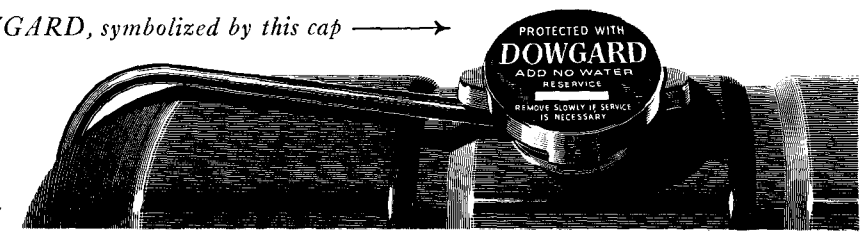

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Homko

(*Continued from Page 94*) no relation between the death of another and the death of themselves. They could not understand what a lack of care had to do with rust and rot. Indian Mexico had no time, no idea of progress because progress was impossible without concatenation. It was trackless, unfixed and unreferenced as an ocean.

Juan straightened, and as he did so a young Indian materialized out of the blackness that hid the kitchen walls. Without speaking he took from the side of the hearth a straight club and thrust it into the coals. Nobody shifted; no expression changed. But as the torch caught and began to burn with a thick, oily flame, Noonie saw that her first impression had been right. As the fire pushed back the blackness she saw the room was nearly filled with motionless standees, all of them men, surrounding the squatting women. It was eerie, Noonie thought, that so many of them in the room could be so oblivious, so silent.

"He fix bed," Juan whispered to her as they followed the young Indian from the kitchen. Not a single head had turned as they left. The instant she was away from the kitchen she found it difficult to believe in its existence or that of the people she had seen there. She could almost have allowed herself to go back to make sure. But she was really feeling wretched with fatigue. She let it go.

"And then tomorrow you will go to Santa Ispania," she made herself say again to Juan. She found she was whispering. "You fix the car tomorrow." You had to keep repeating things, she knew; otherwise they could forget.

"*Si*, lady," the mechanic whispered back. He glanced over his shoulder and wet his lips. "He fix." Juan gestured at their guide going before them with the torch, moving as if he were alone. "All fix. Sleep, lady." Juan ducked his head. In a moment he had vanished into the blackness.

The guttering torch moved on before her, never waiting, up what had once been a truly magnificent staircase. It was broken now, its stone steps chipped and dangerous. A great piece of balustrade was missing. She caught a faint glisten of reflection far overhead and guessed it to be the kind of huge crystal-and-iron chandelier common in the interior decoration of the New World settlements, the kind one saw now mainly in museums. It might weigh a thousand pounds. The roof joists had certainly not been kept up, to judge by the other evidence around her. She hunched her shoulders and hurried up the silent stairs after her indifferent guide.

There was another hallway on the second floor, and she had a glimpse through windows almost opaque with dust of the plaza and the glowing fire, strangely skewed through the glass that was so old it had run. As she looked, the fire tenders threw more logs on the pyre, and a shower of sparks scorched upward. Upstairs too, were doors, some closed, some ajar. The torchbearer turned into one of them, stuck his brand into a wall sconce. As though he had never seen her, he departed soundlessly.

It was a square stone chamber, cavernous in the torchlight. She took the torch and moved around the room to a fireplace a half-grown child might have stood upright in, its fire bed covered with ashes of so long ago that they had fused, and the congealed mass itself was slick with mold. There was a bed alcove in which no bed was, separated from the rest of the great room by two steps and by fluted pillars of stone. Looking upward she was able to form a hazy impression of ceiling frescoes, lacy love scenes from Tiepolo and Watteau and Uccello-like horses and men-at-arms. But the pictures were twenty feet over her head, and the figures ravaged by time. Tomorrow she would see it all better, she decided.

She had thought this cold stone boudoir entirely bare. But there was an ambry, a giant clothespress in the massive style of the fifteenth century. Trembling a little with the thrill of discovery, she pulled on the massive key that stood out from the massive lock. The cupboard opened. There was nothing inside.

She stood still for a moment. This, sometime, had been a woman's boudoir. She did not know why she was certain of it. The centuries had certainly drained all hint of fragrance that might once have clung to the closet. Yet a woman had surely lived here once. Who had she been? Where had she gone?

And who indeed had built the town itself? Noonie wondered. When? What for? She moved forward slowly to her front windows, even more dirt-encrusted than those of the hallway, and rubbed a hole with her fist until she could make out the plaza and the plaza fire.

Perhaps there had been mines here, or cocoa or sisal or maguey, gathered through the centuries until the Indian labor population had been decimated by disease and its remnants fled to the jungle. Perhaps some younger son of a favorite Spanish courtier, fleeing from the church or from women or from debts, had been handed a map long ago with a careless circle drawn on it like some of the old land grants she had seen, to show his estate in the offhand manner of some sovereign grace of Spain; and then he had come here and built this town and, by the look of it, had certainly flourished for a time. Centuries later the Indians had come back to take over the master's house, to live among the things they did not understand. Noonie shook her head.

There was one other piece of furniture in the room, a straw pallet in the corner by the door. The straw was old and brittle—and probably flea-ridden, she thought—but at least it was not moldy. She debated sleeping on the floor, but the cold would drive her from it in an hour. She settled down to make the best of it.

She had hardly done so, falling straight downward into a drugged doze, when she heard the noise. Downstairs, among those people in the kitchen, there was a soft concerted groan.

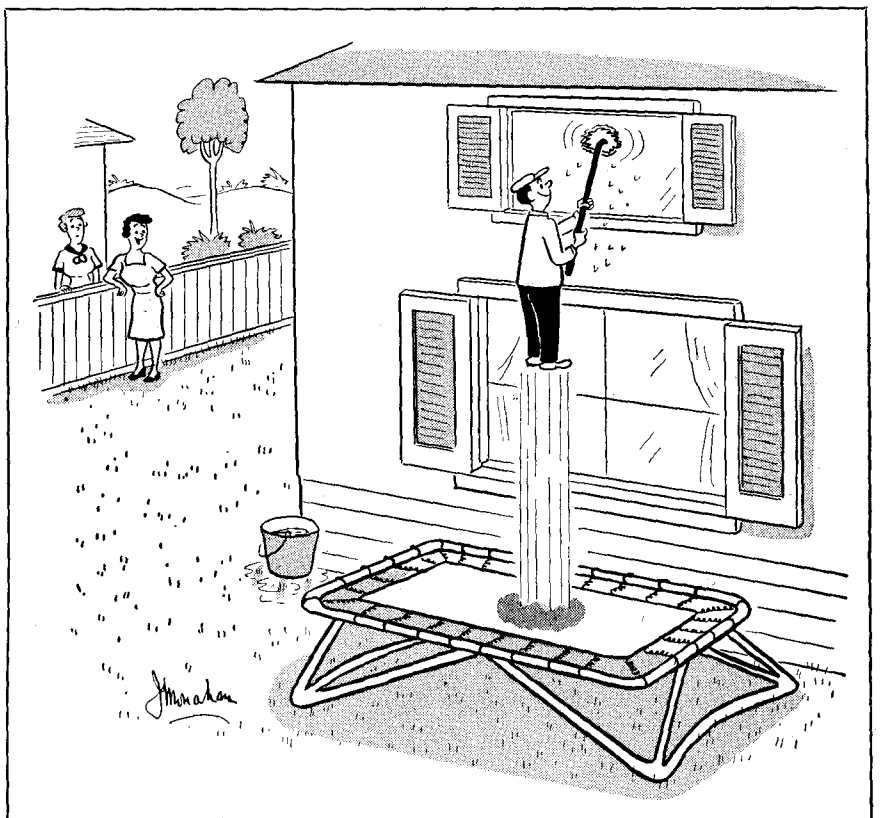
She sat up at once, listening, struggling for alertness. The sound had been a wail of despair; there was no question about that. Yet it had been a strangely mannered groan, as if organized. The sound had in it also the quality of a sigh, she thought, of bad news awaited, of something that had to be.

She listened, straining. But the groan was not repeated. The ancient *estancia* was as primordially silent as it had ever been. Yet she knew she had heard that groan. It made the void of silence that followed it doubly unnerving. Anger and unease mixed in her. Despite her marvelous discovery, she began to wish she had spent the night in her car. It was too late for that now.

But her news reflex was an iron habit. It took all of it to drag her compulsively from her bed. But she did it and went to the hole she had rubbed in the dirty window. She was astonished. Around the fire in the plaza, on which a half dozen figures were now recklessly hurling logs with impassive frenzy, stood what must be the whole town's population. Indeed it did not seem to her that the town could hold so many people and still afford the number of vacant rooms she had seen in this house. It gave her a feeling that there was something special about this house, some reason why they would not live in it.

The plaza was jammed. As the fire quickly climbed up the pyramid of wood the men were still adding to, she saw more and more people—back and back as the firelight shot farther, back to the very edges of the square. Then again, but a little louder than the first time—and in spite of the vastly increased numbers—they groaned in unison as before.

And that was all. Nothing whatever happened further. Except that they continued to stand there and the fire tenders continued to build up the blaze. They slacked off; but they wanted that fire high, Noonie saw, as if they must get every bit of light they could. Perhaps five hundred Indians (*Continued on Page 98*)



"John makes a game of any kind of work."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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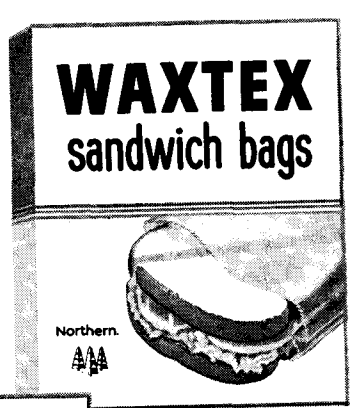
"You can turn it upside down – and shake it. But Waxtex won't fall out of the box! My Mother's glad. And she's glad this nice Waxtex keeps all our foods fresh as fresh. I wonder why it won't fall out of the box?"



Northern. WAXTEX®

Northern Waxtex is another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 96*) stood in that plaza for as long as Noonie could keep her desperate fatigue at bay to watch them.

She watched for as long as she could, fearful of missing some strange act by these strange, immobile people. She watched until her eyes were strained, until she realized she was developing a fearful headache. She went to bed, leaving them still standing. Even as she plunged down toward sleep, itching from the fleas, she was aware that not fifty feet from where she slept a mob could stand, soundless.

It took her a puzzling moment when she awoke to remember where she was. She wasn't frightened, but she recalled dimly her sights and premonitions of the night before. She had never had much room in her life for vagueness, and she blamed it on the restless, slightly drunken feeling she awoke with. She hadn't had a cold for ages, she thought. She was paying the price of aging and of overdoing. And now was a particularly rotten time to come down with a cold. More than that, she had apparently gone to sleep lying on her arm, for her shoulder felt stiff and rheumatic.

She got herself up from the pallet, moistened her face with a little of the water from her canteen, combed her hair and took a drink. Then she peered out her window. The small plaza was quite altered in daylight. The fire basket was only a gaunt and mundane iron skeleton in the sun, half full of charcoal and gray ashes. There were no more than half a dozen persons in the square, but she was really inordinately pleased to see two rickety tables and a couple of battered chairs that indicated Santa Iglesia boasted a cantina of sorts. She knew she would have had to nerve herself considerably to have gone downstairs to try to get some breakfast out of that kitchen she had seen last night.

She met no one, heard no sound in the hall or on the stairs. The big door gave to her pull with its muffled creak, a routine-enough sound in daylight, she thought. The force of the blazing sun was a welcome intoxication that warmed her inside as well as out. She sat down at one of the cantina tables.

"*Huevos*," she said to the Indian who appeared. "Eggs. Anything." He did not respond. He stood four or five feet away from her, his eyes downcast. "Eat! Food!" she snapped impatiently. His eyes lifted, but not to her. He squinted quickly around the semideserted square, and her eyes followed. The few idlers, as she sought them out in turn, seemed absorbed in some deep interior concern. She remembered then that while crossing the square she had looked at them, and that they had not looked back. And they had more than ignored her, she thought. They gave her a feeling that she did not exist.

She made the motions of eating and drinking again, and the Indian beside her went away. She closed her eyes tightly. She did not ordinarily wear sun glasses; she suspected the blind stare of those who did. And besides she was used to the glare. But she had a pair in the station wagon. She would get them after she ate, she decided. The plaza was so brilliant that it was making her headache come violently on again.

She was brought some food at last. A cup of chocolate, a glass of some kind of local brandy and a sweetened mess of something that resembled rhubarb or cassava. "Juan?" she said. "Do you know which one is Juan? Where he lives? He is twenty-six or maybe twenty-seven summers?" She had never known a mechanic, she thought, who hadn't irked her. Juan was similarly provoking. She gave up trying the Spanish language. "Juan? *Juan?*" The Indian who served her did not raise his eyes to her. He did not even shrug. It was likely that Juan had some entirely different name in the Indian dialect, she thought. But her small sense of panic was ridiculous. In a place the size of Santa Iglesia, it seemed improbable that she could be long in finding him. Her eyes went again to the idlers, stationed motionless about this plaza. Everything was as before. All the same, she believed they must be watching her with the utmost intensity.

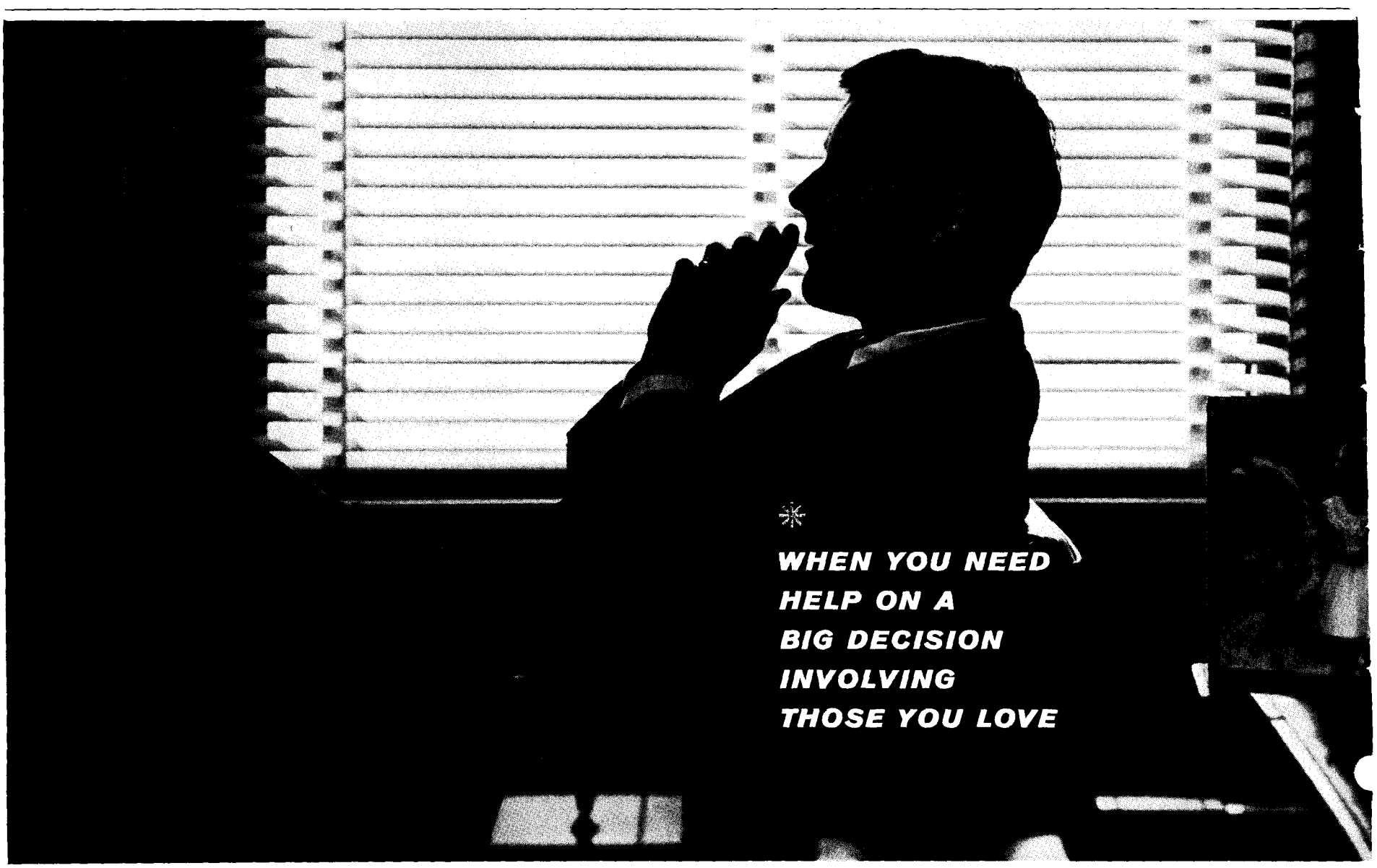
The chocolate and the *manioc*, or whatever it was, were gaggingly sweet. All she really wanted, she found, was the brandy. Rather than increasing her slightly sick sense of unreality, it seemed to lessen the feeling, and she would have had another. But when she went inside the cantina nobody was there. She called, but there was no answer. She gave it up and put some money on the table beside the uneaten root vegetable and left. On her way out of the square she tried the nearest of the idlers. "Juan? You know Juan?" There was no response.

Her station wagon was stripped. Everything—down to the last paper clip and broken rubber band in the crevices of the glove compartment—was gone. Even the ash trays had been removed from their sockets, and the haft of the gearshift lever unscrewed. The mat was gone from the floor. Nothing was broken. Nothing that would have taken tools to remove was missing. It was as hopelessly, lifelessly clean as a cicada shell.

She stood looking at it dumbly. And without knowing how the transition came about, by degrees she seemed to be looking at herself. Slowly her eyes filled with outrageous tears. She could not understand why. She did not cry. And theft had happened to her before. It wasn't that. She was a trouper. Theft was a chance you took, that you were prepared for. Why was it then that this theft should seem to her so especially cruel? It was part of Mexico. She loved Mexico. She expected no mercy from the country, of course, not because it was a vicious country, but because it was an indifferent country. Yet somehow the car was she, and she the car, an old shell. She had loved Mexico for years, its simplicity, its gay colors, its passions and its songs, and yes, even this adumbrative thing she had used to think of as its innate sense of privacy that now she found herself calling its indifference. She was a tired old woman, she thought. She did not feel well. She wanted somebody to help her. She wanted somebody to care.

But all there was was the screaming silence of the jungle, the blazing hot colors of macaws and parrots, the deaf, dumb and blind horror of nature birthing, breeding, dying, over and over, jungle rotting, feeding more jungle, over and over.

She started to run. Her blind drive was actually so great that she was carried on it two hundred yards to the turn-off for Santa Iglesia before she came to her senses. She could not walk forty kilometers to Santa Ispania or back to Corazon. She stopped, senselessly straining her ears to hear if a bus might be coming. That was equally foolish. She closed her eyes and rubbed her aching head. Now it was important to think. To think. Surely the only sensible thing to do was to go back to Santa Iglesia, to find Juan, to get her car fixed. Perhaps Juan had already gone to Santa Ispania. But she didn't let the hope delude her. Juan would require money. They always did. Automotive parts were expensive. Slowly—it seemed to require an unconscionable amount of



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effort to do it—she started up the road to Santa Iglesia again.

She was no more than halfway to the village when she heard the music. It was a lock-step dead march in dragging cadence. She could make out the heavy slack hand on a tub drum, and two or three flutterings of finger drums. There seemed to be some sort of flute or primitive recorder and some percussion instrument. She quickened her pace automatically, her weary, reflex news sense of a ceremony to be watched even now less important to her than the fact that there would be people there. She was starving for people, for any kind of communication.

She met them at the gate, the whole town, preceded by the priest. He came on slowly. She wondered if her eyes, too, were getting feverish, for all the Indians had begun to look alike to her, even this priest, no matter what they wore. She had done articles, she remembered, on that in the past, on just how the Nayariti differed from the Pátzcuari. She remembered vaguely how angry she had used to get at people who lumped all the tribes and physiognomies together. The articles seemed to her now stupidities. She stared malevolently at the Indians.

She was obsessed with a desire to be noticed. She stood in the track of the priest until he would have knocked her down in another minute, but she could win no flash of recognition or anger or even awareness from his eyes. He moved and stopped, moved and stopped, carrying his bowl, dipping his long gaunt fingers into it from time to time, scattering drops of holy water. She moved aside and no eye rested on her.

Behind the priest, moving and stopping, moving and stopping, four men stripped to the waist bore on their shoulders a flaked and faded plaster image that she recognized as the conventional one of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The finger drums fluttered. The flaccid hand on the tub drum came down. Softly, in cadence, the procession groaned in unison. Behind the bearers of the saint came four more men, their faces like the faces of the fire tenders, like the faces in the kitchen. Then she saw the old woman, the matriarch that Juan had spoken to. She was on her knees, her thick, dark smock filthy with dust and droppings. Without sound the old woman raised herself to her knees, clenched her hands, her mouth moving in the utmost agony in utter silence, flung herself forward to grovel and shudder in the dust, to pull herself forward by her bleeding fingernails, to raise herself once again to her knees.

Noonie was struck with horror. She had seen so many kinds of procession in this country where the image of Our Lord was always represented in as bloody a manner as possible. They had seemed colorful to her. But it was this silence that smote her, she thought. Such frantic grief should be accompanied by frantic outbursts, heartsick lamentations, rending wails.

"Lady?" She started frightfully. She had not seen Juan come up behind her. "Go home, lady."

"What?" she began in a whisper. But she did not need to ask the question. She saw the coffin now. It could only be a child. She half turned to Juan, then turned back again, staring. There was yet another group behind the first, another anguished old woman, another coffin, full-size this time. And yet another and another.

"Go, lady," Juan said to her again. During the time of her knowing him, so briefly, he had already withdrawn far back from his first friendly bravado. Now he formed his English words very crudely, as though he feared an admission that he knew the language. She believed he must have been ordered to speak to her, and he rendered this duty only with the greatest reluctance. He would dodge her in the future. He wanted to escape. She seized his wrist.

"My car," she said. "You go to Santa Ispania."

"*Sí*, lady." He rolled his eyes in desperation, pulling for his freedom. "You go."

What bewilders a husband about his wife's hats is that she now calls last year's prized creation that "awful old thing"—when he knew it all the time.

VESTA M. KELLY

"I can't go," she said. "You go to Santa Ispania. Fix it."

"*Sí*. Tomorrow. Santa Ispania."

"Today is tomorrow!" she cried. "You said yesterday."

"*Sí*," he said in agony. "Fix. Many times. Go, lady."

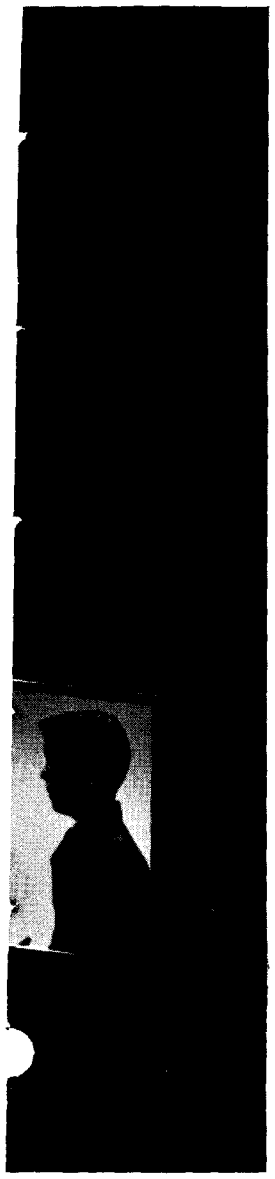
"Where? How can I?" She grabbed for him again, but he eluded her—and was gone.

She fell back, shaking with the weakness of fatigue, against the ornate Spanish iron of the rusted-open town gate. To steady herself, one of her hands curled around one thick hand-hammered upright. This is what it was to know, she thought sickly. Centuries ago this gate had swung easily. The Spaniards had come and built this town, chaining inside it the Indians to whom their actions must have seemed fantastic, unforeseeable, senseless, flogging those Indians for their inability to deduce or understand. It seemed to her now to have come full circle, with herself uncomprehending at the gates of Santa Iglesia. She was to pay that ancient debt.

She was too wearied. She got herself moving, through the gate and up the way she had come with such enthusiasm the night before. She crossed the silent plaza, still faintly hearing the drums and pipe. She crawled up the great broken staircase under the half ton of chandelier to her room. She was parched. She looked around and saw that her canteen, too, and her suitcase were gone. She had no moisture for tears this time. She lay down on her pallet and went to sleep.

Her awakening this time was brutal. She started up, reeling with fever. It was night, and her great empty bedchamber was haunted with men. Dozens of torches guttered and flared, black smoke toiling upward to smear the Uccello horses and the flaking courtesans and harquebusiers painted there, and dropped again to choke her with an acrid stink. In the leaping, flickering light the faces were savage, demented with fear. Here and there she could see paint and nosebones and ear flints she had never seen in Santa Iglesia before. She knew she was very sick. The leaping room wove before her, shifting and lifting, faces coming forward with curling lips and rolling eyes, then receding again as other faces took their places. Dumbly she lifted one aching arm, the same she had lain on the night before. Her eyes swam. The arm was mottled with the deep pocks of blood blisters.

She tried to concentrate on the Indian who was (*Continued on Page 101*)



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PEPSI-COLA

Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

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(*Continued from Page 99*) declaiming at her. He seemed to be someone in authority, by his manner. She could hardly see. Despite her every effort, he faded and returned, came and went in the crazily dancing light.

"Woman!" Painfully turning her head, she saw the priest. At the same time she was terrified; she wanted to stretch out her hands to him. He was a man of God. She tried to look for him again and he was gone.

At the foot of her pallet the orator stormed on. Suddenly he stopped. He grated a sentence in dialect. There was a rumble of concordance from the men packed around her. Then the speaker went on again, flooding her with exhortations, obviously threats, warnings, more terrible in that they were in a language she could not understand.

"*Quiero*"—she said, knowing they knew no Spanish—"*Quiero* —— *No hay* —— What have I done? I cannot help it." She fell back.

The crowd parted. The terrified face of Juan loomed as he was shoved roughly toward her. He seemed to have lost all capacity to understand what was happening, what was wanted. He looked dumb with terror, forced to speak for his life.

"I am sick, Juan," she croaked. "Can't they understand I am sick?"

"*Sí*, lady." His voice scratched with fear. He turned as the others manhandled him and said something, and she knew he lied.

"I am sick. I need help."

"*Sí.*" He tried to wet his dry lips. Somebody shoved him from behind. "Go home," he said.

"I can't." She thought she must faint in a minute.

"Many here say go back," he whispered. "Many say, go out, lady." He came up to her pallet. Crazily he began to pull at her. "Not bring here. Take all back. Go."

"My car, Juan." She closed her eyes. "It's got to be fixed."

"All fixed. Go home."

"Fixed?" She stared at him. "It's fixed?"

"*Sí*, lady." Desperate, he continued to pull at her.

Could she drive it then? she wondered. She tried to steady her vision, but it mixed and melted, slipping away from her. Could she possibly hang on to the wheel for forty kilometers of jungle road? She couldn't. She knew that. But she knew she would have to try. They were crazy with fear. They were driving her out into the jungle to die. "I can't walk," she managed to say. "Help me."

"*Sí*," the boy said. The crowd drew back from her with loathing. There was no help, no arm offered for her to lean on. She must have fainted for a moment. She came to, looking at her arm, looking around her in wonder at their ignorant cruelty. They were driving her away from them, as animals would do. If only she could hang on, make it to Santa Ispania, she thought. It seemed to her there was a hospital of sorts at Santa Ispania.

"Also baggage," Juan said. "See? Nothing gone. Canteen, also. All go. All go out." He almost threw her things at her.

"Yes," she said, more to herself than to them. Had this happened once long ago to another woman in this chamber? She had to get her feet on the floor. The room wavered on the edge of blackness. Somehow she got up. Nobody would come within ten feet of her. She took a step.

"No, lady. Lady. Baggage!" Juan screamed. "Canteen, fix. You carry all, all. All go out." So she must carry everything, she thought dully, everything she had brought in with her.

"Father?" She stared around for the priest.

"Woman." There was a small stir beside her, and she saw the priest. He was white, stern. He looked as another priest might have looked, surrounded by the ear flints and the nosebones, the painted faces of half-converted savages. His parish was going back on him, she thought. They were going back to the jungle superstitions of their ancestors. "Woman." He leveled an arm and a pointed finger at her. The crowd glared at him, but he held them at bay. She wondered for how long.

"Lady, lady." She felt Juan tearing at her again in a panic to get her away.

"Father," she whispered. She faltered one step and then another, somehow, wondering at herself, managing somehow to drag the suitcase after her, to hold on to the water bottle. "*¿ Qué es, padre?*" But she knew what it was.

"Many dead, woman," the priest said in Spanish. He was stern. He was compassionate. He had no choice, she knew. "More dead, woman." He made the sign of the cross. The roomful of Indians echoed the gesture.

"*¿ Pero, qué es?*" she insisted.

"You bring the *tabardillo*," he said.

Typhus.

Tabardillo was the Mexican typhus. The spawn of rats and lice and fleas, it was one of the most devastating of the world's known plagues. Epidemic, she knew, was frightful. Perhaps it was the fever, the hallucination, but she had a theory now. She could never prove it, but it fit Santa Iglesia. As the Spaniards had brought syphilis and bubonic to the Indians, so the Indians had retaliated with malaria and jungle rot. It was possible—how long ago no one knew—that the colony of whites had been struck here in the town they built with the typhus they had brought. It was possible they had languished, losing their strength, their grip on the Indians they had enslaved. There would be legends of that, Noonie thought faintly, legends of European-brought sickness in Santa Iglesia, the stench of death. Maybe centuries ago the slaves had revolted here against those sickened masters. Maybe they had massacred the colony. Maybe a woman was driven alone into the jungle. And now they saw the legend coming back, as the Aztecs awaited the legend of Cortez.

"Woman," the priest said. "Go you out from this place."

Noonie steadied herself with one hand on the balustrade, the other clutching her leaden suitcase, for the downward plunge of stairs, trying to remember how much of the balustrade was gone. If she fell there would be no staying hand to help her. "I understand," she muttered. "I understand."

Step by step, yard by yard, she made it. She fell and got up and fell again, and the desperate throng of Indians packed around her waiting until she could get up again. Now and then she caught a glimpse of Juan—the poor, hated, scapegoat of the affair, she thought, the bringer-in of the terror—dancing with his fear, screaming at her. "Lady, lady! Fix. All fix!" She crawled on, hating him as it had never before been in her power to hate.

It seemed to her the fire in the plaza was of murderous size in its primitive efforts to drive the devils from Santa Iglesia with its light. She could see no dying in the open. Soon they might be dying wholesale in the square. But she could feel all around her the frantic fear.

Step by step she dragged her suitcase down the road. She fell for a time into a stupid litany of cursing herself. She had had typhus shots once. It was a long time ago. She had been, or imagined herself to be, too busy to keep them up. There was the merest chance they would still hold. Death, and soon, was the alternative.

She lost count of her own falling and rising, her stumbling progress toward eternity. Always around her were the mottled, wild faces swimming in torchlight, urging her, driving her on.

For the millionth time Juan's voice bawled in her ear. "Fix." The station wagon miraculously stood before her. The torchlight nearly scorched her as the bearers urged her inside. The interior of the station wagon was light, and she saw the car was filled. The ash trays, the haft of the gearshift had been replaced. The mat was on the floor. She sensed that each paper clip and broken rubber band would have been precisely—terrifiedly—replaced in exactly the position from which it had been stolen. That was part of it too, the chance that typhus had been their punishment for theft. She must go out from this place, leaving nothing of herself behind.

"Many fix, lady. Many times."

"You didn't fix it before," she whispered. "In Santa Monica you didn't fix it at all."

She stepped on the starter. If she could hold her eyes open, hold herself together, just for a hundred yards. And then another hundred yards. She did not dare to think beyond that. To even try to think about driving forty kilometers was madness.

The car did not start. She fell back, waiting, hearing dully the crazed urging from outside. She found the strength to try the motor again. "Santa Ispania," she murmured. "You—went—Santa Ispania?"

"No, lady. No. All fix!" Juan screamed.

"No—Santa—Ispania?"

"Go home," he screamed. "Fix!"

He had not gone. The station wagon was not fixed. It would not run. It was too late, she thought. There was no thought process in Juan that could be translated into European terms. It seemed to her the final truth to learn. Juan did not, none of them did, in her sense, understand cause and effect. Juan was terrified blind. He had brought her in; he was responsible to get her out. She might have said he had lost all sense of reason, that he was so desperate to have her leave that his mind had simply rejected the having to go to Santa Ispania, the having to fix the automobile, as part of her leaving. He wished so desperately that his wish was palpable to him. He wanted so much for her to leave that he looked for a miracle. Mexico was unconquerable.

"Vap'lock," he screamed at her. He turned around, paralyzed. "Vap'lock?"

"Juan ——" she began.

"Fix!" he shrieked at the townspeople who were slowly closing in on him. "Fix!" She turned away as they got him, choking off his screaming. She fainted across the front seat of her car.

"*¿ La señora es mal?*"

Noonie lifted her eyes. She was lying across the front seat. Her neck was half broken from its twisted position against the door. She was terribly weak and frantically thirsty. Her eyes focused downward first, and she saw the water bottle on the floor beside her, the stopper hanging loose on its chain. For a moment it seemed to her she could recall some moments of lucidity, of drinking and then fainting again. She wasn't sure.

"*¿ Qué hay, señora?*"

She lifted her head at the wonderful singsong voice. He was Mexican. Thank God. "Water," she whispered.

"*Sí*, lady," he said, and she shuddered. He turned away, and she could see a much-battered truck with a couple of cows standing up in the back and two Mexican boys in the open cab, discussing her at the top of their lungs, waving their hands, comparing notes. She smiled with a deep and thrilling pleasure.

"Drink, *señora*." He held the bottle to her lips, and she gulped greedily, unmindful of the water that ran down her chin and splattered her chest. "*¿ Mejor?*" He grinned.

"*Sí. Gracias.*" She tried to smile.

"*¿ Mal, usted?*"

"Yes. I must have been very sick."

"You can drive now?"

"No." She shook her head wearily. "Motor. Dead."

"*Sí.*" He grinned. "You, behind truck. To Santa Ispania. One my boys, he steer him, O.K.?"

"That's beautiful," she whispered. "That's the most beautiful thing I ever heard."

"Juan!" She shivered at his shout. She would never again be able to hear that commonest of Mexican names with impunity, she thought. She wanted to open her door, to look for the body of that poor other Juan, but this one came and got in, stepping over nothing. They had taken the body away then. She frowned.

"You sleep," this Juan said to her. "You sleep. Next town, Santa Ispania." He stuck his head out the window, and there was a large amount of vocalization, cross-questioning and varied opinions. Noonie closed her eyes. The car began to move.

"Is there"—she kept her eyes closed; she didn't want to see—"a village here, Santa Iglesia?"

"*Sí*, lady." This Juan stuck his head out of his window again. A torrent of violent Spanish invective swept back and forth, and this Juan laughed. "One time. In the jungle. Very classy one time, and rich. But they say lady came and all die out there. You sleep, lady."

"Yes," she said. It seemed the best advice she'd ever heard. She had been somewhere, somehow. She had come back. It was all she needed to know. THE END

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Seven A.M., Maytime

By Betty Isler

This perfect morning pulled
me out,
Leaving my breakfast cup
and plate,
Finding the air so
cornflake-crisp
And sunny-clean I could
not wait
To poke about the yard
and draw
The goodness up into my
bones,
Everything growing, all
things bright.
Even the mourning dove
who moans
So softly from the sycamore
Does not convince me for a
minute
Of her despair. On such a
day
She sighs, but I hear
rapture in it.

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Some funnel eh kid?

The candy with the hole ...still only 5¢

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My Menu Miseries (Continued from Page 31)

apt to be chopped-up pieces of skate. (Long Island scallops, on the other hand, are apt to be scallops. Don't ask me why.) Red snapper is merely a $3.75 misnomer for halibut, sea trout is weakfish, sea bass is croaker, and sea chicken, a delicacy among sea-food fanciers, is merely blowfish. "If you see a man eating shark," my ichthyologist friend added, "he probably thinks it's swordfish."

What we need, in short, is an investigation into the vagaries of restaurant menus. Everything else is being investigated these days. We've exposed the fixed quiz show, the rigged butcher's scales, the doped cranberry. Well, then, how about the prevaricating *carte du jour?* If a prerecorded television program must be billed as tape, why shouldn't sole be listed as cod? Eliminate the ham from commercials, the pork from chicken hash. No more canned laughter on TV; no more canned fruit in a fresh-fruit salad. Let's clean up the bill of fare, grease spots and flyspecks and all.

Lately I've been looking into this whole matter of eating out, and I've come up with some interesting statistics. (I've also put on eight pounds.) According to my survey, nine out of ten diners in swank restaurants have no idea what they're eating. For one thing, the menu is entirely in French, and the average customer can't pronounce the names of the dishes to find out what they are. Not only that, but the lights are so dim that to read the print he has to borrow a flashlight from the waiter, or wait for someone at a nearby table to order a flaming dessert.

Even if he could read the menu, it wouldn't help much, because most of the *spécialités de la maison* are secret concoctions of the chef, who has named them after himself or someone else of whom he is equally fond. Instead of calling the soup beef broth with noodles, for example, it is listed as Potage Marcel and sells for $1.25. Thus the bewildered diner finds himself face to face with an array of cryptic titles like Consommé Oscar or Coupe Fifi or Salad Ninon. (Out of curiosity I ordered Salad Ninon once. It turned out to be two slices of orange and a fig.) His only recourse is to read down the column of figures on the right-hand side of the menu until he finds a price he likes, and order the dish that is opposite. If it's in French, he merely points.

Some eater-outers try to get around this dilemma by asking the waiter what he recommends. This is obviously futile. In the first place, no waiter could possibly taste all the dishes on a menu, and in all probability he doesn't eat his own dinner until he has finished work. If you inquire, "How is the calf liver?" or "Are the frogs' legs good today?" he is bound to reply that they are but simply delicious, because if he said anything else he'd be fired on the spot. Personally I always wait for somebody else at the table to order first and then murmur wearily, "O.K., make mine the same." The chances are that the other person doesn't know what he is ordering either, but at least I have someone besides myself to blame.

Another thing I noticed in my survey: the accuracy of a menu is generally in inverse proportion to the square of its size. In a small country inn, back in New Hampshire, the entire bill of fare is typewritten on a single sheet of note paper and contains a total of five items, two of which have been crossed out. At a truck stop or all-night diner it may be encased in a transparent plastic envelope and is never changed from day to day, let alone year to year. But in the plush bistros of midtown Manhattan, where I conducted most of my research for this article, the average menu is embossed on a sheet of glazed cardboard approximately the dimensions of the tablecloth. When the waiter lowers this mammoth billboard in front of a customer, he is completely cut off from his fellow diners at the table, and all conversation ceases.

The more expensive the restaurant, I found, the more awesome the proportions of the *carte du jour*. I visited one elegant French *salon* frequented by Madison Avenue executives and their more important clients—I think it's called *L'Accounte Expense*—where the menu was chalked on a child's blackboard at least four feet square. In an even posher chophouse in the Fifties which is so high-priced that there is a small cover charge for walking on the same side of the street—I believe the name is *Le Taxe Deductibale*—they wheeled in a whole tray of uncooked meats and vegetables for me to choose from.

At The Forum of the Twelve Caesars the menu was twenty-five and one half inches by seventeen inches, complete with royal purple ribbon and a gold seal, and was delivered by a waiter in Roman colors.

At The Four Seasons it was wrapped in a soft, clothlike paper and measured nineteen inches long and eighteen inches wide. At New York's famed Twenty-One it proved to be smaller—fifteen by nine and one half inches—but a number of items were billed succinctly, without prices, as "wild boar" or "honey bear" or "Scotch grouse flown to 21," which is quite a flight for a grouse.

At Lüchow's German restaurant the menu—thirteen inches by ten, folded—was printed on four sides, including the pictures of Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian Russell on the cover, and offered something over 200 selections. The record was achieved by Harry's Diner on Broadway, which listed all the day's specials in white paint on the front window.

One reason why menus are getting larger, I suspect, is the current trend toward verbosity in restaurant writing. In the modern school of menu English, no dish is adequately described without at least three superlatives and an exclamation point afterward. The bill of fare at a Howard Johnson establishment—six pages, including insert—fairly blooms with flowery adjectives like flaky, fluffy, crisp, crunchy, creamy, savory, sizzling and oven-fresh. It isn't enough to list fried clams; the chef, a frustrated sonneteer, must hail them in a dithyramb as famous, delectable, luscious, golden, tendersweet. Peas are always garden peas (as though they grew anywhere else). Even a simple cheeseburger is "Ho Jo's Super Duper Special, three giant decks of the most delicious eatin' ever, King of the Cheeseburgers!" In the case of exotic foreign dishes, I admit, a brief word of translation is welcome, but sometimes this program note tends to wax ecstatic. The House of Chan, one of New York's leading Chinese restaurants, explains See Gyp Gai as "tantalizingly seasoned with black bean sauce and accented with a mere suspicion of garlic—truly a dish for an epicurean." By the time you have digested this prose poem you barely have room for the food.

And while we're on the subject of restaurant language, I'd like to mention waiters. When I've been sitting at my table for twenty minutes and a flunky arrives with a loaded tray and asks me, "Did you have the spareribs?" I am tempted to reply, "No, I haven't *had* the spareribs or anything else except three hard rolls which I've consumed to keep from starving, but if you'll set that blankety-blank dish down I'll *have* them now." I realize that a waiter with a tableful of diners has a hard-enough time remembering whose order goes where, let alone who changed which to what else; but I wish he wouldn't look over the assembled group and inquire, "Who is the curried shrimp?" or "Which one is the ham?" or murmur to someone in an intimate tone, "Your kidneys are ready."

There is no such language problem with *head*waiters, of course, because they never speak to anyone at all. The prime function of a headwaiter is to put the customer in his place, usually at the rear of the restaurant behind the swinging door to the kitchen. The timid diner who ventures into an exclusive New York eating place is made to feel about as welcome as an indigent relative arriving uninvited for Thanksgiving dinner. The attendant at the door gazes through him blankly at the opposite wall. The hat-check girl keeps him waiting while she chats with an affluent out-of-town buyer. The maître d' in white tie pauses in his telephone conversation (maître d's are always on the telephone) to inspect the intruder's tweed suit in cold disapproval, and with a shrug of resignation motions to an assistant captain (black tie), who hands him over in turn to a second assistant captain (mufti), who asks him to wait in the bar until his table is ready. Here he is discovered an hour later, dangling from a corner of the mahogany and confiding his troubles to the bartender over a fifth martini. The bartender isn't even listening.

There's only one solution to eating out, as I see it, and that is to eat in. Why don't you all come over to my house for lunch today? My wife left some things in the icebox, and we can make up our own menu as follows:

POTAGE
LET'S SEE, NOW, WHERE DID SHE PUT THE CAN OPENER?

ENTREE
HALF-BOILED HALF FRANKFURTER
(I had the other half for lunch yesterday)

LÉGUMES
LEFT-OVER STRING BEANS *À LA* THURSDAY
COLD MASHED POTATOES *EN* WAXED PAPER
SOMETHING THAT LOOKS LIKE GIBLET GRAVY *GLACÉ*

SALAD COREY
(Two raw carrots and the wilted parsley from last night's lamb chops)

OVEN-FRESH BREAD

COW-FRESH MILK
ALL THE PEANUT BUTTER YOU CAN EAT

Maybe on second thought it might be better to go to a restaurant. THE END

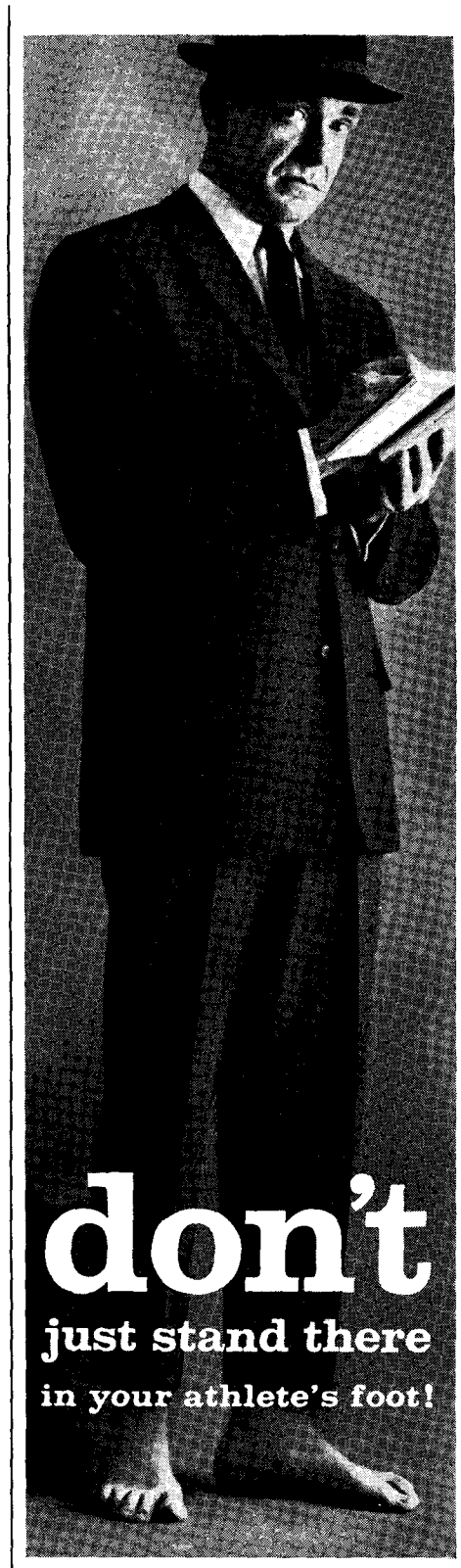
In a Hardware Store

By Alice Boyd Stockdale

There's got to be a name for
The gizmo that I came for.

Good-naturedly the
salesman
Joins in the mental
scrimmage
While I use words and
pantomime
To crystallize the image—

Till he's perplexed, and I
am vexed
To see that it is very
Clear the stupid fellow lacks
Hardware vocabulary.



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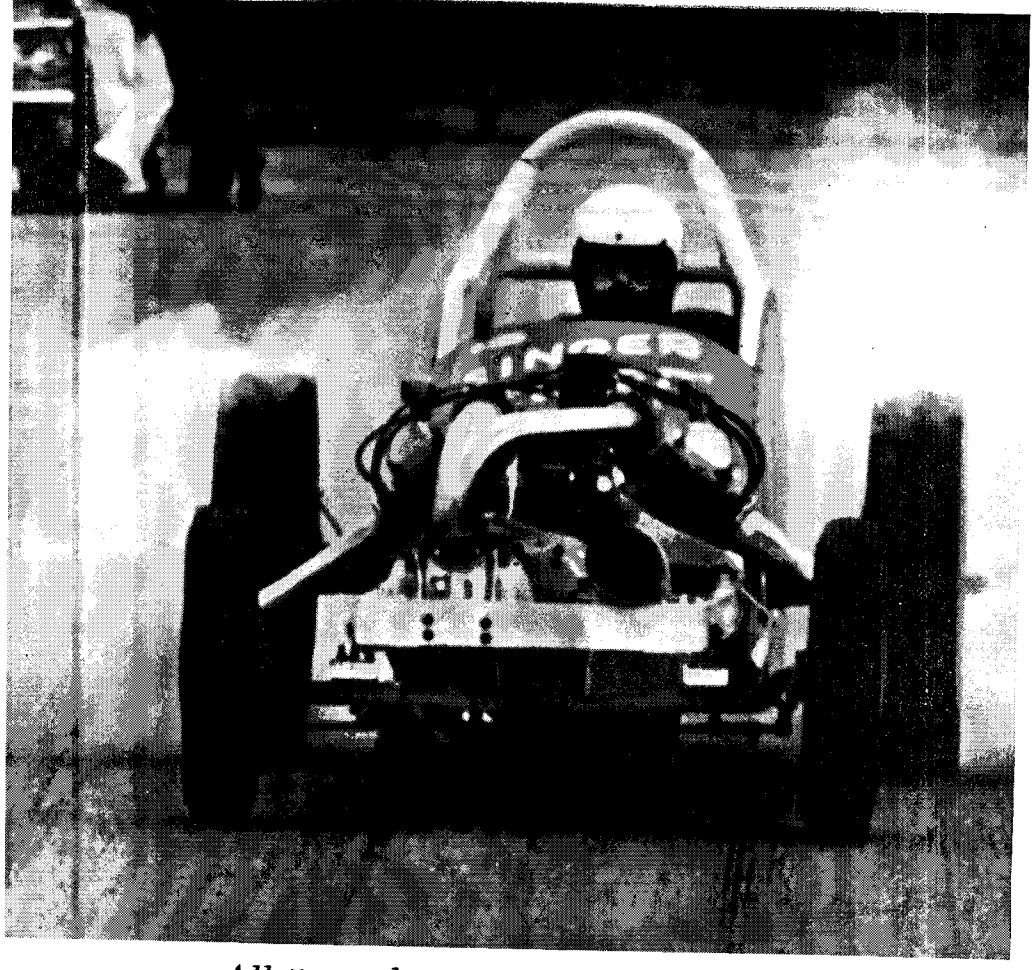

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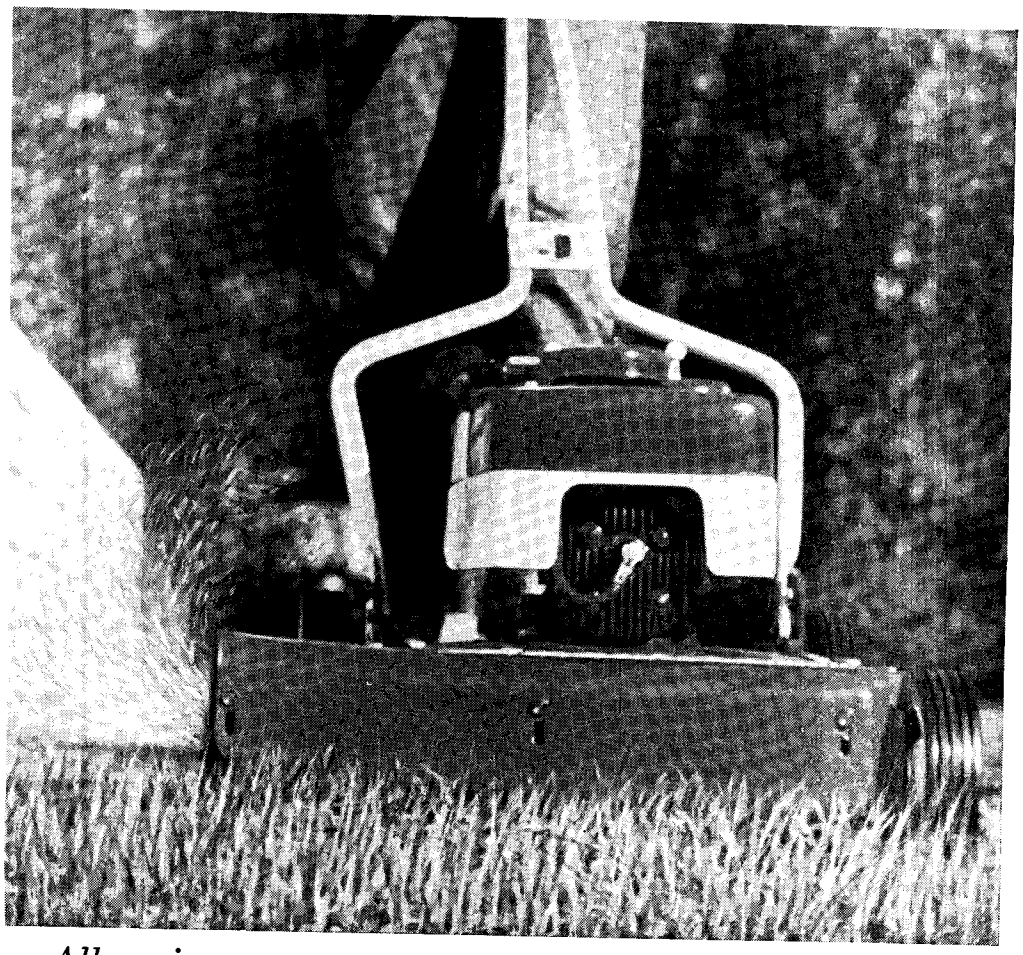
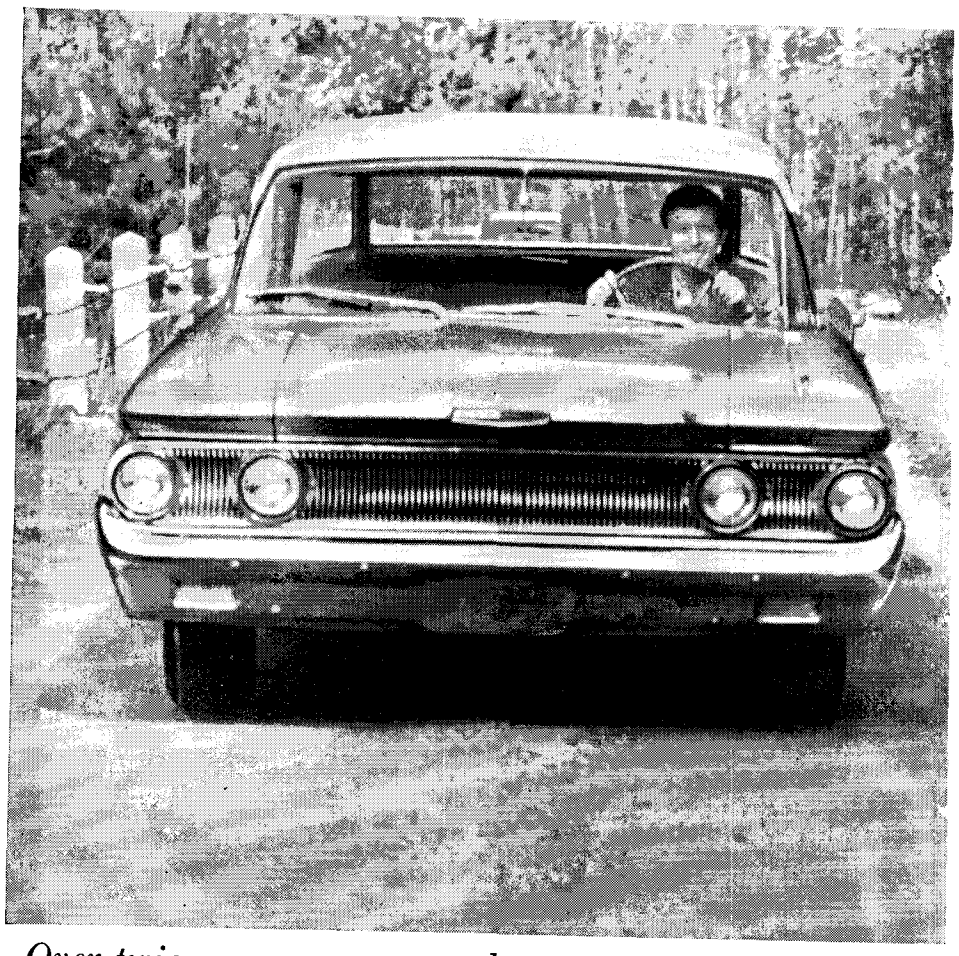
Every major U.S. outboard maker uses Champions...



All major power mower engine makers use Champions...



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CHAMPION®

Worn spark plugs waste lots of gas—so check your plugs every 5,000 miles!

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Stu Is Ready and Waiting

(Continued from Page 33)

as old-guard admirals in the Pentagon and selected members of the Eisenhower cabinet. He has taken a firm stand on major issues as a conservative-minded liberal senator, but usually in a manner designed to avoid arousing any hard feelings. Given the proper circumstances, all factions at the convention might unite behind Symington without uttering any loud cries of anguish—particularly in view of warnings by Mr. Truman and other professionals that unity will be the key to success in 1960.

Symington's tactical position in the presidential sweepstakes, oddly enough, is now very much the same as it was in the preconvention maneuvering four years ago when this correspondent wrote an article for *The Saturday Evening Post*—CANDIDATE BUBBLING WITH CHARM, July 21, 1956—describing him as a long-shot possibility for the nomination. Then as now, the Missourian was not a leading contender, but his name was often mentioned as a compromise possibility if Adlai Stevenson failed to win on an early ballot. There are, of course, certain differences today. Symington is better known to the public. He has broadened his knowledge of governmental affairs. And the 1960 Democratic convention appears more likely to face a deadlock.

Since all political forecasts are subject to drastic change before July, nobody can be sure whether Symington will linger long in the floodlights at the convention. But if he does, the public will see a man six feet two inches tall, with a shock of graying sandy hair, a mobile smile and an abundance of charm. At fifty-eight, the senator moves with the suppleness of an athlete who shoots golf in the seventies.

Symington has, with some difficulty, learned to master an explosive temper. Once his tendency to "blow his top" was notorious. As a young man, he impulsively but accurately advised his employer—a relative—at a plant making railroad equipment that they were using a "lousy" method for turning out a car coupler. He was fired. He got another job in a battery plant, where he told his boss there wasn't a man on the place who knew how to make batteries. He was promptly fired again.

These experiences convinced him he should be in business for himself, but failed to dampen his tendency to explode like a skyrocket when he believed somebody was fumbling the ball. It was not until 1945 that he learned that high blood pressure might have something to do with his temper. In 1947 he underwent a successful sympathectomy, an operation to reduce the tension that causes high blood pressure. Since then his health has been good, and his temper, while still subject to occasional incandescence, has been under reasonable control.

Nowadays Symington shuns cigarettes in favor of an occasional piece of hard candy, seldom takes a drink and, unless duty or politics calls him to a social gathering, gets to bed early. He can and has made himself comfortably at home in almost any company or any place—the mansions of the Old South or the dusty cornfields of Missouri, the noisy heat of iron-molding plants or the air-conditioned towers of Wall Street. As a politician he demonstrated an ability to talk with dirt farmers as effectively as with bankers and, as one of the "best-dressed men" in Congress, he drew hearty cheers from women delegates at the 1956 Democratic convention.

"Never mind," one disappointed female supporter cried after the senator was counted out in 1956, "he still looks like a President!"

Symington's family, too, gets around easily in diverse company. His attractive wife, the former Evelyn Wadsworth, is the daughter of the late United States Senator James W. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, New York, and President and Mrs. Coolidge were guests at the Symingtons' wedding. In the 1930's, Eve Symington enjoyed a whirl as a well-paid "society singer" for a few years in fashionable New York night spots.

The two Symington sons—Stuart Jr., who is called Tim, and his younger brother Jim—also were active campaigners. Tim handled a headquarters job while Jim, then a law student who had tried his hand at night-club and television entertainment, roamed the Missouri countryside in advance of the Symington caravan and played his guitar and sang ballads to attract crowds for his father's street-corner speeches. In 1958, incidentally, Jim took time off from his United States Embassy job in London to make an informal tour of Russia, where his ability to speak the language and his practice of giving impromptu guitar-and-ballad concerts in parks and on street corners aroused wide enthusiasm in numerous cities. Both Tim and Jim are married, and the elder Symingtons have five grandchildren.

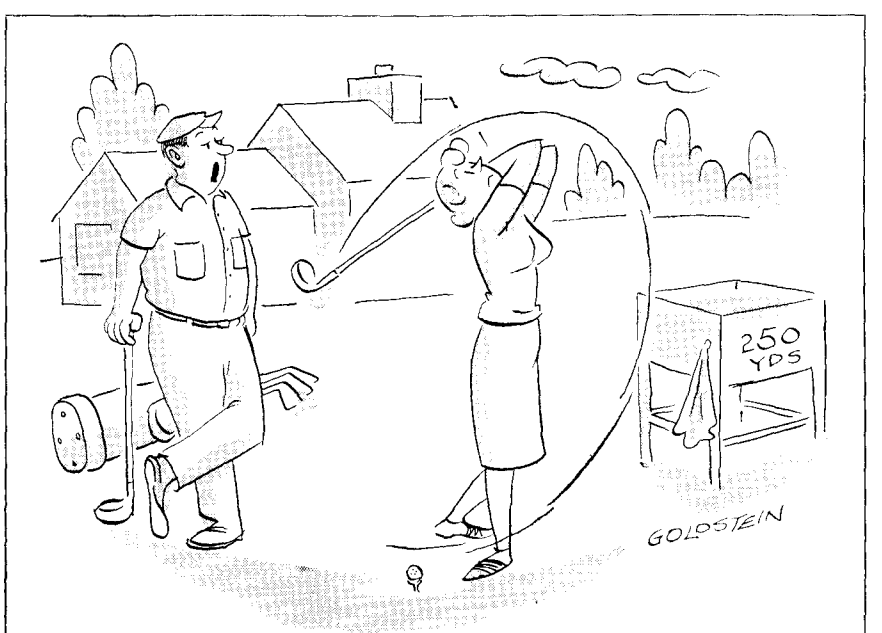
Regardless of the family' sentertaining abilities, Symington himself is an ambitious, almost grimly serious man and what one of his friends calls an "activist" rather than a congenital politician. He is usually impatient to get things done. Some of the political vagaries of senatorial life bore him and, although he arrived in that august body with considerable prestige, he has never become a member of the unofficial inner ruling council, possibly because of his temperament or possibly because his once-close relations with Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson have cooled as both turned their eyes toward the White House.

Symington's political progress—he got 66 per cent of the Missouri vote in 1958—must be credited to a wide personal acquaintance, hard work and attention to detail rather than to heavyweight intellectual achievement or an impressive record in the Senate. In golfing parlance, he has tended to "press his swing" in an effort to outdrive colleagues who are more patient and expert in the subtle skills of the legislative game; and not infrequently he has been lost in the political rough on Capitol Hill. He learns rapidly when he can concentrate on a problem but, as a late-comer to politics, he has had to find his way hesitantly in various complex governmental areas and he has been better known for digging out mountains of facts than for delineating an imaginative new approach to major problems. He falls far short of being an orator and, despite the punchy phrases to be found in his formal statements, he is usually partial to well-worn words and ideas in the broader areas of national policy.

Some of Symington's roughest critics have contended that he lacks a deep-seated political philosophy and that he is too thin-skinned to do vigorous battle for high causes. Somewhat paradoxically, he has also been criticized as a "one-issue man" because until recently he concentrated most of his efforts on a crusade for national defense and space development. And it has been scornfully said that he has taken up "permanent residence" in the middle of the political road and thus has failed to demonstrate a fitness for leadership as a presidential candidate.

Sen. Kenneth Keating, of New York, who has had an eye cocked toward the Republican vice-presidential nomination, once ironically commented that Symington should be known as "the Missouri Fury" in the "Democratic Astronautical Missile Program," which he abbreviated to DAMP. "At first glance," the Republican said, "the Missouri Fury appears to be a short-range, antidefense missile. So far, its launching site has been on Capitol Hill, and its nose cones have been recovered regularly at points no more distant than the White House. The big problem is whether the Missouri Fury can develop sufficient thrust in its one military engine to break free of apathy. More exotic fuels are being sought to develop it into a two- or three-stage missile. Its natural tendency is to soar down the middle."

Symington has no objection to being known as a moderate or middle-of-the-roader. He approaches government problems with the agile mind of a successful businessman who knows how to spot weak links in an industrial organization, how to correct them and how to plan to meet future competition—an ability that has prompted him since 1948 to utter persistent Cassandralike cries of warning about the rise of Soviet Russia to air power and to missile supremacy in the space age. He has a good memory, not only for the (*Continued on Page 106*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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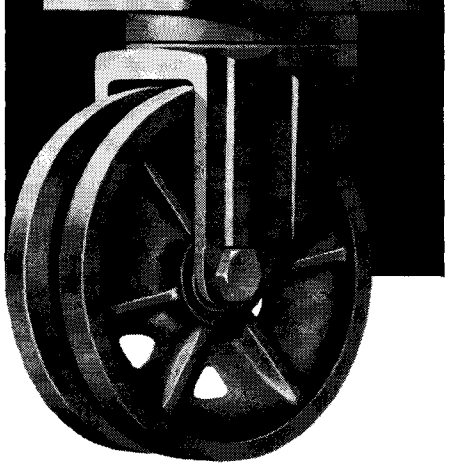

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(*Continued from Page 105*) names of local politicians but for details in such complex matters as rocketry and space exploration, and his formidable command of statistics lends a flavor of authority to his words.

The senator is at his best talking to small groups such as a board of directors; and in such circumstances he can be highly persuasive, an asset which—like his moderation in politics—could be of great importance in swaying key state delegations if the Los Angeles convention becomes deadlocked. This possibility was carefully considered when the Symington-for-President strategy was sketched more than a year ago by an informal high command for the senator.

This command had in it supporters from other states, but the leadership was from Missouri. It included Clark Clifford, former White House aide under President Truman and now a Washington attorney; Representative Brown, a young and highly voluble Springfield advertising and television executive who, in 1956, spectacularly won a long-held Republican seat in Congress; Democratic state chairman Wilbur F. Daniels and others. In addition, there was Symington's skillful and knowledgeable administrative assistant, Stanley R. Fike, a Missouri newspaperman who has done much to smooth the senator's political path.

The strategists looked back at the 1956 convention where Symington garnered only 45½ votes but had a wide geographic basis of support. He drew support from nine states scattered from Florida to Washington and had pledges of votes from other states until it became certain that Adlai Stevenson had won the nomination before the first roll call was complete. The strategists then turned to their crystal ball to view the 1960 prospects. Senator Kennedy appeared likely to be the front runner who would make a great effort to win on the first ballot.

"Kennedy may have four or five hundred of the 1521 convention votes," one of the Symington strategists said later. "Maybe he'll have more, but he won't have enough. Some of his votes—part of the Ohio delegation, for instance—will be the result of heavy pressure, and they won't stick long. Kennedy has handicaps he can't overcome—his youth and his religion. He has to win quickly or not at all."

Senator Johnson was conceded fairly solid support in the Southern states, plus strength in the border states and smaller Western states that might give him around 400 votes. "But where can he get more?" the Symington strategist asked. "He's not acceptable to Northern liberals or labor leaders or to minority blocs such as Negroes. He's had to support Texas gas-and-oil legislation that wasn't popular with Northern consumers. He can't swing the big states like New York, Pennsylvania and California, and it would take a miracle to break the tradition against nominating a Southerner for the Presidency."

Senator Humphrey's great energy, his ability to touch off oratorical fireworks, and his liberal record were weighed against his handicap in the Southern and conservative wings of the party. The Symington forecasters put Humphrey in third or possibly fourth place with only an outside chance of winning. They also hopefully discounted any effort to draft Adlai Stevenson, pointing out that he cannot avoid the heavy burden of having lost two elections and that the professional politicians don't owe him anything.

Having thus eliminated the front runners in the crystal-ball contest, the strategists looked again to determine the winner and saw—guess who?—Stuart Symington. "Kennedy, Johnson, Humphrey and Stevenson all have built-in political weaknesses that can't be overcome in sufficient degree to attract a majority of the delegates," a Symington supporter added. "As a result, the first few ballots will have little meaning except to show a deadlock exists. Then will come the 'meaningful' ballots. I don't claim Symington has no weaknesses, but he's the only prominent prospect whose weaknesses can be and are being corrected. The party can unite behind him."

Obviously a large measure of optimism and wishful thinking enter into such forecasts, but the senator's friends believe Rep. Emanuel Celler of New York was more realistic than humorous when he summed up his rating of the Democratic possibilities, including the governors of New Jersey and Michigan. "There's Senator Kennedy, he's too young," Celler said. "Governor Meyner, he's too minor. Senator Humphrey, he's too talkative. Senator Johnson, he's too South. Governor Williams, he's too soapy. Adlai Stevenson, he's too often. Senator Symington—he's my man!"

Symington's backers also have been encouraged this winter by newspaper and other polls showing the senator to be stronger than any other candidate as the second choice for the nomination. This has been true particularly in polls of local political professionals, with county chairmen in Midwestern states expressing a preference for the Missourian. A poll by the Aurora, Missouri, *Advertiser*, for example, showed that Democratic county chairmen in Illinois preferred Symington over Kennedy by 45 to 12, in Indiana by 36 to 17, in Kentucky by 22 to 17, in Iowa by 22 to 15 and in Oklahoma by 18 to 16. A Gallup national poll of county chairmen gave Kennedy 424 preference votes, Symington 333 and Johnson 260; in the Southern states, Symington was second choice over Kennedy by 107 to 81. In Washington State, Symington was first choice in a similar newspaper poll and in Ohio he led Kennedy, 40 to 33.

In other polls of political professionals early this spring, Symington appeared to be holding up strongly or even improving his position. A newspaper checkup of the important eighty-one-member California delegation to the national convention showed that Symington was preferred by 24, Stevenson by 21, Kennedy by 20 and the rest were scattered or undecided. The Missourian also was reported to be the first choice or a strong contender among the delegates from Idaho, Kansas and Alaska, which were among the first to select their convention representatives, and some observers speculated that he would have around 250 votes on the first ballot at Los Angeles.

In addition to such statistics, the strategists did not overlook the fact that Symington's background would give him an unusually wide appeal as a presidential candidate—"about everything," one Missourian remarked, "you could ask for, excepting maybe being born in a log cabin."

Symington was born, June 26, 1901, in Massachusetts, the son of a Romance-language professor at Amherst, but his grandfather was a major on Gen. Robert E. Lee's staff and charged with Pickett at

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The most difficult meal for the average housewife to get is dinner out.

DAN BENNETT

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Gettysburg. The boy grew up in Baltimore and attended Yale on borrowed money, but he completed his education by taking courses from the International Correspondence Schools. He has lived in Rochester, New York, New York City and, since 1938, in St. Louis. Thus he has been able to identify himself with the North, South and Midwest without acquiring any sectional label. Even his speech is a mixture of Yankee and Southern drawl.

Furthermore, Symington has been a factory laborer and a factory owner, a businessman in grave financial trouble in the early 1930's and later a highly successful industrialist who became wealthy by revivifying run-down businesses. He has been a firm advocate of profit sharing and collective bargaining and was once threatened with a social boycott in St. Louis because he dealt—as required by law—with a Communist labor leader. He has consistently voted with the Democratic majority in Congress, and usually his votes have been approved by the liberal-minded Americans for Democratic Action. Yet his friends are largely in the big-business and financial world, and he voted for Republican Wendell Willkie in 1940 because he opposed a third term for any President.

With all of these factors in mind, the senator's high command decided there was nothing to gain and much to be lost by entering presidential primaries because he would be reasonably sure of running behind one or another of the leading candidates. Instead, they concluded, he should devote himself assiduously to senatorial duties, do everything possible to broaden and improve his appeal as a candidate and keep himself in a position to dash forward if the leaders faltered at Los Angeles.

To implement this strategy, a Symington-for-President organization was established by the Missouri Democratic state committee which, on December eighteenth, passed a resolution setting up headquarters at Jefferson City. Representative Brown became national director of the "We Want Symington" clubs—membership five dollars—and started touring the country to organize chapters. D. W. Gilmore, Kansas City insurance executive, became president of the Century Club for Symington—membership $100—and set out to enlist 1000 members. A "Youth for Symington" organization—membership one dollar—was established with headquarters at Columbia, Missouri, and national chairman Jerry Litton reported it had 600 members in twenty-eight states after a month of recruiting. Bright new campaign buttons and stickers—I'M FOR STU! HOW ABOUT YOU?—were produced and distributed by volunteers, and about 100 letters a day began coming into Symington's offices, volunteering advice and services.

Such activities were a small beginning, but far more important was the problem of how to counteract negative or adverse public reaction to Symington. This reaction might be summed up by such comments as, "He's always yelling for more planes or missiles—does he want a war?" Or, "Yeah, I know he sold all his stocks when he went to Washington, but he's got big-shot friends making missiles." Or, perhaps worst of all, "Sure, he's a nice guy, but what's he got on the ball?"

The only effective way to meet this problem, the strategists decided, was to give Symington maximum exposure to the public so the voters could get to know him and decide for themselves. They arranged a man-killing schedule of weekend and holiday speaking engagements and television appearances, starting in 1959 when he visited twenty-two states, including Alaska, and gaining momentum this year when he will touch down in virtually every state. With practice, Symington's platform style improved, and his ability to handle television question-and-answer sessions was so much better that a January appearance on a national network brought an unprecedented flow of favorable mail.

In addition, the senator sharply stepped up his activities on Capitol Hill, particularly in defense, space and agriculture investigating committees that have provided the most controversial headline news. He has argued that we can negotiate a just world peace only if we are strong, and he has persistently challenged President Eisenhower's favorable estimates of our missile progress as compared to Soviet Russia's. He has maintained a steady attack on the farm policies of Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson, whom he charged with "shocking" mismanagement and waste. In January he introduced his own farm bill for the announced purpose of halting the decline in farm income, getting rid of the $9,000,000,000 inventory of surplus farm commodities and providing "true parity" by establishing price supports on the basis of returns for labor and investment of the family farmer comparable to those received in other segments of our economy.

Symington also attacked the Administration's debt-financing practices, contending they cost taxpayers an unnecessary $1,000,000,000 a year. After a 1959 tour of western Africa and the Middle East, he concluded the Russians were doing a better over-all diplomatic job than the United States and he again began pushing his bill for establishment of a four-year foreign-service academy to train diplomats as West Point trains Army officers. He also urged greater emphasis on economic, instead of military, aid to underdeveloped areas and a policy of long-term planning and long-term loans to assure continuity of foreign-aid programs that would strengthen our ties with countries on which we will be dependent for essential raw materials in the future.

If the Symington long-shot strategy should pay off, what kind of President would he make? Part of the answer can be given by a process of elimination. He would not have the dynamic Roosevelt personality or the Truman political showmanship or the Stevenson intellectual approach. There is no particular reason to believe his leadership would be the kind that breaks through new frontiers or blazes a trail toward dimly seen new horizons. Everything in his senatorial career suggests he would continue to seek firm middle ground as a maker of policy and that, as a party leader, he would still observe his father-in-law's advice that an important part of politics "is getting along with people."

But, after studying Symington's background during his first term as senator and again this year, it does not seem to this correspondent that his potential as President can be accurately judged merely on the basis of a comparatively unspectacular legislative record. There is a vast difference between legislative leadership or achievement and administrative leadership, a field far better suited to Symington's talents and temperament.

Basically he is an efficient organizer who lays his plans with an eye on the future. He has been skillful in picking the right man for the right job. He is a tireless digger after facts, but once he is fully informed he knows how to make decisions and stick with them. In the presputnik days, for example, he vigorously pushed his campaign for greater effort in missile development at a time when not only the Administration but the Senate Democratic leadership tried to play down that

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issue in the interest of economy. He has acted ethically, refusing in 1956 to permit his subcommittee's sensational investigation of air power to be used for the political benefit of either himself or his party in the presidential contest.

At the same time, Symington is a tremendous competitor in whatever he undertakes, and he has that indefinable ability to transmit enthusiasm to his associates. As a business executive he turned an insolvent, strike-bound St. Louis factory into a highly successful enterprise that not only profited the stockholders but so benefited the workers that the union offered him a large loan for wartime expansion. As first Secretary of the Air Force, he had perhaps the busiest staff in Washington and he was the master manipulator—frequently a highhanded one, his foes said—in a campaign that boosted his branch of the armed services from the lowest to the highest priority ranking in national defense.

Symington headed three important agencies—the Surplus Property Board, the National Securities Resources Board and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation—during the critical and controversial postwar Truman Administration. He did not escape criticism. A congressional committee denounced his recommendation for sale of wartime cross-country pipelines for transport of oil rather than gas, pointing out that gas offered by far the greater return to the Government. He also had to rebut congressional charges of slipshod operations and favoritism in disposal of surplus war goods by explaining that he merely set policy for the Surplus Property Board and had nothing to do with disposal of the goods.

On the other hand, he established the policy that blocked sale of Government wartime plants to the Aluminum Company of America because its ownership of patents stymied competition; and then, he ingeniously persuaded the company to release its patents to the Government—at no cost—to facilitate the emergence of rival companies in the industry. When a Midwest strike threatened to ground some American planes during the Berlin airlift crisis, Symington sent planes to fly the plant managers and union leaders to Washington, put them in an office suite with plenty of food and kept them there until they reached a settlement the next day. He successfully fought an attempt by international speculators to skyrocket the price of tin during the Korean War and, according to a Senate committee, saved the Government $500,000,000. At the request of President Truman he took over and cleaned up a faltering RFC by ending a period of favoritism and influence that threatened to wreck the loan agency. He fired, among others, the wife of the President's patronage adviser.

In all, Symington took on some of the toughest executive jobs in Washington, and his name came up for Senate approval six different times. Each time he was confirmed without a dissenting vote. It would be foolhardy to suggest that such a record qualifies a man intellectually or philosophically to meet the grave, history-making problems that will pile up at the door of the White House during the next four years. The record does suggest an ability to concentrate on a job and a willingness to learn.

Today Symington's offices are neither the biggest nor the busiest in campaign-conscious Washington, but the telephones ring constantly, visitors arrive in a steady trickle, and the staff of fifteen men and women already is showing signs of overwork. The senator himself gives the impression of a man zestfully preparing for a long, hard pull. He talks—often jerkily, but with enthusiasm—on a wider range of subjects than in the past and he likes to emphasize his points by leaning across his desk and punching holes in the air with a pencil. The pencil moves most vigorously these days when he says that effective world disarmament can be negotiated only if we are willing to do whatever is necessary to "make ourselves strong—not just militarily, but economically, psychologically, technologically and spiritually. We have to have a concept of sacrifice and drive, just as our forebears were willing to sacrifice to build this free country."

Symington believes that mismanagement, duplication and inefficiency in Government are wasting billions of dollars that should be going into space exploration, medical research, education, housing and other projects that would increase our national strength. He recently estimated such waste, particularly in the areas of defense, agriculture and debt financing, at the astonishingly high figure of about $10,000,000,000 annually in recent years. When it was suggested such a high estimate could only be regarded as a political exaggeration in a campaign year, Symington replied:

"On the contrary, it is a conservative figure. I worked in the Pentagon and I know what has happened there since I left. I'm not alone in estimating that real unification, reorganization and elimination of duplication would save more than $6,000,000,000. Take a minor example—the Navy spent almost $400,000,000 developing a long-range amphibious bomber and then canceled the project. Or consider that in fiscal year 1959 we spent more than $4,000,000,000 on a continental air-defense system that is useless against modern missiles. But the real cause of waste is the obsolete organizational structure of the Department of Defense."

On the basis of past performance by candidates, most voters are likely to adopt an attitude of profound skepticism toward any politician's pledges of economy, and Symington still has to prove that he would be an exception to the rule. But, if he should get the nod at Los Angeles, the country would be assured of plenty of political fireworks in the 1960 presidential campaign. Symington is the kind of man who refuses even to consider the possibility that he might be defeated in any competition.

"Even on the golf links," one friend remarked, "Stu never lets down. He doesn't want to be a good loser. He's interested only in being a good winner." THE END

NEXT WEEK

HOW MY COMRADES LIVE

By a Communist

PART I—MOSCOW, CITY OF DISCONTENT

MY CLOCK HAS 24 HOURS

A Day in the Life of a Small-Town Doctor

By E. H. North Jr., M.D.

IN COLOR:

PIONEERS OF IDAHO'S LOST CANYON

By Hal G. Evarts

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR SCHOOLS

By Dr. Charles H. Boehm,
Pennsylvania Superintendent of Public Instruction,
as told to Anne Selby

BASEBALL:

WALTER O'MALLEY OF THE DODGERS

By Melvin Durslag

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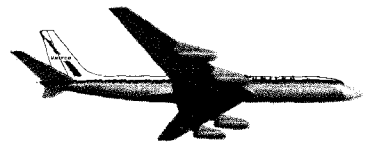

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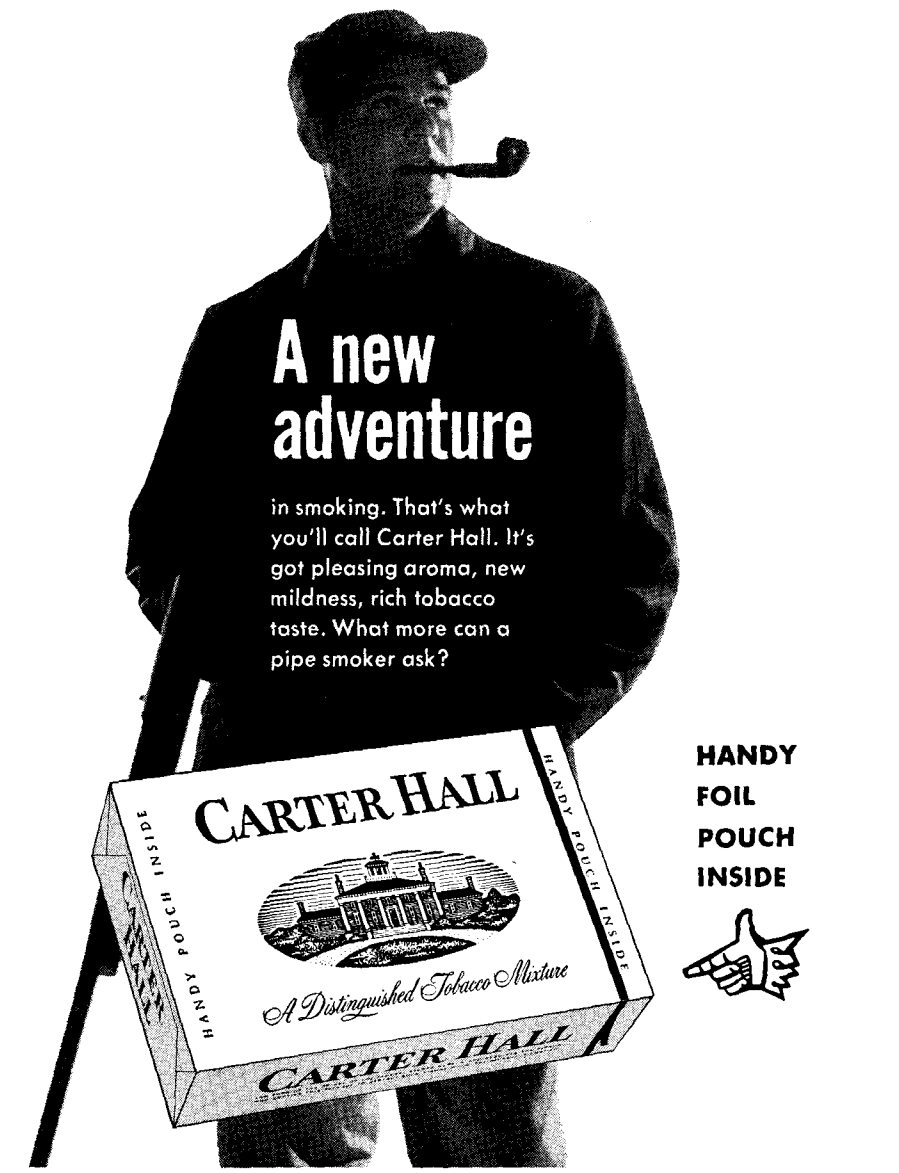
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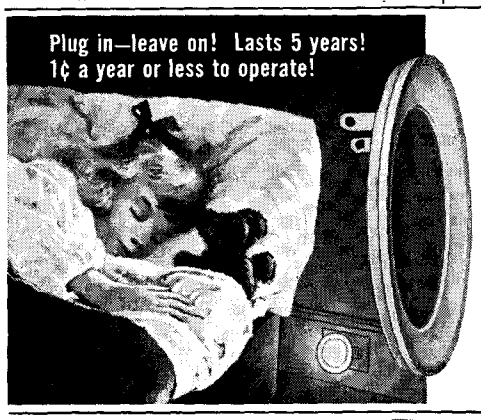

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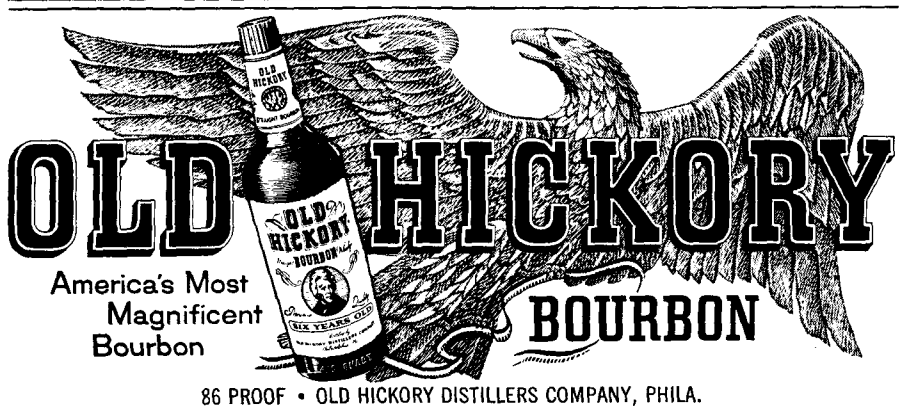

The Birds and Beasts of Mr. Boehm

(Continued from Page 29)

owned by seven museums in the United States—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Houston Museum of Fine Arts, the New Jersey State Museum, the Los Angeles County Museum, the Brooks Memorial Art Gallery in Memphis, the Louisiana State Museum and the Smithsonian Institution. In addition Boehm enjoys a considerable commercial success. Four hundred quality retail stores distribute his porcelains, which range in price from four dollars for a small swan to $2000 for a pair of bluebirds perched in flowering rhododendron. The demand for his work is so great that he is a year behind on delivery of orders, with no immediate prospects of catching up.

World War II was the turning point in Boehm's career. While stationed at Pawling, he filled some of the bleak, empty hours by fooling around with clay sculpture, modeling the things he knew best—birds and animals—laboring over them until they were anatomically correct and natural in pose. Like any serviceman, he sweated out the end of the war, eager to return to the life he had left. A visitor to the rehabilitation center changed his focus. A vivacious, husky-voiced girl, Helen Franzolin, came one day to visit her brother, Anthony, who was ill with pneumonia. While there, Miss Franzolin saw Boehm working on a clay sculpture and stayed to watch. She felt he had a remarkable talent and told him so.

When he talked nostalgically of returning to his farm in Maryland and the herd of sixty Guernseys he had leased, she suggested that he could make a greater contribution to the world through art than farming. They talked about themselves. His early years had been lonely. His parents had separated before he was born, and his mother had died when he was seven. He had been educated at the McDonogh School and then took extension courses in animal husbandry at the University of Maryland. Whatever he owned he had earned. Helen understood this kind of self-sufficiency. She was the youngest of six children and had grown up in Brooklyn, New York. Her father had died when she was in her early teens, and all the children had had to work to help the family finances. While still in high school, she had taken night courses at an optical school and now was earning her living as an optician in New York.

They fell in love quickly and were married in 1944. After Boehm was discharged from the Air Force, they stayed in the New York area. A fire had destroyed his herd of Guernseys; there was no reason to go back to Maryland. Also, he was filled with the dream of trying to do something with his sculpturing ability. To take care of his economic life, he worked with a veterinarian on Long Island. To prepare for his artistic career, he went to the studio of Herbert Haseltine, who was famous in his day for his equestrian and animal sculptures. Boehm told Haseltine how much he admired his work and asked if he could work in the sculptor's studio without pay. Haseltine consented, and Boehm studied technique there for nearly six months in his spare time. Afterward he studied draftsmanship three nights a week. Next, he proceeded to teach himself the ancient and often mysterious process of making porcelain.

In 1949 Boehm was ready to begin. He and his wife pooled their resources and with a partner, a broker, who advanced $1000, they bought some secondhand equipment and went into production in a basement in Trenton, New Jersey. Helen commuted to her job in New York and, during her lunch hours, trudged from store to store, trying to find buyers for her husband's porcelains. Many dealers refused even to look, telling Mrs. Boehm that no American had ever produced porcelain art objects that compared with the work of European craftsmen.

Her first sale was a twenty-eight-dollar porcelain of a wood duck to Black, Starr and Gorham in New York. A few sales followed, but they were insignificant. Boehm was working as long as seventy hours a week. His early porcelains were good, but no one cared. In 1951, with a daring that left her trembling, Mrs. Boehm visited Vincent Andrus, curator of the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and urged him to come and look at her husband's porcelains; there were a dozen on display in the showroom of a commission salesman.

... ...

Coffee Klatsch, 1960 Style

By Barbara Graybeal Kremer

The girls are all enlightened
in
The crowd I go around
with.
We talk of books and art,
and our
Discussion groups abound
with
High thoughts. As for our
missing friends,
We never criticize them.
(Besides, we've found it's
much more fun
To psychoanalyze them.)

... ...

And she offered to present any to the museum that Andrus liked.

His answer was not encouraging, "When we add to our collection we always buy." But he promised to take a look at one o'clock. By three o'clock he still hadn't showed, and Mrs. Boehm had given up hope when Andrus arrived, apologizing for having been delayed. Before he left he ordered two pieces, the Hereford Bull and the Percheron Stallion.

That sale to the Metropolitan gave Mrs. Boehm a powerful selling point, for it served as an artistic stamp of approval. Still, retail stores were cool to American-made porcelains; also, the Boehms were hampered by lack of capital and a sales organization. In 1953 their luck seemed to change. An admirer of Boehm's porcelains bought out the first partner and fed a little more money into the firm. But the new relationship didn't last long either. By the end of the year the Boehms realized their only chance was to go it alone. Using their life's savings, they bought out their new partner for $3000 and gave him fifty pairs of porcelain birds. As owners of the business, the Boehms assumed $19,000 in debts. On the credit side they had a large inventory of porcelains, battle-scarred faith in what they were doing—and hope. Mrs. Boehm quit her job and became sole salesman for the United States and Canada. Boehm stayed in Trenton, producing figurines that grew steadily finer, and his wife crisscrossed the country on selling trips, remaining away as long as two months at a time.

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The monumental effort paid off. More and more stores began handling Boehm's work, and by the end of 1954 they had paid off most of their debts. That was the year they sent a gift of their Hereford Bull to President and Mrs. Eisenhower. The Eisenhowers were delighted, and Mrs. Eisenhower, when thanking them, wrote: ". . . this gift, I know, will be one of my most prized possessions!"

This was the beginning of an intermittent correspondence between the Boehms and the White House, and the Eisenhowers have since added to their collection of Boehm porcelains an Alba Madonna, a pair of Bob White Quail, a Woodcock and a Black-Throated Blue Warbler. Additionally, the President has commissioned Boehm to execute a few pieces to be used as official gifts of state. In 1957 when Queen Elizabeth toured the United States, she was presented with Boehm's Polo Player, a representation of Prince Philip about to wallop a ball as he sits a rearing polo pony. A year later, when Eisenhower visited Canada, his gifts to the heads of government were a pair of Canada Geese and a pair of the Whippets.

Many Government officials, in addition to the President, have become enthusiastic collectors of Boehm's birds. A partial listing includes the Richard Nixons, Gov. and Mrs. J. Lindsay Almond of Virginia and Gov. and Mrs. Robert Meyner of New Jersey.

Boehm's catalogue lists forty bird figures (some of them limited editions), twenty breeds of dogs, six horse figures, five farm animals, ten of wildlife, twelve religious subjects and over two dozen decorative figurines, vases, bowls and pitchers. The pieces he likes best, and which have won him fame, are the birds. All are remarkably true to life, frozen forever in time, but seemingly ready to burst into song, to flutter from one twig to another, or dart into space in pursuit of a juicy bug. The feathers are realistically colored, some glistening, some soft and downy, some iridescent. The details on the flowers and plants are equally fine: the veins on the leaves are clearly delineated; each petal and every pistil and stamen on the flowers are formed separately. The flowering dandelion in the Meadowlark piece, for example, is so realistic that you could set it down on your lawn and hardly tell it from the other dandelions. The Golden-Crown Kinglets, a female preening a wing and a male poised watchfully, are posed in a cluster of Oriental poppies. The tissue-thin petals of the flowers look as if they will crinkle and flutter in the merest breeze. The $2000 Song Sparrows with Tulips depicts the male bird sitting on a gardener's trowel while his mate teeters on a tipped flowerpot. The composition is a triumph of textural fidelity, ranging from the softness of the feathers to the translucency of the tulips, from the metallic shine of the trowel to the wood grain in its handle.

Having won official Government recognition, artistic success and an excellent living, Boehm is gratified but not satisfied. He said recently, "I'd like to go down in history as doing the best things in porcelain that have ever been done." This is not braggadocio, for he is steeped in the 1000-year history of porcelain making and knows well the magnificent achievements of the ancient Chinese craftsmen and, starting with the 1700's, the German and English arcanists, as porcelain makers used to be called. Boehm feels that he, along with some of the early craftsmen, has found the "arcanum," or secret, of porcelain making and has in some respects surpassed them.

"To keep a bird composition true to nature and still make it fire when you've got the laws of gravity working against you is a pretty good feat," he says. "There's where I think I've got everybody beat." Many experts back him up, insisting that his work is at least equal to and often better than the figurines produced by such renowned and heavily subsidized producers of porcelain art objects as Meissen of Germany and Bow and St. Cloud of England, firms which have been in operation for hundreds of years.

This is worldly achievement of a high order, but Boehm is not attracted to the society of salons or the *cognoscenti* of the art world. He feels he owes a good measure of his success to the fact that he has never permitted himself to become a studio artist. He is an outdoors man and spends many weekends roaming the countryside, sometimes hunting, sometimes trapping (he holds a Federal permit to collect native birds) and always observing birds in their natural settings. His field trips are only part of his research for his sculptures.

On his seven-and-a-half-acre property at Washington Crossing, New Jersey, he maintains several aviaries in which he keeps more than 1000 birds from all over the world—native American birds, parrots, cockatoos, macaws, thrushes, rosellas, fairy wrens from Australia, a scarlet-chested sunbird from Kenya, a crimson tragopan from the Himalayas, a peacock pheasant from the area of Borneo. Elsewhere on the grounds is a small man-made lake in which he keeps waterfowl. In season migratory birds drop down and stay awhile. All these birds are potential subjects for Boehm's (*Continued on Page 113*)

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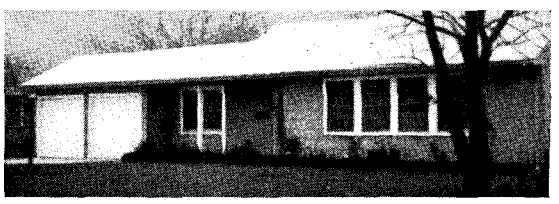

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(*Continued from Page 111*) porcelain work, and he spends about half of each week on his property caring for them, studying their personalities, learning their habits. Occasionally he'll sketch them or make a color note, but his eye is sharp and his memory photographic, and when he stands at his potter's wheel to begin a new sculpture he reproduces the bird with amazing fidelity.

He loves animals too. For research and for the pleasure it gives him, he breeds miniature schnauzers; one of them recently won a best-of-breed and second and third prizes in some dog shows in the East. One of Boehm's friends has been trying to interest him in breeding horses on a partnership basis, and Boehm is half-persuaded, always having had a great affection for horses. And someday, when he has more time, he'd like to return to farming, his first love.

It may take him a while to return to the soil. He wants to write some papers for ornithological societies; he wants to take a course in zoology at Rutgers; he plans to catalogue the birds in his aviaries; he is doing research with a physician in an effort to find out why many of the exotic insect-eating birds tend to lose the brilliance of their plumage after living and breeding in captivity. Recently he went to Africa on a bird-trapping expedition and collected 136 specimens, including a dusky flycatcher, a Scaup's owl, a helmeted shrike and a finch so rare it had no name. A naturalist in Kenya promptly christened it the Boehmii finch.

Boehm's aviaries so far have been built up through dealings with commercial trappers around the world, but it has been a slow and frustrating experience. Boehm has been cheated a few times; often dealers have sent him birds he didn't order, and sometimes birds shipped from far ports have died in transit or arrived mortally ill. The African trip was Boehm's typically direct way of acquiring birds he wanted and getting them back in good health. Later on, after he has built his aviaries to the point where he feels they are as good as a private collection can be, he wants to open them to the public.

The diversity of Boehm's interests and the intensity with which he pursues them suggest that he is in many ways a Renaissance mentality, strongly interested in the world he lives in, curious about it, scientifically oriented in his observations; he is able to move comfortably from art to technology, from animal husbandry to the lore of the hummingbird. His studio-factory, not accidentally, has the atmosphere of a Renaissance atelier. It is a serene, contemplative place where the thirty artisans he employs go about their duties with a sense of dignity and pride that is rarely seen in a modern factory. This attitude may be the result of Boehm's frequent statement to visitors that he couldn't possibly get along without his employees, all of whom he considers artists in their own right.

Boehm designs and carves all the bird and animal pieces. One of his artists sculptures the religious figures and cupids and vases and jugs. But Boehm is unquestionably the man in charge, supervising every step of design, production and coloring of the porcelains. His wife, Helen, helps run the business end of things, gives her husband a feminine slant on the kinds of birds and color schemes women are likely to enjoy, attends to promotion and publicity and travels an average of 100,000 miles a year on selling trips and lecture demonstrations of the porcelain-making art to women's clubs and other interested groups.

One trip she isn't likely to forget involved some independent-minded birds she had borrowed from the aviaries to use as background for a display of her husband's bird figures at Tiffany's in New York. When she was unloading her station wagon, the latch on one of the coops worked free and eight birds—two Paradise pintails, two whidahs, two Napoleon weavers and a pair of fire finches—made a break for freedom on Fifth Avenue. The police, the ASPCA, the Audubon Society and hundreds of delighted New Yorkers went on a prolonged bird watch, but the birds were never seen again.

Mrs. Boehm took the other birds into the store and installed them in an antique bird cage. Then she turned on a phonograph record of bird calls and prepared to greet customers. But one of the bird calls was of a screech owl, and this so frightened two whidahs that they squeezed through the bars of their cage and flapped around the store nervously. One was caught quickly, but the other remained loose in the porcelain department until that evening, when the lights were doused and Mrs. Boehm gave chase. After a half hour she caught the bird and returned it to its cage. When the show was over, Mrs. Boehm returned to Trenton, visibly relieved to be back at her relatively unstrenuous job of helping to run the business and spending time on the telephone, trying to placate buyers who don't understand why they can't get immediate delivery on last-minute orders.

Porcelain making is a slow, laborious process, and the possibility of failure is ever present. There are only four pieces of mechanical equipment in the Boehm factory: two kilns, a sandblasting machine and a ball mill, in which the components of porcelain—English clay, ground-up flint, feldspar and China clay—are mixed with water for seventy-two hours. The resultant mixture, called "slip," is like heavy cream and is fluid enough to flow into the tiniest interstices of the most intricate mold.

Once Boehm finishes a rough clay model of a new piece, it goes to the mold makers, Ernest Lindner and Keith Stewart, who dissect the piece according to its intricacy and prepare the various negative and positive molds needed. A simple piece, like the kingfisher, needed only three sets of molds, for the head, the body and the base; a recent piece, a pair of bluebirds perched on flowering rhododendrons, required 397 sets of molds. The process is somewhat like making a three-dimensional puzzle, cutting it apart and then reassembling it.

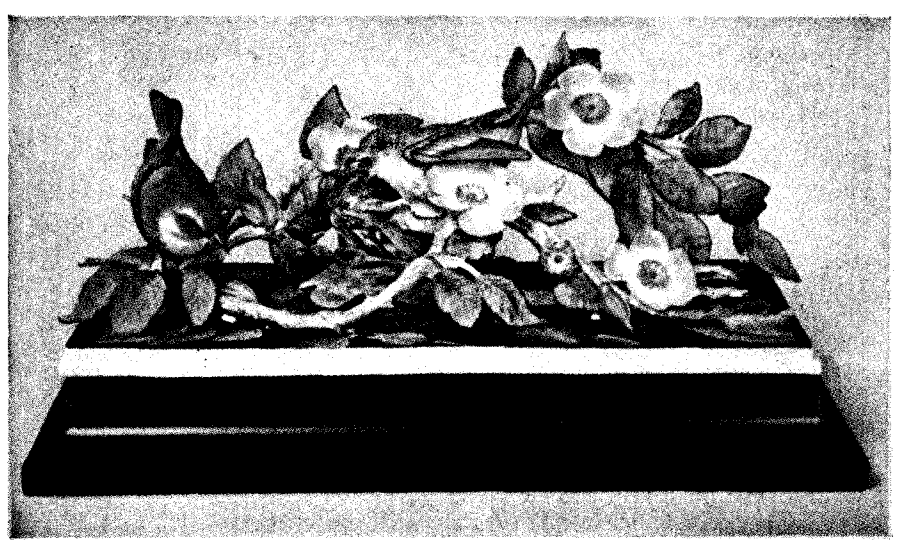
Once the molds are completed, they are sent to the "slip" department, where hollow casts of each part, called green ware, are made. This takes steady hands, for the green ware is as fragile as pie crust. Next, the green ware goes to the assemblers. Mrs. Elaine Swain, head of this department, is Boehm's original employee, and an expert at putting all those puzzle pieces back together. A while back, when the bluebird piece was in its prototype stage, she encountered one of the many disappointments inherent in porcelain production. She had spent five or six hours assembling the bluebird and was in the act of attaching the last rhododendron blossom when the whole sculpture collapsed. Somewhere in the design was a structural weakness that could not have been anticipated until this stage.

The next day Boehm redesigned the entire superstructure of the piece and had it remolded, recast and reassembled. This time there was no trouble. After the piece was dry it went to the finishing department, where artisans carefully removed the mold lines and other irregularities. It was then ready for the first firing, a three-day process starting at room temperature and building up to 2500 degrees Fahrenheit. The kiln placer spent a long time getting the piece ready, positioning greenware crutches at strategic points to prevent sagging during the firing. The green ware shrinks as much as 13 per cent during this firing and if the original design has not taken this shrinkage into account some tortured, drooping messes will result. Boehm has had his failures, of course, but not many. What comes out of the kiln at this point is true porcelain bisque, white, hard, translucent and rough in texture. After sandblasting under a high-pressure jet of silica and air, the porcelain is smooth and creamy to the touch and ready, finally, for coloring.

Apprentice-artist Cecelia Petro paints "porcelains by Boehm" under the supervision of Boehm's head artist, Frank Surro.

Nine artists, using a palette of several hundred colors, work in the decorating room under the supervision of Frank Surro, head artist and instructor. The small pieces go fairly quickly, but something complicated, like the bluebirds, takes Surro twenty-four hours to decorate. After a second firing, when the color is permanently annealed to the porcelain, the pieces are removed and inspected. If they pass muster they go to the packing room. Even here there are potential hazards. Porcelain is strong, and with proper handling will endure unchanged for centuries; but there are many fragile details on Boehm's figures, and the birds must be packed carefully to safeguard them against breakage. Boehm's solution is to surround the porcelains with unbuttered, unsalted popcorn when packing them for shipment. He estimates that for many years he has been the largest single purchaser of popcorn in Trenton, but he is planning to end that because the cartons of popcorn take up too much room. Before long he will install a popcorn machine and make popcorn as it is needed.

Edward Boehm has found that the best kind of packing material for his delicate pieces is popcorn—unbuttered and unsalted.



Pope John owns two Boehm porcelains: a crucifix and these cerulean warblers. Only 100 warbler statuettes were produced for sale to the public, at $750 each.

For the last six years Boehm has worked intermittently on a four and a half-foot long, ten-inch-high porcelain replica of the Budweiser team of brewery horses pulling a beer wagon. Over 1500 casts have been made. The reins will be of gold and silver, and semiprecious stones will decorate the harnesses and wagon. When Boehm delivers the finished piece he will ask for between $20,000 and $30,000, but he doesn't know how long it will take him to complete the project and he won't rush it. The holdup has been caused by the difficulty he has encountered making the sides of the wagon. So far he has made hundreds of sides and rejected them all because they won't fire absolutely straight and flat. It may be an impossible thing to do, but Boehm refuses to consider that possibility.

Recently he accepted a commission to design a public fountain for the city of Trenton. It will be in rococo style, containing human figures, birds and foliage. It will be heroic in scale, and the medium will be bronze. That's not as surprising as it sounds. The technique of making a bronze is similar to that of porcelain. In addition to such special commissions, Boehm creates two or three new bird figurines each year, investing at least $5000 and anywhere from a few months to a year on the preparations. Although he has some customers who will buy his new pieces sight unseen, he faces the same uncertainties as any other businessman: he never knows in advance which figures in his new line will sell the best. However, he is certain there will always be customers for his work as long as he and his artisans continue to turn out the best work they are capable of. This attitude is impressed on every visitor who comes to the reception room of the studio-factory. A small placard, attached to the wall, reads: "Whatever is beautiful is also profitable." THE END

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Decision on the Beach

(Continued from Page 37)

"O.K., O.K." The youngster chuckled again. "Pretty soon he'll start blubbering about when he was a Navy lieutenant in his lousy, no-good war."

"So!" Louie's little, coal-black eyes were looking at the blond-headed lad with a fierce, cold calm. "You just a kid," he said. "Didn't even ought to serve you beer. What you know about a war? You wait!" Louie gestured with the shot glass in his big left paw. "Maybe two, four years. You find out then."

"O.K., O.K. Let him get his snootful here. You and the Old Man can look after him. Especially the Old Man. He's a widower." The youngster grinned. "He's sweet on Ringat's wife. Didn't you know that, Louie?"

"So!" Louie made the double bourbon before he looked up again from under bushy brows. "That mate the best seaman you ever gonna sail with. Better you——" He thought better of what else he meant to say. His voice went flat. "You drink your beer." Louie Chavez moved toward the other end of his polished bar, small chuckles of banter pursuing him. Mr. Ringat swallowed half the fresh drink at a gulp. He was staring at the back-bar mirror, not seeing himself at all.

"Louie, it's the worms again. Worms in the head," he said. "I got 'em bad."

"Yeah, Mr. Ringat. Sure. I know." Louie's voice was low and gentle. He rubbed up the bar a moment, edging toward the *Ballardine*'s master. Louie's eyes were sad. "I already telephone her, captain. She be here soon."

Captain Darcey nodded. Mr. Ringat was pretty drunk, all right. Soon he'd be talking about his war. A war is a different thing to different men. It can cleanse the small mass soul of accumulated tension, offering noble purpose where before no individual purpose did ever exist. It leaves its bloodstained moment of spurious purity. None of these glories touched Mr. Ringat.

"Who am I?" Mr. Ringat's spirit asked at the bar in Louie's place. "Am I God? Did I write the Book of Life? Am I righteous enough to put in it which man shall live and which man die?" Mr. Ringat's voice was a whispered monotone, but something in him shuddered. "Was I wrong? How will I ever know?"

That was Mr. Ringat's war. He couldn't ever outlive it. Or drown it in Louie's bourbon. The whisky only gave him voice. He was talking about his war, all right. The war the histories say was over with fifteen years ago. But wars do not have an end. They live forever, poisonous in the racial bloodstream. And Mr. Ringat's war was the *U.S.S. James Plummet*, a tin can of Destroyer Squadron 60 in the weeks before the invasion of Leyte.

Westward of Ulithi the *Plummet* was steaming alone at twenty-five knots, detached from her task-force screen. The skipper hadn't been asked to high-line over to Flag just to pass the time of day with his seniors, including the commodore. It was after he'd come back, looking more stern than ever, that the ship drew out of formation. So her people knew she was off by herself to cook some special kettle of fish. She was slicing now into green-humped seas, everything whining aloft. And before sunset general quarters, the skipper was telling his wardroom what the mission was.

"Well," he said, gulping black coffee at the table's head, "we certainly drew a stinker." The tired men with the black-ringed eyes said nothing. Tin cans always draw the stinkers. Commander Bailey sighed. "There's a coast watcher over on Homonhon. Got there by canoe from Samar. He has drawings of gun emplacements, troop dispositions. What he hasn't got on paper, he's got in his head. Name is Lester LeBrun. He had rendezvous to embark in the submarine *Grippy* before tomorrow daylight. The *Grippy* took bad damage in a depth-charge beating this morning. She's limping home." The tired men kept watching him. "The admiral wants LeBrun," the skipper said. "We're going into Casogoran Bay to take him off."

For some moments no one spoke. The blowers seemed to whine with more intensity, displeased at silence. From overhead the shining cases of the battle lamps ranged glints of light across the haggard cheeks each time the ship rolled down. They waited for the skipper to go on. When he didn't, Ensign Morton gave his quick, familiar chuckle.

"Why, sir," he drawled, "that's easy. Right in the Japs' front yard? Easy as eating pie. I mean, if we had any pie."

The skipper's smile was bleak. No one joined. The gunnery officer, gnawing at the danger, quietly asked, "Support, sir?"

"Surface? No." The skipper shook his head. "Our best hope is surprise. We have to get him off—and bring him back to Flag. We have to stay afloat."

Ensign Morton chuckled again, drawling, "I'm very much in favor, sir, of staying afloat."

This time the skipper didn't smile. "I asked for air cover. After daylight. On the way out. I hope we'll get it. Maybe we won't." His head turned slowly toward his first lieutenant. "Would you like to take the boat in, Mr. Ringat?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't." Peter Ringat said it quietly, at once. His gray eyes did not blink. "But if you order it, of course I will."

Commander Bailey nodded—a brief signal of his understanding. And his voice was saying crisply, "Good! You are excellent with boats. The beach is foul. I will take the ship as close as possible. The rest is yours. Use the whaler. Do it quick. Get him off that beach and get him back aboard. He has a portable transmitter. We will guard his frequency. I'll be in C.I.C. But you use it only in the utmost urgency. You'll have the coxswain and engineman. Take two others. No more. Carbines and side arms. You pick the ones you want."

"I'd like to have Wattley, the chief boatswain's mate, and Jensen, sir, that second-class gunner."

"Good. You take them."

"I'll ask them, sir."

Mr. Ringat said that slowly. The skipper's eyes went narrow. Then he nodded, "Yes. Do that. You ask them, Mr. Ringat."

"I'd like to study the chart."

"Of course."

So *U.S.S. James Plummet* slammed against the darkening seas. The night washed over her, leaving her black and silent. The whining wind, the stutter of the signal halyards, the sound of the eternal waters lifting and collapsing all around, left her essential stillness still intact. She steamed in solitude, carrying her people into frightful danger, rushing Mr. Ringat toward his war.

Mr. Ringat wasn't Navy. He came from the merchant vessels. He could better understand the cargoes such ships used to carry. Something always pleased him when the winches rumbled at a dockside halfway round the world from home, discharging food and comfort for so many people he would never know. He believed in that and, if he lived the war out, he intended to return, certain he would one day soon thereafter be the master of his own ship in the Ballard Line. In a war, though, memories and hopes, no matter how sustaining, must carefully be locked away. The *Plummet*'s people understood that. So did Peter Ringat. These things just lived still and quiet at his core.

U.S.S. James Plummet was a lucky ship. She reached the speck of land she sought. Mr. Ringat saw it loom up darkly in the dark night, faintly showing a pale glow of white surf like a hem along its base. He was standing at the afterdavit, motor whaleboat lowered to the rail, boat falls manned and his men embarked. Wattley, the chief, was in there on a thwart with Jensen, the towheaded gunner's mate. And the skipper was coming along the deck, binoculars at his chest.

"We want LeBrun," his crisp voice said. "It's the only reason we're here. Nothing else is more important. Remember it, Mr. Ringat!" The lieutenant nodded in the night, saying nothing; but Commander Bailey read a query, unspoken, in the sad gray eyes. The skipper was not a heartless man; he merely understood his trade. His voice went low and incisive. "All values are relative—especially in war. Right now LeBrun has a lot more value than a boatswain or a coxswain. He could save a lot of ships and a lot

(*Continued on Page 116*)

"And now for the local news."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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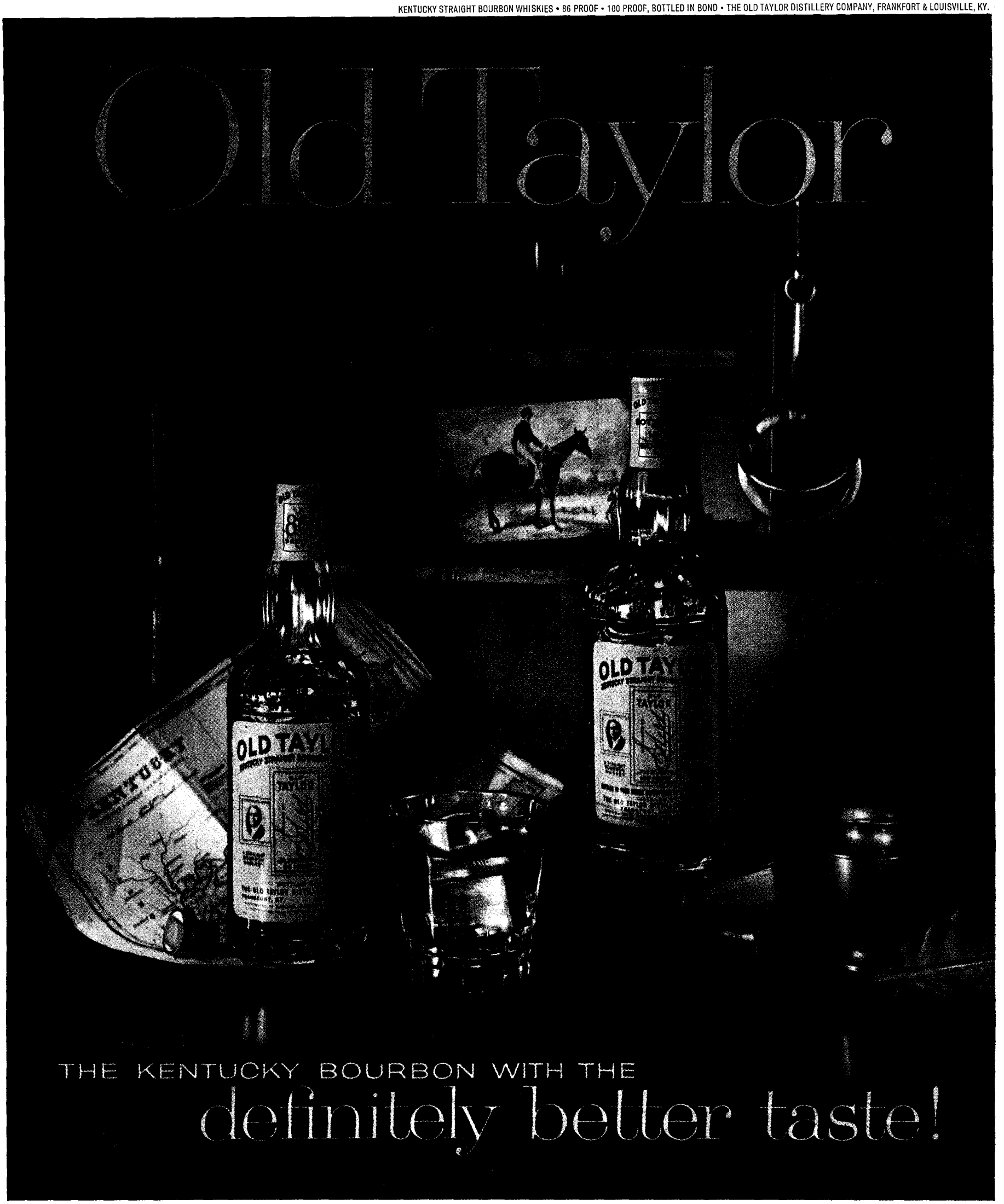

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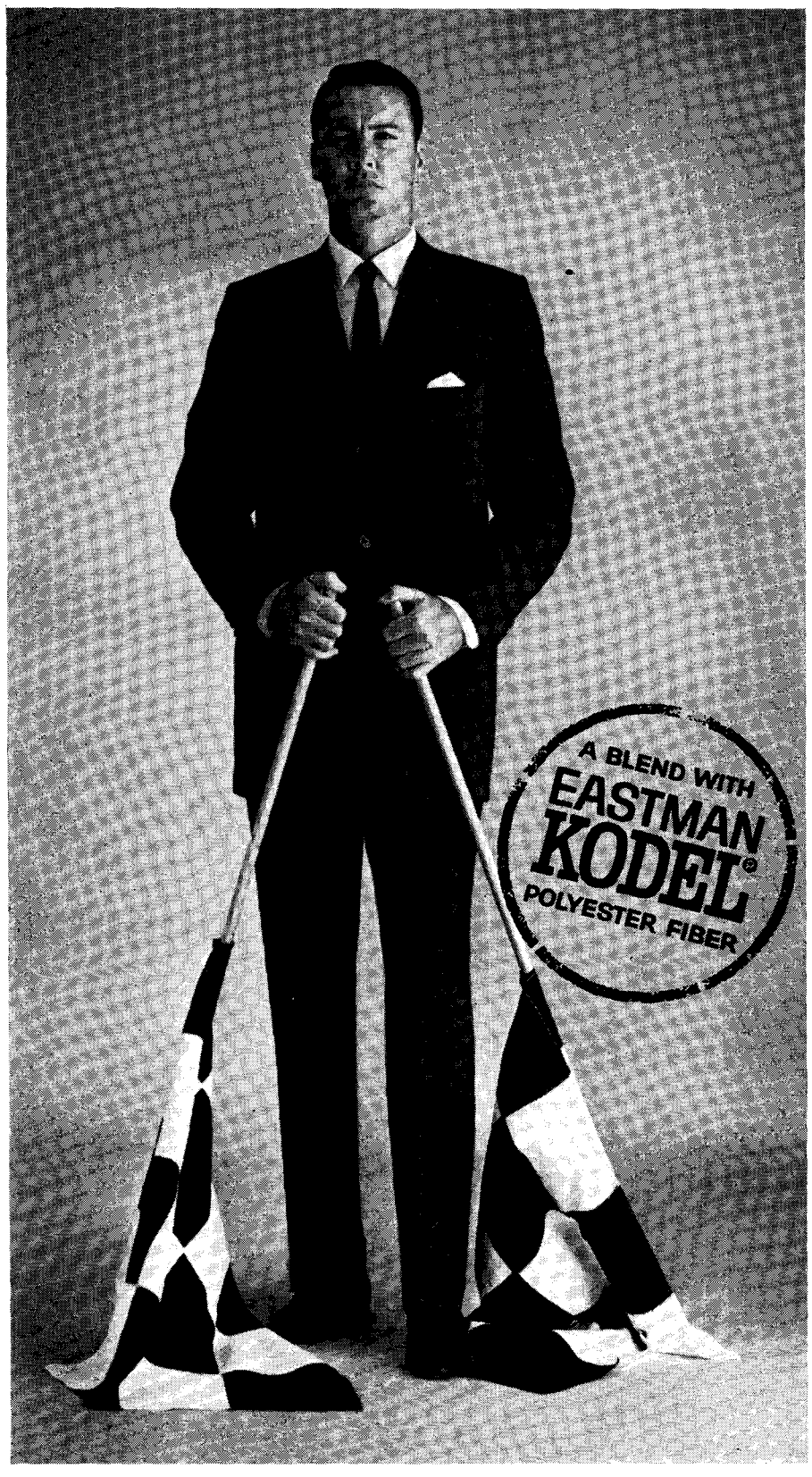

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(*Continued from Page 114*) of lives. I want you back, Mr. Ringat! And you will bring LeBrun back with you. You understand?"

"Yes, sir, I understand."

"Good luck."

Mr. Ringat always would remember how the water burbled gently in that starlit night and how the *Plummet*'s dark, gun-studded shape was swallowed in the blackness when the whaler sheered away, heading for a hostile shore. Mr. Ringat made his beachhead there. He heard the surf's low hiss, the palm fronds' rustling in the land breeze. *Easy. Easy as eating pie.*

Where was LeBrun? You couldn't touch a pinpoint with exactness on a speck of land in predawn darkness, no matter how expertly you read a doubtful chart. Mr. Ringat knew it. He had to leave the whaler grounded between boulders giving her some cover. They went ashore—those three, the lieutenant, Chief Wattley and the gunner. There was fifty yards of beach between the water and to where the fringe of trees began. They were crouching in the shelter of a rock outcropping. Mr. Ringat knew he had to chance it now. Darkness didn't last forever. He gave the three quick flashes, partly shielding the face of his electric torch. Then it happened—instantly. The rifle's crack exploded. The ricochet whined past. Then there was stillness—threatening, intense.

"Now that's just dandy," Jensen growled. "Fool's shooting at us! What the ——"

"I don't think it's him, lieutenant." The chief's hoarse whisper sounded steady. "He wouldn't be there. That gun flash came from in the trees."

"Yes."

What else could Mr. Ringat say? They waited, taut and silent. How much time was left? How much of darkness still was left? Mr. Ringat gauged it. Final judgment would be his. All at once he knew an instant of decision would come rushing at him. Did it always find a man so unprepared, so naked?

"Over there!" he heard big Wattley growling in his throat. "Hear it, sir?"

Mr. Ringat heard it. A slithering in earth and gravel. The eerie sound came closer. Jensen brought his carbine up. Then a voice came from the remnant of the night. Low and tense. It was calling, "Birdcage? Birdcage? Do not shoot! I am LeBrun."

That way he reached them. Just before he crawled around the boulder the rifle cracked again, firing at the sound he made. Its sharp explosion slapped against them while LeBrun sat gasping. He was a small man, face all wrinkled, baked brown by sun and weather, eyes in deep-set pockets. He had a rucksack hanging from one shoulder and a small walkie-talkie on his back. Mr. Ringat was astonished that enough half-light had grown already to distinguish all of that.

"Patrol. In the coconut trees. Three. Maybe four." LeBrun's words jerked out quickly. "You are late. Soon they will see enough to cut us down."

Mr. Ringat felt the eyes of Wattley and the gunner on him. He made no reply. Open beach between them and the grounded whaleboat. They must cross it. LeBrun, above all, must! LeBrun and his rucksack held the greatest value. He could save a lot of ships, a lot of lives. Mr. Ringat's mind was wildly racing. Break and run! Run now! Before the pale light grew. Mr. Ringat knew at once it wouldn't do. LeBrun was too important. The gods do not permit decisions that are easy, especially the gods of war. Mr. Ringat threw a swift glance seaward where he knew the ship lay, battery of five-inch rifles snouting at the shore. Ask for gunfire! Gunfire where? That risk for everyone was even greater, and the skipper instantly would recognize it—he had rejected it already; he had seen the rifles flash. Mr. Ringat knew the only answer. He had known it all the time. Did he hear the little gods all chuckling? Mr. Ringat's head turned slowly.

"I will use your radio, LeBrun." He crawled over. "Birdcage!" He spoke quickly, lips close against the microphone. "Birdcage, this is Ringat. Urgent. Over."

"This is Birdcage. Go ahead."

"We are pinned down, captain. Small patrol. LeBrun is here. There's open ground between us and the whaler. If we run for it, LeBrun is in great risk. I must leave one man to cover. Do you read me, Birdcage? Over."

"Roger!" The skipper's voice was crackling in the static. He had to get his ship, her complement of men, away from there! "Blast it, Ringat, just get on with it! Acknowledge!"

"Roger. Request permission, sir, to stay myself. Over."

"Negative! Out."

Mr. Ringat crouched there. Nothing stirred. The land breeze was asleep. Mr. Ringat's eyes were fastened bleakly on a stillness such as he had never faced before, decision at its core. He saw it clearly.

Crash Program

My ambition is bizarre.
I hope to own an armored car!
To shield my shekels from connivers?
Nope, to ward off women drivers!

Harold Emery

He could not elude it. And within him something shuddered. Wattley or Jensen? Wattley was a steady, long-enlisted chief, the gunner's mate a youngster. Youngster? Why, he had two kids. The boy was six years, maybe seven. Wattley or Jensen? One man must stay. That man would die. Which one? Who would arise to say one man had lesser value than another? To whom belonged the judgment? Mr. Ringat shuddered inwardly again. The ship would get along without the gunner. She and all her people had great need for such a chief as Wattley. Mr. Ringat thought his mind kept weltering for endless time. Only an instant really passed, the eyes of all the others fastened on him. Who could help? There was no help.

"Jensen, we have to get LeBrun on board." Mr. Ringat's voice was a flat and toneless whisper. "I want you to stay here. Cover us. We'll make a dodging run for the whaler. The minute we leave, start shooting. They will too. Shoot straight! When LeBrun is in the boat, we'll give you all the fire we can. We'll wait for you. You make it quick."

No one spoke. They looked at him in silence. Mr. Ringat knew the darkness was no longer solid. Night, somewhere, was growing liquid. He could see the smile on Jensen's lips—crooked, twisted smile.

"Thanks, lieutenant," Jensen said. "Thanks a lot." Mr. Ringat meant to give some answer, some compelling plea for understanding or forgiveness. There is never time enough for that. "Move!" the gunner snarled and spun around, carbine ready. "Now! Damn it, get the blazes out of here!"

It was like that. Three men went racing for the grounded whaleboat—Wattley,

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LeBrun and the lieutenant. And the gunfire cracked behind them. On the beach, when Mr. Ringat spun around in curling surf, Wattley and the coxswain were already pouring carbine fire against the ghostly fringe of coconut trees. He saw the gunner back there, running in a half-crouch now. He saw the dark shape farther off, his gun spitting fiery little points of orange. And he saw the gunner suddenly collapse. When he hit the ground he rolled. Just once. And the lieutenant stared at him. He kept staring at a dark blot on that beachhead far from home, a blot a little darker than dissolving night.

"O.K., lieutenant." That was Wattley, hoarse voice growling. He took charge. When there is need, chiefs always do. "O.K., lieutenant, let's shove off."

That was Mr. Ringat's war. He was blabbering about it at a corner of the bar in Louie's place. He was drunk, all right. The master of the *Ballardine* looked helplessly at Louie. Louie sighed.

"Who am I?" Mr. Ringat's spirit cried. "Am I God? How could I say which man should live and which man die? 'Mission accomplished, sir!' The skipper had a look of strain when I told him that—the ship going out of there, building speed for thirty knots. 'LeBrun is safe on board. The gunner's mate is dead.' I should have stayed myself! I should have asked no stupid questions. You don't do things like that in the Navy. You just don't!" Mr. Ringat kept unseeing eyes on the back-bar mirror. "What do you kill," he whispered, harrowing his guilt, "what do you kill when you kill a man? Five hundred million years of time! Who can repay a debt like that? Who?"

Mr. Ringat's query went unanswered. Only a loud chuckle from the other end of the bar gave it counterpoint. Roswell, the *Ballardine*'s quartermaster, was finishing a yarn there for his shipmates. He hadn't heard a word of Mr. Ringat's blather. But he saw the woman coming into Louie's place—fine-figured, chestnut hair just touched by gray, eyes deep pools of quiet. And she crossed at once to Mr. Ringat, glancing silent thanks to Louie and to Captain Darcey.

"Hello, Peter," she said in the gentlest voice. "I have a cab waiting. We'll go home."

"Beats all!" The quartermaster, moving toward the door with his pals by now, threw a scornful look at the *Ballardine*'s mate. "Fine seaman? Hell, he's just a bum." There is no pity in the young. "Beats all what a woman will see in a man."

Bessie Ringat must have heard the judgment. She gave it half a tender smile. How could Roswell know the exquisite things she instantly remembered? Shared joy and sorrow, ecstasy and grief, the total of unfaltering devotion—all stored with such painful slowness in the attic of their years. Pride filled her eyes like a salute. Her arm went quietly round Peter Ringat's shoulder. She walked out with him like that. The master of the *Ballardine* and Louie Chavez watched.

"Bad worms this time," said Louie. "Very bad. You sail tomorrow, captain?"

"Yes. He'll be all right. He never drinks at sea."

Captain Darcey was correct. When the *Ballardine* sailed the following day, Mr. Ringat stood in his proper place on the forecastle head, gaunt silhouette against the westing sun. His war, of course, sailed with him. He could never leave it dockside. Nor could he discharge it, to be empty of such guilt, the way the ship discharged her cargoes and fulfilled her purpose at the wharves of ports across the deep blue waters of the earth. Still, he was fortunate. He wrestled with his war again that voyage—bound homeward some weeks later from Hong Kong toward Manila.

It happened in the morning watch. The *Ballardine* was taking heavy weather on her quarter. Rain squalls sheeted at her, hissing loudly as they rushed invisibly away to leeward. She kept swinging in the flood, the long sea hills pursuing her, glinting at their crests, the valleys dark with night. The ship was in the wake of typhoon. It had crossed the China Sea ahead of her, over toward the Luzon coast. Mr. Ringat, in the weather-bridge wing, stood in easy balance to the vessel's roll and scend, water draining from his oilskins. Captain Darcey was a dark shape, silent at his side.

This was the finest time of all at sea, this time before the daylight came. Mr. Ringat always felt this quickening of spirit, this expectant thrill inherited from distant ages and from simpler men whose faith assured them darkness on the deep's face would not long endure. Light soon must show itself across the waters. Mr. Ringat waited, certain he would see again the miracle of dawn.

There was no burst of sunfire though. It must have been like this in the beginning. A liquid band of gray grew thinly in the east, revealing sea peaks through a crack in night. They disappeared. It was too soon. But they returned. The rumor grew. In the void the turbulence of ocean slowly took on form, the marching, lead-gray hills of water underneath the low, thick rack of storm. The ship's head showed itself, bows plunging, shattering the flood into an acre of white foam. In the wake of typhoon this was dawn. This way wan daylight grew.

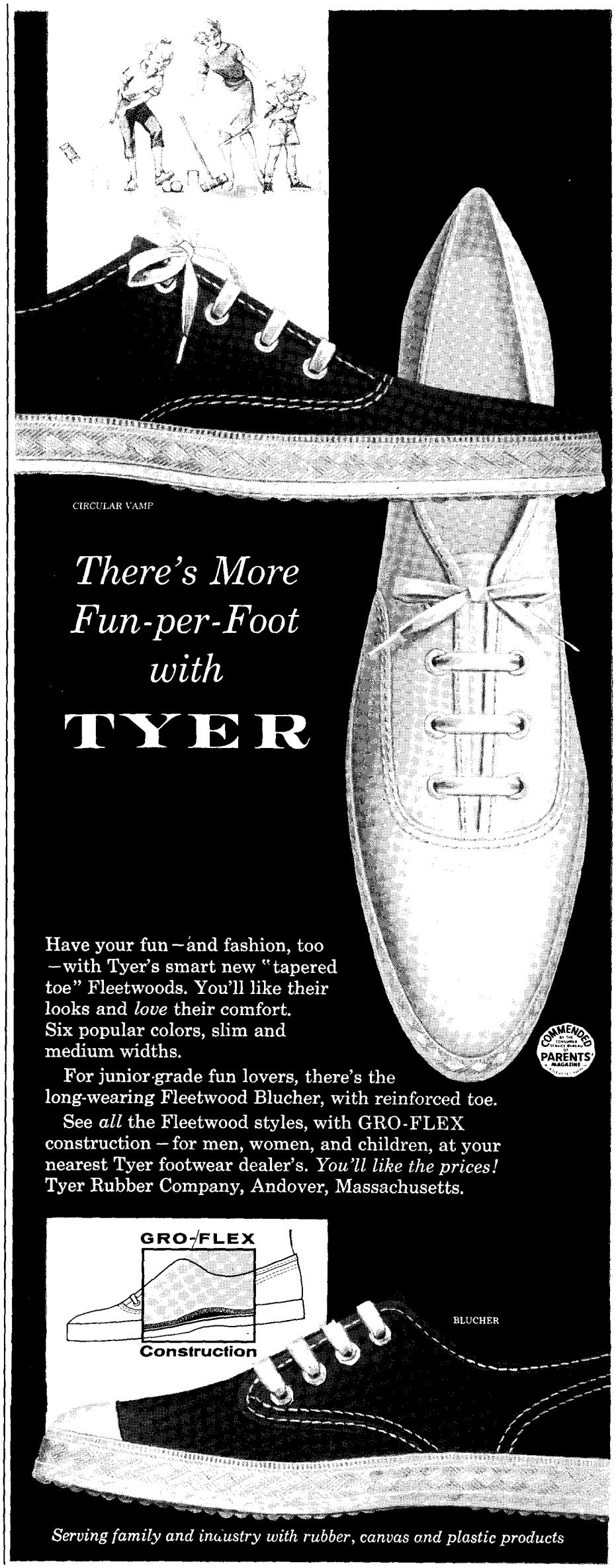
Then Mr. Ringat saw it. He threw his arm up, pointing, murmuring to Captain Darcey. When the next swell thrust beneath them and the ship soared, they could clearly see the dark speck in a distant trough. They put binoculars upon it. Swamped lifeboat. Barely floating. It must founder soon. Before it did, the master read a name.

"*Nicopan*, I think, Mr. Ringat. Schooner *Nicopan*." His voice was tired, slow. "If they abandoned in what blew last night, no wonder they all drowned."

The chief mate nodded, sweeping the ocean and the bleak horizon with his glasses. Were there other living creatures in a waste so desolate? It seemed unlikely. Lightning forked across the heavens, darkly silhouetting their two shapes there on the high place of the *Ballardine* before the thunder crashed. The heavy squall cloud, black with rain, let its watery curtain fall. It rushed across the ocean far ahead and swept majestically to leeward. When it passed, a shaft of sunlight struck the distant water for a moment, and they saw the hulk there, wallowing, half-drowned in its own pool of foam. Captain Darcey turned at once toward the wheelhouse, altering the course.

It was the *Nicopan*, all right. She lay dismasted in the trough, welter of wreckage trailing overside from the stumps of broken spars. The long swells lifted toward her. She could barely rise to meet them, falling back too soon to let the lead-gray flanks of ocean pour across, then draining cataracts of white foam from her shattered bulwarks. She appeared deserted, till a dark speck, far aft by her taffrail, stirred—and then another. Captain Darcey thought he saw an arm wave far across the water—a gesture of despair or hope against the low, fast-flying rack of storm.

The *Ballardine* closed swiftly. Mr. Ringat took the motor lifeboat over. He had the boatswain with him, Roswell, the quartermaster, and four others. The chief officer was excellent with boats. They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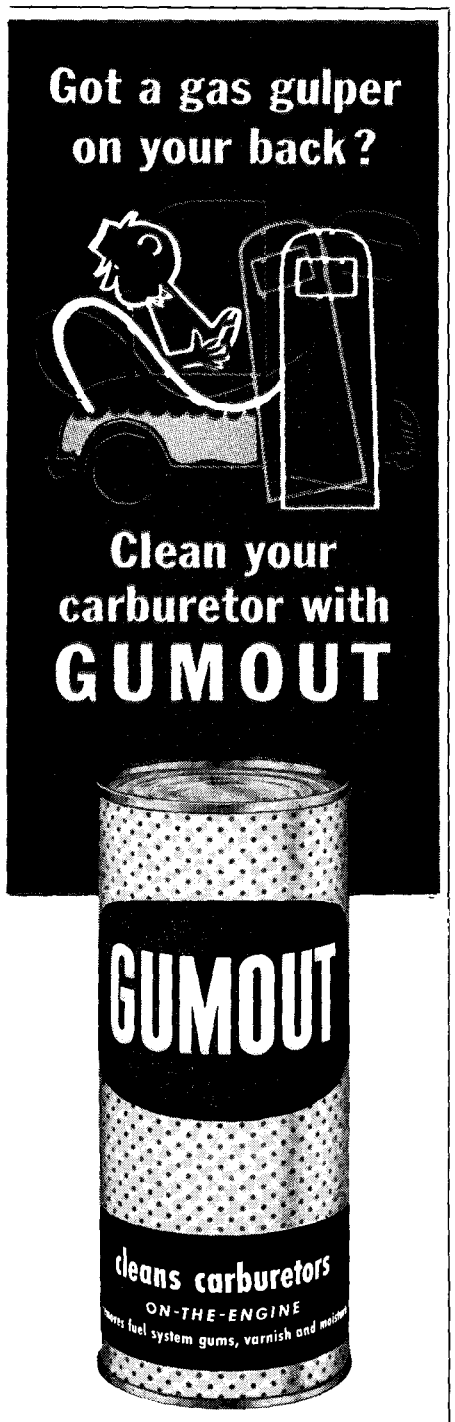
were down now where the ocean really was, its cold walls glinting as they rushed past, steep and close, chill stillness in the hollows, sudden booming of the wind each time the lifeboat soared. Mr. Ringat tended the tiller himself, skillfully running past the wreckage, rounding to close aboard the *Nicopan*'s counter.

A grizzled face peered down at him, a face with burning eyes. The hail it gave was nothing but a croak. Another shape appeared. The chief mate knew he saw the faces of complete exhaustion. They were helpless.



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Mr. Ringat left the boatswain at the tiller bar. He came aboard the hulk by a rope's end. Roswell followed. Underfoot the schooner wallowed lifelessly. Each time the ocean washed across with its enormous sigh, the raffle of tangled gear on her deck slammed loudly. She was drowning. She must founder soon.

"My Java boys. All six." The seaman with the burning eyes swayed where he stood, gasping. "Launched the longboat. Panic. Last night. Couldn't stop them. Hurricane squalls. They must all be——" The apparition tried to draw itself erect. "I am Captain Percival," the hoarse voice croaked, "master of the coasting schooner *Nicopan*. This is my mate, Mr. Liniton. There is case oil for the northern Luzon ports in the forward hold," the croaking voice went on, adding with great simplicity, "We had better abandon now."

Mr. Ringat stared at the *Nicopan*'s master for a moment of admiration or of disbelief. Case oil! And these two, he saw, had been trying to put together a pitiful raft. Case oil! He threw a swift glance forward, understanding at once the faint fluttering of air like a heat haze floating above the half-drowned forward deck. Underfoot the whole ship lifted and fell back into her acre-wide pool of foam, half the curving, gray-green flank of ocean washing clear across her. They had better abandon now.

The rest of it happened quickly. Mr. Ringat and the quartermaster lowered the *Nicopan*'s chief officer on the end of a bowline, then her master, into the motor lifeboat held under the schooner's counter by the boatswain of the *Ballardine*. Mr. Ringat drew himself erect. It was time for Roswell to go overside. The humpbacked curve of a mile-long swell, flowing toward the *Nicopan*, disdainful of her presence, should have passed beneath her and rolled on. It didn't. Its wall of greenly glinting water towered leisurely above her. Then it crashed down, splintered into boiling foam. Mr. Ringat heard a piercing scream. He spun around in time to see his quartermaster washed by the ocean's weight against the leeward bulwark, pinned in a mass of wreckage under spouting jets of sea. When Mr. Ringat reached him, Roswell was barely conscious.

"That's what you get," the quartermaster gasped through pain-distorted lips, "that's what you always get whenever you volunteer."

"You hold it steady, Roswell!" Mr. Ringat was already clawing at the raffle. "I'll have you ——"

"Nuts!" The youngster snarled the one word, torn by pain. What else did Roswell have to hurl against such cruel accident except rebellion, bitterness and youth's disdain? He spat it all at Mr. Ringat. "Now I'll be a hero too! Just like my daddy in your lousy, no-good war. He stayed behind on a crumby island so his landing party could get off. He was a fool to volunteer. Like me! Only I won't get no Navy Cross and I ain't a gunner's mate like Olaf Jensen. Fat lot of good it did him or the rest of us, leaving his bones on that lousy beachhead for ——"

"Jensen?" Mr. Ringat breathed the name. He was on his knees, eyes staring, face a ghastly white. Here was his war again! It seized him instantly. "Jensen?" He said the name like a hollow echo in an empty cave. "You ——"

"Sure. Gus Jensen. Till my mother remarried. I was still a kid. Harry Roswell adopted me. Now get the hell out of here before this crate blows up!" His face was twisting with his pain. "You can tell them about it in Louie's place next time you're drunk in Frisco."

Mr. Ringat thought he kneeled there for a long time while the years all fell away. He heard again the crack of carbine fire and he saw a running man who suddenly collapsed, became a dark blot on a beach just faintly touched by predawn light. Mr. Ringat felt the shuddering begin within him. Jensen hadn't volunteered! The dreadful choice, the grim decision had been solely the lieutenant's—and the total guilt. Mr. Ringat felt he had to tell the quartermaster his complete acceptance of it. But he saw that Roswell was unconscious. And he heard the boatswain crying to him from the lifeboat, urging him to come away.

Mr. Ringat threw a swift glance forward. Case oil! He could smell the stench of it. He came erect. Stillness touched his sad gray eyes at last. He understood in one bright instant how to expiate his sin and, if he could, the sins of others. When he hailed the lifeboat, his voice carried clearly above all the noise of sea and wind.

"Stand off!" he cried. "If she explodes, I want you well away! The quartermaster's hurt. He's pinned in wreckage here. I have to get him clear. You pick us up from the water."

It was like that. From the *Ballardine*'s bridge Captain Darcey, holding his ship as close aboard as he dared, saw the boat move off from the drowning hulk. And he saw his chief officer, dark shape against the sunless sky of dawn, struggling in the wreckage on the *Nicopan*'s deck. From such a distance Mr. Ringat's labor seemed a graceless pantomime, played out upon a heaving ocean underneath the last soiled rack of storm. That silhouetted figure rose at last and seemed to wave an arm in triumph. He was in contention with a lifejacketed shape, inert and helpless, lowering it overside with care. Just then a hissing rain squall marched between, obscuring vision. When it passed, both men were in the water, Mr. Ringat swimming strongly, the other in his tow. And then the *Nicopan* blew up.

Her foredeck lifted in a sheet of flame and thunderous explosion, hurling aloft its debris. It must rain down on the water soon. Mr. Ringat, swimming with his burden in an ocean hollow underneath it, seemed prepared. Captain Darcey saw him lift himself at once. Deliberately, without any hesitation, he heaved himself across the quartermaster's body, making himself the other's shield before charred clutter fell upon him and upon the water all around.

The *Nicopan* did not burn long. The sea poured into her. She was settling swiftly under wind-torn smoke when the motor lifeboat, unharmed at its distance, churned in alongside the two floating shapes. Roswell was badly hurt. The *Ballardine*'s chief officer was dead.

So they buried Mr. Ringat eastward of the Stewart Bank in fourteen hundred fathoms. Captain Darcey thought it proper. They left the quartermaster in Manila hospital. And when the ship came home to San Francisco her master, when he could, walked into Louie's place and sat down at a white-topped table over by the wall. He waited quietly until the bar was empty. Then Louie came and sat beside him. Captain Darcey knew he would.

"You already been to tell her, captain?"

"Yes." The *Ballardine*'s master nodded, knowing right away who Louie meant. "Yes. I told her."

"I read about it in the paper," Louie Chavez said. "Twelve, fifteen days ago."

"They can only write down what they know." Captain Darcey frowned a moment. "Roswell's name was really Jensen, Louie, and his father was a gunner's mate who got killed on an island in the war. He told me about it in Manila before we sailed. Mr. Ringat found that out on the deck of the *Nicopan*. I didn't tell that to the newsmen. I told her."

"So!" It was quiet at that time of day in Louie's place. He said no more. "So!"

"There are hundreds of Jensens on the oceans, Louie. Some of them, I guess, got killed on islands in the war." The master of the *Ballardine* spoke slowly. "Was the first name of Lieutenant Ringat's Jensen really Olaf? Did he have a son named Gus? If he did, the quartermaster is his son. If not, he's just another sailor name of Jensen. Well, it would be easy to find out for sure from Navy. I told her I would do that for her if she wished. She told me no. Louie, she just smiled at me and told me no. She said, 'It doesn't matter, captain. Can't you see? It doesn't matter. Man like Peter, he just had to pay his debt. Either way, I think he did.'"

The silence held in Louie's place. Only the Embarcadero traffic rumbled past, sounding muffled in there, sounding far away. Louie Chavez understood what Bessie Ringat meant. What mortal is there who holds righteousness or virtue deep enough to pronounce judgment on the greater value of one unlived life above another? Bessie knew it instantly. Mr. Ringat knew it best of all. It was the heart and essence of his war. When he met it for the second time out where the ocean rolled and tumbled in a sunless dawn, his tragic spirit wrested from it his one fragile and enormous victory.

"Captain," Louie Chavez said at last, "you call her up before you sail again." Louie's little dark eyes glinted. "Maybe she be glad to talk with you."

"Well, yes," the captain murmured. "Yes, I will." THE END

"Well, there goes my character witness."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Too Young for Trouble

(Continued from Page 43)

hands pressed his steadily and more steadily, as if she could heal his disappointment and suppress his rage, lead him to knowledge, assure at least a certain level of calm and so unfetter his intelligence that he could find a solution.

She told him how Alice had abruptly begun to grow away from the boys her own age who had infested the house before; how when her girl friends came over there were whispered conferences deep into the nights, with scattered significant phrases slipping out under the door of the bedroom, or coming from the kitchen when they raided the refrigerator; how Alice affected make-up and books and notions that had been anathema to her; how the man who brought her home did not even come to the door, but let her out and raced away; and how evasive she had become about her dates, refusing to discuss them as she used to. Marcia related how Judy Sommers, who had been Alice's best friend, had loudly called her a fool; how a voice called her on the phone sometimes, a voice that pretended to an engaging youth, that did not really live in the throat of the man and was a deceit; how Alice had flushed and walked off when her mother's suspicion was advanced to her; how remote and superior she had become.

When she had finished, Ted said, "Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"You said an affair, Marcia. Couldn't this be an infatuation? Nothing you've said indicates an affair."

"No, nothing I've said proves it. But it does prove that you've worn blinders, Ted. You've missed all this, haven't you? Missed it completely, because to you she is forever rosy and sweet—your little girl." She spoke with pity and without jealousy—although she did feel some jealousy—without malice, kindly and even with humor. The combination of emotions had made her wait as long as she could before she spoke to Ted. She had wanted to protect him—until she realized that by doing so she was not protecting Alice, who deserved it more.

Irritably Ted said, "Enough of this circumstantial evidence. Is there anything more?"

"The key," she said.

"The key?"

"It was on her key chain. It looked like the key to an apartment. It didn't belong to anything around here."

Agitated, he sat up. "A key? To the office, to files, to something in the office?"

She was so sorry for him that she wanted to cry. But she must not, for his sake and for Alice's.

"I had hoped that myself, Ted. But, you see, it couldn't be. If it were, would she snatch it from me, turn on me as if she had never seen me before and tell me, 'Don't pry, don't pry. If you do, I'll leave, I'll leave here.'" She did not speak the words as Alice must have; they made their own implications.

Ted started to fling himself out of bed. Marcia held him back with both hands and with wide, pleading eyes. "I'm going in and talk to that young lady. I'm going in and ——"

"Ted, Ted ——" She pressed on him strongly, and he fell back.

"Let me think," he said. "Let me think." He pulled her down beside him. "Let me think," he kept saying, "let me think."

They waited a long time. Ted was restless and sweating. Marcia got up, went to the bathroom and came back with a cold towel. She soothed him with it. He smiled and said, "I suppose I'm another darn-fool father. Have I made too much of a baby out of her?"

"In your own mind. You haven't been quite willing to let her grow up."

"Then, if—if there is this thing, is it my fault?"

"No," said Marcia, thinking. "No, I don't think so. You have no fault—yet."

"I don't get that."

She sat in the chair again, poured some coffee, found it cold and grimaced. "You'll only be at fault if we find that there is really something wrong, and if you can't forgive her."

Ted twisted, pounded the pillows behind him and then propped them up. "It strikes me that you're—well, sort of removed, detached, if that's the word, about this. You seem to be taking it quite calmly and putting it on my plate."

She was quiet for a moment and then she raised blue eyes to him. "Calmly?" she said. "Would I be calm about it and be a sneak? Would I eavesdrop and do all such things that can destroy her love for me? Could I accuse her and see her turn away from me and yet feel calm?"

She gathered herself again, delicately it seemed to him, as if she picked up scattered pieces of a broken shell and patiently put them back together. "A long time ago, it seems a long time, she was my baby sister, my comrade—not merely my child. It wasn't so long ago, but it seems that way. We played golf together, we were confidantes. That was when she needed me, when she thought I knew more than she (*Continued on Page 121*)

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(*Continued from Page 119*) did. And, oh, Ted, darling, we were sometimes unjust to you."

He stiffened. But she smiled at him and touched his sleeve. "We found you sweet, naïve. You loved us both, so much, so—so naïvely."

He colored. She shook her head. "Don't be angry. We loved it. You loved us, and we were a little jealous of each other, but with understanding. And we were proud, proud that you loved us both—each in her own way. Then—then Alice and I began to drift apart. I couldn't be her big sister any more, or her adviser or confidante, because she began to think she knew as much as I did, about everything."

Her words came to him, fell against his wall of ignorance of his women, bounced away, returned steadily in their persistent truth and were slowly, reluctantly absorbed. He had been a happy blind man in a garden scented delightfully with women. He hadn't known of growing, of urge, of dissension. His little goldilocks had still been running on pearly legs, capturing fireflies and weeping as she saw the wash of stars, saying, "Daddy, they're so far away, and you can't catch one." It was not quite that bad, but almost. And he had been blissfully unconscious of the joust between the women, the one losing her gossamer hold, and the other becoming a firm-chinned woman, with new stars, unknown to him, in her eyes.

"Yes," said Marcia. "Now I do have to put it all on your plate—because I've failed."

"Failed?" he said. "No, no." And he began to find something. "No, you haven't failed. You didn't lose her. She had to lose you—for a while."

For the rest of the day the family lived under an estrangement that no one of them could manage to break. At seven that night Alice received a telephone call and took it on the ground-floor phone. There was a large clothes closet near the phone table, and Alice took the phone in there and closed the door. Neither Ted nor Marcia attempted to go to the kitchen or upstairs and lift another of the extensions. They sat in rigid silence until Alice emerged from the closet. She said, "I'm going to read awhile in bed. Good night." She did not come in to kiss them. It was the first time that she hadn't. Marcia said, "She knows we talked, Ted."

"Of course," he said. "But it has to be that way eventually, so today is as good a time as any."

Marcia did not ask him what he was going to do. She was perceptive. She knew he did not know. That night in bed they held hands through the long reaches of the dark.

On Monday morning in the office Ted's secretary noticed the way he looked, and she prescribed aspirin. Ted worked as best he could, but kept watching the clock. He had the feeling that time was working fast, working beneath him like erosion, and that he had not been aware of it soon enough. At eleven he asked Miss Hamilton to get Alice on the phone.

"Hello, dad," said Alice tentatively.

He spoke heartily, too heartily. "How about lunch today? I know it's late to invite a pretty girl, but maybe I'm in luck."

She hesitated, her breathing sounded apprehensive. "I have to go out at twelve, and I know that's so early for you. . . ."

He could tell she was beginning a shy brush-off, but he did not allow it to happen. "Fine. Twelve." He named a fashionable restaurant. "I'll see you there, darling." And he hung up.

He was sweating. He didn't know what he wanted to say to her; he didn't know what he could do. He would not threaten, cajole or cruelly advise. He would do nothing he had not done before and had not the right to do. Alice had been an Alice in Wonderland for him for too long; he could not now discuss subjects which his own blindness to her womanhood had closed to him. He could not spy on her or use his greater worldliness to trick her into admissions that might indict her, but would indict him too because he had forced them from her. He only knew that he wanted to see her privately; and there was nothing more private than a table in a restaurant in a large city. People were more themselves there than they were in their own kitchens. Perhaps because they felt that not even the walls were listening, and if they were, or the waiters, it could not matter; they would not really know what they were hearing.

At five to twelve Ted was waiting for her at a table in the largest restaurant of the several in the hotel. Soon he saw her coming through the big entry doors, pert and young in her swinging coat, glancing ahead, head thrust a little forward, scanning faces to find him. He saw her approach, and as she did, he revised a whole scheme of conception of her. He saw men turn and look at her. He saw the way she moved her head and body. He saw the harried look in her still too-young face. He knew she was desirable and troubled. He knew that she was no longer his little girl.

"Alice," he said, as he arose and walked toward her.

"Dad." She started to peck him on the cheek, but faltered. He covered her embarrassment by briskly taking her arm and leading her to his table.

The waiter helped her into her chair and off with her coat. He swept broad menus in front of them.

"Alice," said Ted, "would you care to start with tomato juice?"

"Love it."

"One tomato juice, large," said Ted, "one Martini, dry. Then we'll order."

Alice kept brushing her cheek with her left hand in a nervous gesture. Ted opened the wide menu. "What do you think you crave today?"

"I'm not very hungry."

He closed the menu decisively. "Suppose we both settle on the chef's salad?"

"O.K."

Their drinks arrived. Ted ordered two chef's salads. He lifted his glass to Alice. "Skoal, dad," she said.

"I'm glad you could make it," he said.

She shrugged. "I guess it's just as well. You want to talk to me, don't you?"

He thought about that. He had been thinking about it for many long hours. "No," he said at last. "No, I don't want to talk to you about anything in particular."

Her cheeks colored. "Oh, dad. I'm sure mother's told you what she thinks and I wasn't deceived by the gay way you acted on the phone. If you want to ask something, go ahead and do it."

He looked at her levelly. "I don't intend to ask anything," he said. He knew what he said was true. "When I invited you, I had no intention of asking anything."

"No?" She turned the tomato juice in the bowl of ice. "Then why am I here?"

"I wanted to look at you," he said, and knew that was also true.

Flushed, she lifted her head. "Look at me? Look at me? Why? Have I suddenly become a freak or something?"

"No," he said. He was suddenly quite calm. "I wanted to see you as you are. At home you're blurred. As if—as if a hundred photographs were all fused together. I couldn't see you as you are. Each room, the yard, everything makes you something else. I wanted a new picture of you. I think I've found it."

She had bent her head. She lifted it again, and her face was stark and white. "And now," she said, "now maybe you think you don't like what you see. I'm not your sweet little girl any more."

He smiled at her. "No, you're not my little girl any more. You're a young woman. Ah, here are the salads."

They ate in silence a while—or, rather, they turned over the salad, put some on their plates, ate slices of ham and chicken and smiled at each other. Then Alice put down her fork.

"You have a plot in mind, dad."

"We're looking for something with a large yard."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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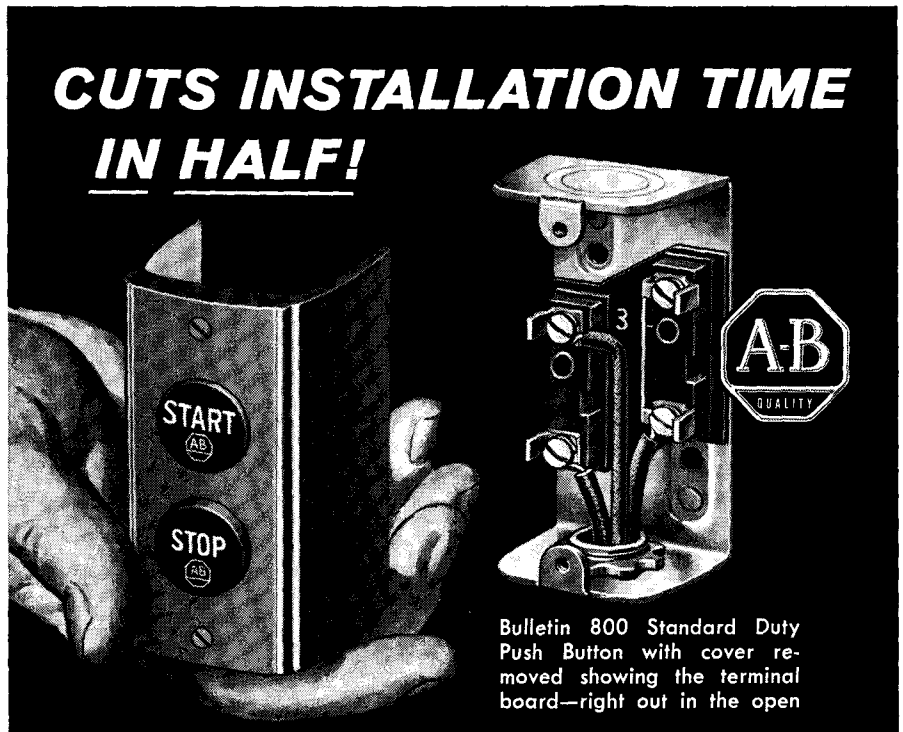

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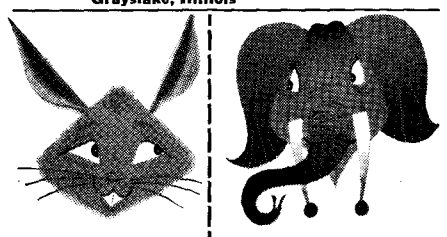

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"Nothing of the sort."

"Did mother tell you—well, she *did* tell you; and now you're taking over, aren't you?"

"No," he said, spearing a small piece of lettuce. Alice put her hand on his so he could not lift his fork. "I have a right to do what I want. I'm not your little baby girl, and I'm not mother's little sister. You're right, I'm a woman, and that's what I want to be. And I don't want any interference."

She was right—Alice the little girl had flown away. He could summon her, as she had been, any time memory wished and in any period of her life. But she was not here now. This young determined woman was she; she was not a stranger, but she bore no resemblance to those past gentle figures. Her stature was her own; and nothing he had known before about her really mattered, except to him and to his unfading pictures of what she had been and had meant to him. He was surprised because he was not disillusioned. He was interested in the young woman who arrested his attention with her deposition and her hand.

He let his hand lie lax over his fork, with her hand on top of it. He looked at her, and a panorama swept before him—the pearly legs, the fireflies, the pajama parties, and way, way back before that, all in montage, all fixed in his mind, all known, preserved and loved. Then he addressed himself to the young woman who was here, present, who might have done something that could violate his love, illusion and sensibility. With wonder, he found his love intact and disillusion, if any, hiding ashamed on the fringes of his feeling for her. He said, "There will be no interference."

"What, dad?"

With his free hand he lifted hers from his hand that held the fork. He ate the piece of lettuce. "There will be no interference. I didn't know it yesterday, but I do today. Alice, interference—if there was any—started a long time ago. And *interference* isn't its name. Its names are many—training, love, understanding. Today is too late for interference."

"But, but if I do something wrong——"

"Then you'll have to know that yourself," he said. "If I didn't make myself clear, or your mother didn't, when you were a kid, how can we do it when you're a woman?" He put down his fork. "Alice, your life is your own now."

The waiter brought coffee. "Dessert, honey?" asked Ted.

"No," she said. Ted sipped his coffee. "Dad," she said, "dad." She gripped her hands on the tabletop. "There was a key. Mother found the key."

He said nothing. "You're not prying, dad, so I'll tell you. I don't mean that mother is an old pry, I don't mean that."

"I know she isn't."

"I know she thought she was doing the right thing. I think under the circumstances I might have."

He was quiet and noncommittal.

"I don't know what I was doing, dad, when mother accused me with the key. Well, she didn't exactly accuse me, but she seemed to know it was to a man's apartment."

He nodded. An icy thing returned to his back. An icy finger that trailed the length of his spine. But he cursed it. He must not react wrongly to truth.

"It was, dad. I gave it back to him. I haven't done anything wrong yet. I haven't. I'm confused. He—he gave me the key. He says I'm so good at decorating and things. I think so, but I don't know how he knew. I guess I told him about my room. You know how I have decorated it myself?"

He sat in a static state that should not change her or help her, that must let her alone. He felt icy and wet as a statue in the chair, afraid almost to breathe and alter her.

"I promised to decorate his apartment," she said. "That's why I had the key."

He waited, but she was not going to say anything more. He looked up at her. Their eyes met. It was the first time that their eyes had truly met since he looked into the childish blue eyes of the little girl who gathered herself to his heart, who stole his heart, who sped softly into his mind and would remain there forever. Now he looked into eyes that were like Marcia's, partially revealing, forever her own, demanding reply, giving restrained,

(*Continued on Page 124*)

"I don't know . . . do you think that's a little strong?"

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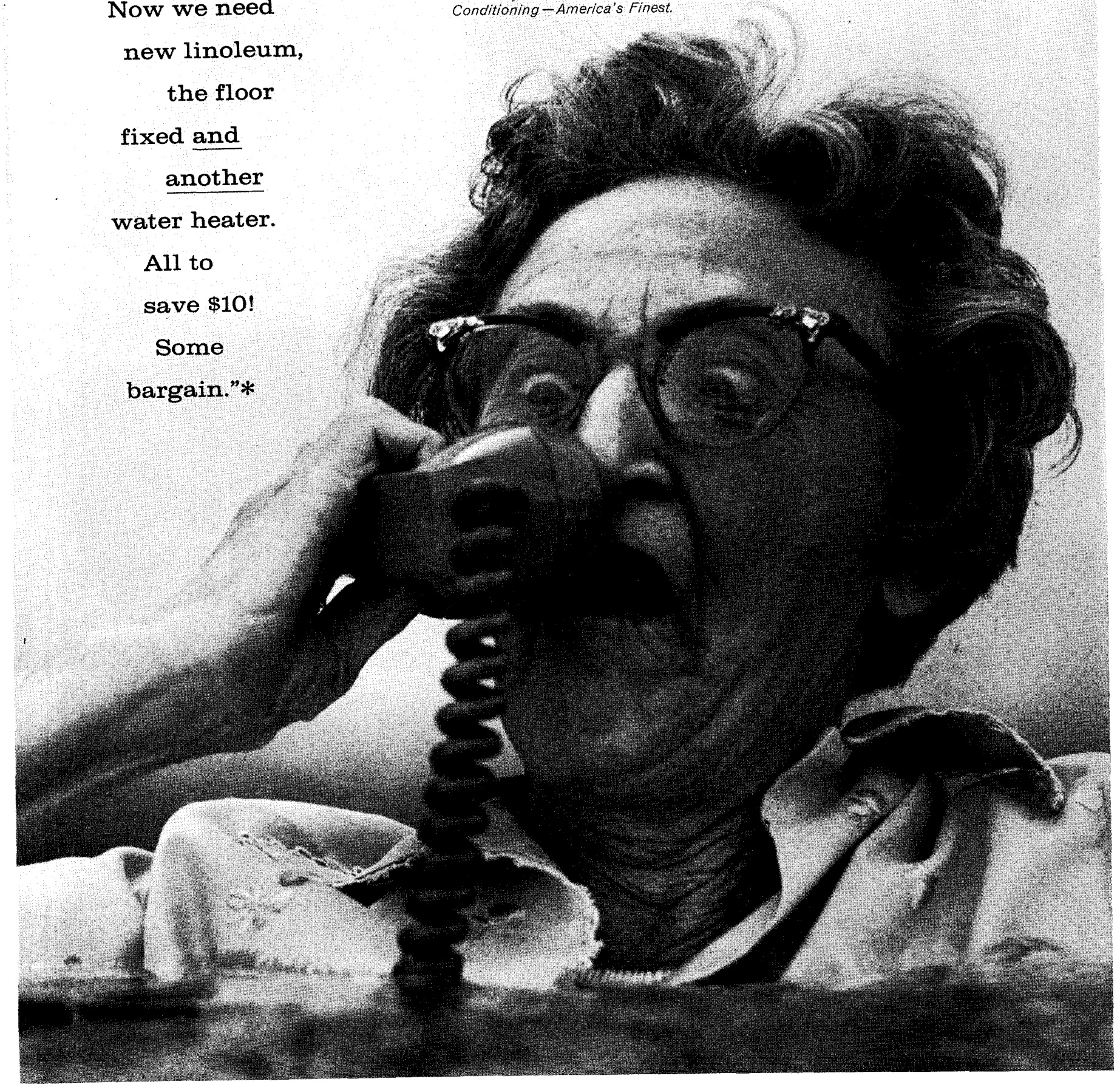

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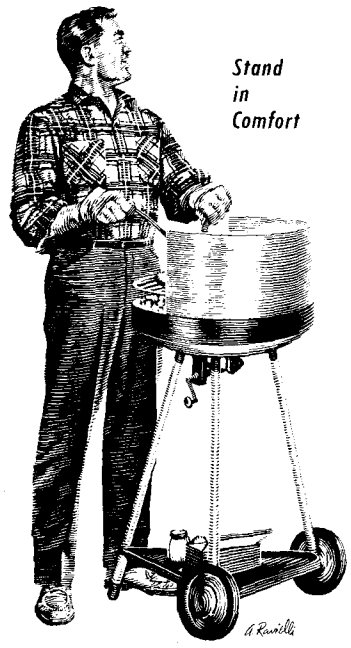

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(*Continued from Page 122*) individual warmth and reciprocal love and trust.

"I don't doubt that," he said. The waiter came with the check. Ted signed it.

Another fire of indignation swept his girl. She could not help it; there was fire in her that reached out like the long yearning over the earth of the electricity that sweeps up from the highest point and joins passion with the violent storm clouds, making lightning. "I don't want to be belittled," she said. "I won't stand for it."

"I didn't intend to."

"No? You sit there, so calm, and sign the check. And that's supposed to be it? Is that it?"

He did not know what to say—and was glad he didn't. If he had thought he did, it would have been the wrong thing.

"If you met him," said his worried young woman, "if you met him, you wouldn't act this way. Now let's face it. This lunch has been on a very fatherly, tolerant basis. It's like the police. Mother gives me the hard time, and you give me the soft time, and between the two of you I confess. Well, it won't be that way."

"I'll meet him," said Ted.

"What?"

"I said I'll meet him." He handed the check to the discreetly hovering waiter. "Tonight."

"You're kidding, of course."

"Were you?"

She moved long fingers over the tablecloth. "We have a date for tonight—cocktails."

Ted winced. Naturally Alice was allowed cocktails—limited—at home, but he didn't like her taking them outside. He saw that Alice had noted his wince and was contemplating him sagely as another bluenose father.

Then the reluctant derision of her glance gave him his clue. "I have enough nerve to be there, if you do," he said and put out his hand. "Shake on it."

She shook. Her hand was quivering.

"Name the place," he said.

She told him.

"Six?"

"O.K.," she said.

It was a cellar, but a good cellar, with a good piano and singer, excellent chairs and tables, and a big pot of fascinating cheese on each table. Ted got there at ten to six and took a table for three. He was only one table away from the piano. He ordered a martini and waited. Some of the songs were new, some were old—old enough, in fact, to be favorites of his and Marcia's. But that wasn't too darn old. They were the songs of just before the war—a good time for music. They had tunes then that could tear your heart out, put it back and then take it out again. And you felt the pain, but didn't mind. You liked it and rain and having the kid, and then came the war and more dreams, and there was the coming back, and you had done all right, Ted. But who was this guy that would come in with Alice, and what would you say to him?

In theory Ted did not dislike an "older" man, as Marcia had described him; but he did dislike an older, younger or in-between man who had to be a mystery and who handed out the key to his apartment after telling a girl she might be able to decorate it. This guy was a foul ball, from way back. But what to do about him? Hit him? No, Alice would think he was persecuted. Mock him, scorn him? No, that's the best way to get your daughter working against you. Accept him? How could you accept a man who hadn't insisted on meeting you after he started taking out your daughter? A man who had obviously avoided such an issue?

Ted stood up. Alice was coming down the gray-carpeted stairs. She looked around. He waved to her, but she did not see him. He walked between the tables. She was alone. Ah, had the so-and-so reneged?

"Alice, over here."

They sat facing each other. After a time, a very short time, the waiter came and put a martini in front of Alice without being asked—she was known here. Her eyes were large, shaded but steady.

Ted's mind questioned fiercely and bluntly, *Where is he, didn't he have the guts to come?* but he did not speak.

"Dad?"

"Yes."

Her eyes were wide and looking at him, but they filled like lakes with tears. "Dad," she said, "I couldn't bring him here. I worked all afternoon on it, insisting on it to myself, but I couldn't."

He did not dare move; he might betray himself, an eagerness, a hope.

"Dad," she said, "I—I knew how you would see him. I knew how you would know him. I saw him through your eyes."

There still was nothing for him to say. Anything that had been said had been said by him and by Marcia before this.

"Dad," she said. "I was ashamed."

He signaled courteously and gently for the waiter, paid the bill and helped Alice get her coat over her shoulders. They went out into the cool evening.

This was no time to take a long, cruel ride home by train, waiting in the station, jogging along, changing at stations. Ted hailed a cab and told the driver where he wanted to go.

The driver shook his head. "It's good going out," he said, "but I ain't allowed to take a tripper back, even if there was one."

"I'll pay the round trip."

"In that case I have to call the dispatcher."

"Call him."

The cabby was a good driver and whisked swiftly to the parkways.

"Cigarette?" Ted asked.

"Love one, dad."

They were spinning through the parkways.

"I don't know how to get together with mother," said Alice.

"That ought to be easy. Tell her you think she's getting a mite creaky and you'll probably skunk her at golf this Saturday."

Alice giggled, but under it was a hint of powerful tears. Ted took her hand. "Of course," he said, "it might be the better part of valor this weekend if you could manage to let her win."

Alice laughed and sobbed and came close to him, wiggling into the crook of his arm.

Well, he thought as the cab went on, she could be little goldilocks for the rest of this ride, although he doubted she ever would be again. THE END

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

When Roscoe moved to suburbia, he wanted his dream home to have everything. So he built it by a lake, erected a ramp and put up a garage big enough to hold his seaplane as well as his cars. The first time he taxied up in his plane, however, the building inspector who had authorized a "dwelling and garage" waved him off. A lawsuit ensued.

"Airplane hangars aren't allowed in residential zones," the building inspector maintained. "The zoning ordinance permits a residence to be used for other things 'customarily incidental' to residential use, like storing cars in the garage. But that doesn't include planes."

"The use of private planes has increased to such an extent that they should be regarded just like automobiles," Roscoe retorted. "Both are forms of motor vehicles. If I can keep my car in the garage, I ought to be able to keep my plane there too."

If you were the judge, would you fly along with Roscoe?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Roscoe lost. "An airplane is not a motor vehicle under common usage," the court ruled. "Even when maintenance of private planes has become common and usual, it won't necessarily follow that each owner be allowed to keep his plane on his own land."

Based upon a 1959 Massachusetts decision.

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Wonderful! Doesn't Curtis publish *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, and other magazines?

That sounds like a good idea. Will you ask Billy to stop around and explain the plan to me?

Seems like a real opportunity. He'll learn good traits while earning money. How about asking Billy to tell my son, Jim, about Keystone, too?

On second thought, that's what *I'm* going to do right away! 'Bye . . . and thanks!

note: If you know someone interested in a Keystone career, have him write or phone the nearest office listed below.

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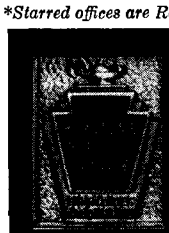

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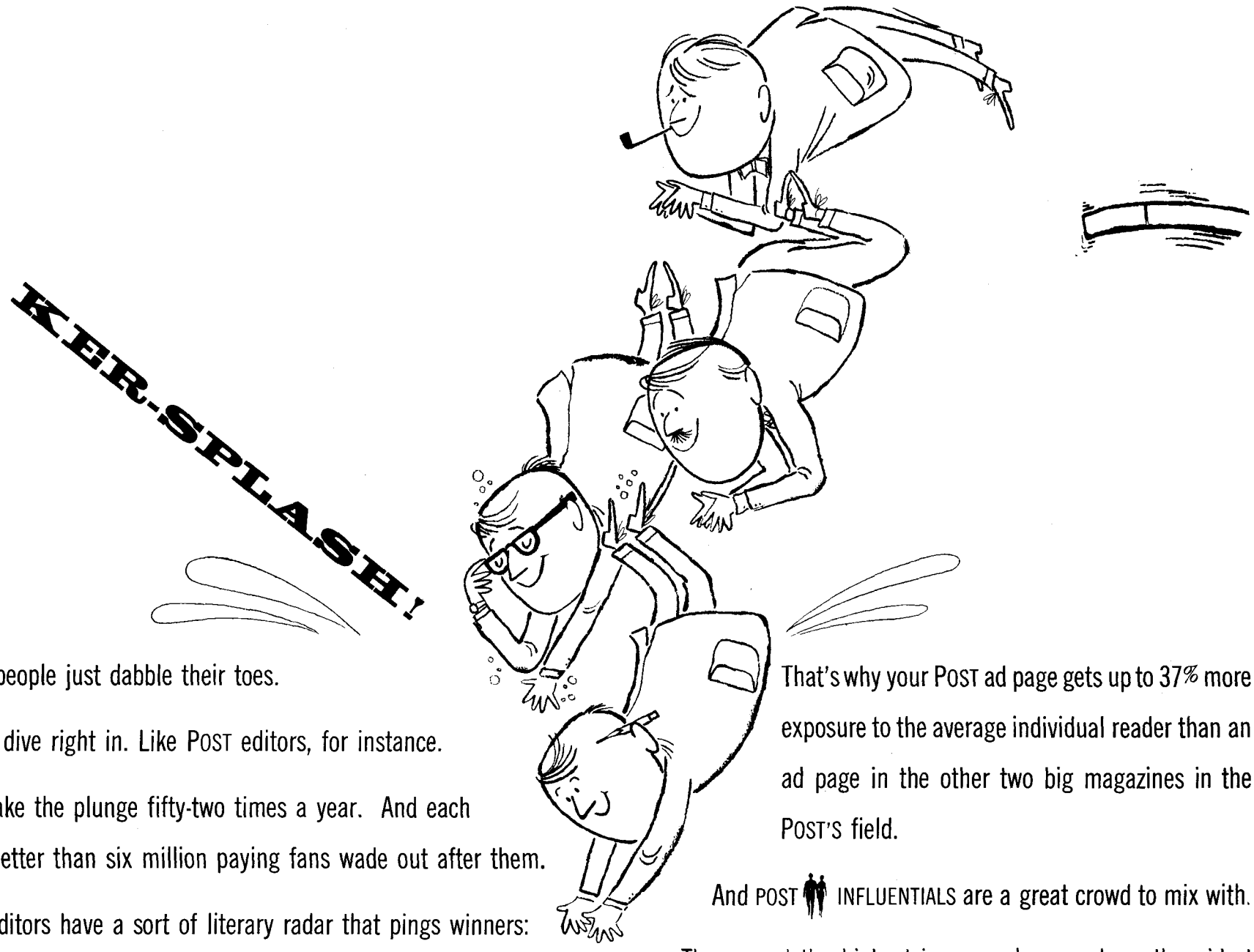

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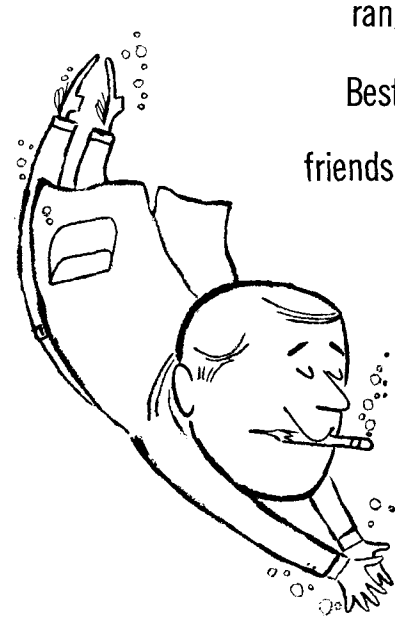

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Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 27)

Tante Maria saw the girl astride her stallion riding like a man—uncontrolled, capricious, ready for any mischief the devil might put into her mind. And the mind of a young girl was a favorite receptacle for the devil's mischief. There was something unnatural about Francina, about the light way she moved—about the way, though she seldom wore a *kappie*, her skin remained as white as milk on which the cream has set, almost colorless, like the petals of some waxy bloom. She never blushed with either shame or anger. If her lips had not been so red and her eyes so bright, one might have thought her ill. Why, *Tante* Maria thought, had God seen fit to leave her only this one grandchild? The last of her blood and her race.

Francina knew what was going on in the old woman's mind. She loved her grandmother, her *ouma*. In her mind, as she ate, she heard the thunder of Blaubooi's hoofs, felt on her hands the sweat that first blackened and then curded the lovely dapple of his neck. This horse was a king horse, isolated by a quality which she had recognized from the first, from the day that *oupa* had bought him from the British soldier—a deserter, making his way to join some band of lawless men who lived in the hills. Scattered about the country there were many men—renegades and criminals who preyed on the lonelier farms and travelers less prepared to defend themselves.

Francina thought of her great-uncle's saying, "I'll give you twenty pounds for him," and the man's laugh. "Fifty is the price." Then her great-uncle, whom she affectionately called *Oupa*—old father—had said, "That's an English blood horse. He's worth five hundred, but he's stolen, and you're lucky to get twenty-five pounds for him. You fool," he had said, "leave him here. Take your money and make for the hills." Then he'd said, "I'll throw in an old horse for you to ride so that you can make a good impression on the brigands." The man had laughed again, showing his white teeth. He had taken off his hat, and the sun had glinted on his bright red hair. She had never seen a red-haired man before. "You win," the man said.

"*Ja*," *oupa* said, "I win and I remain honest, for to buy a horse stolen from the English who stole our land, who press upon us, is honest, for we have never made peace with them in our hearts."

"They flogged me," the soldier said. "They tied me to a wheel and flogged me."

"If they catch you, they'll shoot you."

"They won't catch me." He had taken the gold in a small rawhide bag and had ridden away on an old bay mare with a foal at foot. That was how they had got possession of Blaubooi five years ago when she was ten.

She looked up from her plate and said, "You began it, *ouma*."

"Began what? What are you talking about now?"

"Horses," Francina said. "It was you who first put me on a horse. *Ja*," she said, "when you saved me from the Kaffirs when my real *oupa* and pa and ma were made dead. Do you think I can forget that? The terror, the shouts, the assagais. I remember it all—your hand about me, the horse's mane in my hand, his shoulders moving under my legs."

"How can you remember all that, Cina? You were only two."

The child remembered what *Tante* Maria had tried so hard to forget. But she never could, not in its entirety. There was always something that reminded her—a galloping horse, a sudden shout, blood on the ground where a pig had been killed, the gleam of sunlight on a black skin wet with sweat. These were the things that had marked the end of her life, though she still lived on. Her husband, her son and his wife all killed before her eyes. But to the child that she had carried to safety in her arms these terrible events had been a beginning, something so vivid that all which had gone before it was lost with the milk of infancy.

"That was the beginning of my horse love," Francina said, "and there were no other children here, only dogs and horses, only the beasts; so it was with them that I always played."

It was true. And her imagined conversations with her pets made her difficult to understand and hard to manage, particularly as Uncle Willem Prinsloo encouraged her wildest escapades. With his sons dead he was turning this girl into a boy.

As a family, this branch of the Prinsloos had been unfortunate. Their children had been too bold, too adventurous. Driven by some hidden urge, they had all gone north into Kaffirland to hunt and trade. Willem had gone too in his youth and had survived—not because he was less reckless, but because for some obscure reason the Lord had seen fit to protect him instead of his brother, to whom *Tante* Maria had been married.

She pushed back the bench on which she sat and went over to pat Francina's shoulder. "You are a good girl," she said. "It is just that I forget that you are young. You would not believe it, my child, but I was like you once—young, slim and full of fire." Francina looked at her with wide eyes. "Do you think I was this size when we rode away from Sterkwater? Do you think there is a horse alive that could carry me today?"

Going to a shelf recessed in the wall she fetched a great brass-bound Bible. She lighted a second candle, then she went to the double door, the lower half of which was closed, and called, "Come in and read to us from the Book, Willem, for we are ready."

The circular enclosure of the horse kraal was a second home to Francina. There, invisible to the human world, hidden by the masonry, she could be completely herself. Her two tame sheep and dogs she had left waiting at the gate. The horses came toward her, snorting gently with wide nostrils.

Blaubooi was in front of the others, looking at her as if he wondered why she was here so early, before the grooms were astir, before the blue smoke of the cooking fires rose into the still, sharp air.

The horse's iron neck arched at her touch. Francina's hand was warm and dry as she stroked his silken coat. All of her was going out to the horse. Her heart was in her eye and hand, in her breath as she breathed into his nostrils. This was love, the culmination of her fifteen years of life, the high point of its living. One day she knew it would not be a horse; but till that day came it was a horse. It was Blaubooi.

When Klaas, the head horse boy, led the stallion away after her *oupa* had bought him, she had followed. She had watched him put into a stall, standing back with her forefinger in her mouth. When Klaas had left, she had tried the door, but the bolt was too high for her. She then had gone around to the back of the stable—a long low building—and here she could not be seen from the house. There was a window in the stall not very high up, unglazed and unbarred. She found a bamboo ladder and a moment later she was staring down at the horse. He had raised his head to look at her. She got onto the window sill and sat on it with her bare legs dangling against the inner wall of the stable. The horse smelled her. She still remembered the feel of his nose on her bare feet. She had put out her hand to touch his head and then had slid, half falling, into the deep straw of his box. The horse had gone into a rearing plunge as she landed, but had become calm as soon as she touched him.

It had taken a year of growth and effort before she was able to scramble onto his back. This had been achieved by getting him to stand near a big rock and then pulling herself up by his mane.

Today she led the horse out of the kraal by his forelock. At the stables she saddled and bridled him. Then she tied him to a ring set into the wall, gave him a truss of oat forage and went to get her own breakfast.

She gulped her coffee. She had no explanation for today's urgency—only that she had waked with the first cock and sprung out of bed so filled with life that she had felt as if she would burst out of her skin. She jumped up and ran out of the door, with the dogs leaping beside her. Francina reached her horse and galloped off, followed by her dogs.

She rode over the veld in a dream. Her gray race horse was her way out of ordinary life into one of beauty, grace and speed. Coming to a stretch of short,

"Chocolate cigarettes?"

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sheep-cropped turf, she loosened Blaubooi's reins. They knew this place. The horse had only to shake his head from side to side, to shiver and tremble, and she let him go, leaning over his neck, her cheek against it, her hair mingling with his mane in the wind of the gallop.

And then it was over. Cina sat back in the saddle. There was no need to touch the reins. The horse slowed to a canter, to a walk. He came to a halt. Francina patted his neck. She was breathing hard. The blood flowed through her swiftly. Her cheeks were rosy, her nostrils wide open as she sucked in the perfumed air, for here almost every bush was fragrant, its scent carried to her on the strong salt breeze blowing in from the sea. This was what she had sought—something she described wordlessly to herself as a moment of beauty. They could come as now—violently as if she and her horse and the land had been welded into one by the fury of their gallop—or gently, with the wet nose of one of the dogs in her hand, the tiny white star of a flower beneath her nose as she lay on her belly in the veld, with her head in her arms. These were moments when she was one with all living things.

Francina never knew what made her turn her horse's head toward the hills, or she may not have turned him. She often rode with the reins loose on his neck and let him have his way. He seldom stopped to graze, but walked on with pricked ears and wide staring eyes as if he owned the world.

There was no sound save the brushing of the horse's legs through the heath. The air was sweetly perfumed by the heavy fragrance of the fontein bos—a fragile feathery bush covered with pale-blue, sweet-pealike flowers.

The girl drifted slowly up a *kloof* that opened up into little grassy patches white with arum lilies and then closed again, narrowing into a passage where the horse had to walk in the bed of the stream before the hills opened out again into another of the glades that were strung like pearls on the string of the little river. Still dawdling along, talking to her horse, patting him, picking such blooms as she could reach from her saddle, Francina was lost in her dreams till she was brought back to reality by the sight of other horses. The four Beyers brothers were coming toward her. She was, in fact, on their land. But what were they doing all together like that? She pulled up her horse and waited for them.

Barend, who was in front, said, "We are on our way to visit *Oom* Willem."

"*Oupa?*" she said. "All of you? What do you want of him?"

"It's private," Flip said.

She looked at Daniel, the eldest. "*Ja,*" he said, "at the moment it is secret."

Francina tossed her head. "Secrets," she said, "I love secrets." She joined Louis, the youngest of them, who was only a year older than herself. She smiled into his eyes. "For what price will you tell me the secret?"

"A kiss," he said.

Francina laughed. "Why," she said, "you are growing up and acting like a man."

"Why? Do all men want to kiss you?"

"I do not see many men," Francina said, "and I'll find out for myself." She put her heels into the horse and said, "I'll tell them you are coming."

Francina arrived wind-blown and disheveled. "The Beyers men are coming, *ouma*. They are on their way, all four of them. They are coming to consult *oupa* about something. They would not tell me what it was."

Tante Maria smiled. "It is man's business then—something to do with hunting or war."

Francina's mouth opened with surprise. "There is no war."

"With men there is always some chance of it."

"*Oupa* is too old for commando," Francina said.

"We may think so, but will he? It is my belief that no man is ever too old to fire a gun at another."

"We must have coffee for them," Francina said, "and send a boy for *oupa*, to tell him that they come." She went into the house to set the table with cups and plates. She also put out glasses and from the wall cupboard brought out a bottle of homemade peach brandy. Then she went out of the back door and round to the stone steps leading up to the loft.

Picking her way through a dusty collection of oddments, Francina wiped a section of the floor and lay down with her eye to a small hole through the clay and the reeds that supported it. She was exactly above the table she had laid.

Tante Maria greeted Willem from the stoep. "So you've come," she said. "Do you know what they want? And why should they all come?"

"I have no idea, but we shall soon know, for there they are."

The brothers were in no great hurry and rode slowly toward the house. "How goes it, *Oom* Willem?" Daniel said.

"Good, very good, and how goes it with you?"

"Very good. But we have something to discuss with you."

"I guessed it. I said to myself, all these young men would not ride out like a commando for nothing. They want something. Come inside. Come in." He opened the door. The brothers followed him in.

"Sit," Willem said. They drew up the chairs. *Tante* Maria brought coffee, poured it and left the room. Willem poured brandy into the glasses.

Barend, the second brother, said, "*Oom* Willem, we have come to talk to you of the North, of the interior. We know that you were there as a young man."

"*Ja,* kerels. Thirty years ago I was there hunting ivory. A fair far land. There was one place . . ." He paused. His face changed as it all came back to him.

"Tell us," Flip said. Flip was the third brother and the wildest of them.

"Tell you? Tell you? *Ja,* I'll tell. The North, my North, is a thousand miles away. More than a hundred days' trek if all went well. But you would be lucky to reach it in a year. Deserts, mountains, rivers, wild beasts and wilder men are all in your path. But when you get there—what a country! Rolling hills with beautiful trees of kinds we do not know here. Herds of game that cover the veld like carpets. Sweet grass by the thousand morgen. Waterfalls, rivers. Verily I tell you that that is the land of Canaan, the promised land."

Barend said, "That is the way we remembered your speaking of it, and that is why we came. We are going to trek. We and some of our other neighbors."

"You are all going to leave the Colony—leave your farms?"

"We are going to trek. Our minds are made up, and that is why we are here. We want you to lead us."

Oom Willem said, "I was a young man then, a hunter. And that was the best hunting veld I have ever seen before or since. But later, as I grew older, I have seen it differently. I have seen the plows turning over that rich black soil. There is water for irrigation. I have seen crops of mealies, tobacco and great herds of cattle. But all this is a dream."

Flip Beyers said, "We will go a thousand miles and take even two years if you say it will take that long. But you must lead us."

Barend echoed his brother, "Lead our trek, *Oom* Willem."

Daniel said, "I am remaining behind. I will care for your farm as if it were our own."

Above them Francina squirmed on her belly in the loft. So this was man's talk. This was their secret. She could hardly restrain her giggles.

Oom Willem said, "But why are you going?"

"We are going because others have already gone—not many, but a few. We wish to be among the first and pick the best farms. Then, we want our freedom. We want no taxes, no quitrent, no laws but our own—which are the laws of God. We wish to build a republic in the wilderness where we can live in our fashion as farmers and hunters. Just look at what the English have done. They have liberated the slaves. They have allowed servants to testify against their masters. They have taken away our language and they tax us for the land which we have tamed. And this is only the beginning. First one law, then another—and then before we know what has happened, we will find ourselves knee-haltered and our last freedoms gone." Barend sat back. He had had his say.

"But you and these people who go with you have good farms," *Oom* Willem said.

"We are the subjects of the English and would be free burghers."

"Many will die, kerels. Much stock will be lost, because there is a biting fly which kills all tame animals, though wild remain alive and increase in abundance. And men will die from wild beasts and illness. Women will die of hardship and in childbirth. Babies will die. Your trek path will be marked with the graves of the men and the bones of the beasts." He jumped up and banged the table with his fist. "But despite all this," he shouted, "if I were ten years younger, I would go with you. *Ja,*" he said, "I would lead you to the Hills of the Hunter, to the fairest land that I have ever seen."

"Then you refuse?" Barend said.

"*Ja,* I refuse. But I say this, Barend. I say it to you all who wish to go—to Flip and Louis and our neighbors—that I shall be with you in my heart and mind. It is only my old body that holds me back."

Flip said, "We should have had a greater chance of success with you to lead us. A young pack needs an old dog when the scent is bad."

"Do not fear, kerels. I will begin to make a map tomorrow. It is all clear in my head. The world remains the way God made it."

The chairs and benches were pushed back. Francina stood up, brushed the dust from her clothes and the cobwebs from her hair. She must see Louis before he mounted. She went up to his horse, a dun with a black tail and mane, and patted it. She heard them saying good-by to *oupa.*

"*Tot siens . . . tot siens . . .* till I see you . . . good-by. Good luck . . . it's a pity about your decision . . . you are not so old . . . think it over . . . the map. . . ." Words and half sentences came to her as she stood among the horses.

Then the men came. "So there you are," Louis said. "I wondered where you were."

Francina laughed. "That is something you'll never know," she said. "We women have our secrets too."

"A woman?" Flip said. "You're just a girl. Last time I saw you you had a doll in your arms."

Francina kicked his leg with her bare foot. He stared at her in surprise. "I know what you discussed. You are going to trek and want *oupa* to lead you."

"How did you find out?"

Francina said, "You promise to tell no one?"

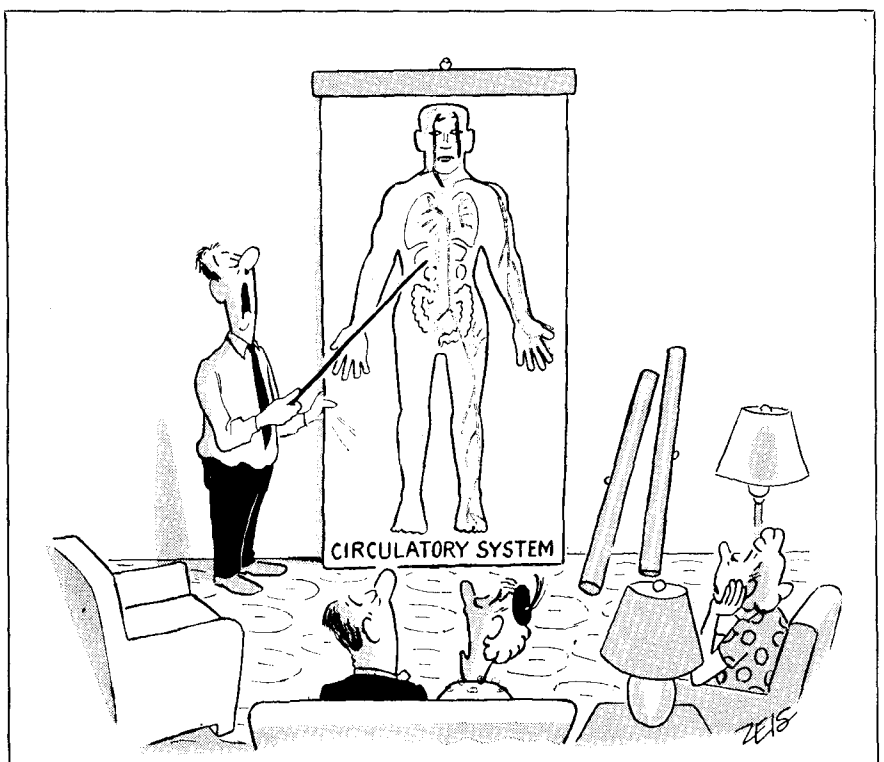
"*Ja,* I promise."

"Very well. You know what they say about *ouma*—that she is a witch, that she can see things before they happen? Well," Francina said, "I am like that too." She clasped her hands together in front of her and looked down. "I see things," she said. "I hear voices. Today I heard them clearly. Barend said young dogs need an old one to lead them. Sometimes it frightens me, this power that I have. I have told nobody before." She put her hand on his wrist. "You won't tell? You promise?"

His brothers had clattered off. Louis mounted, waved to the girl and followed them. She had frightened him with her mysteries.

Oom Willem sat, his blue eyes vacant as if he were staring into space—the vast space of Africa, the space of the days he had lived and the roads he had traveled. Francina,

(*Continued on Page 130*)



"All I did was ask him how he feels."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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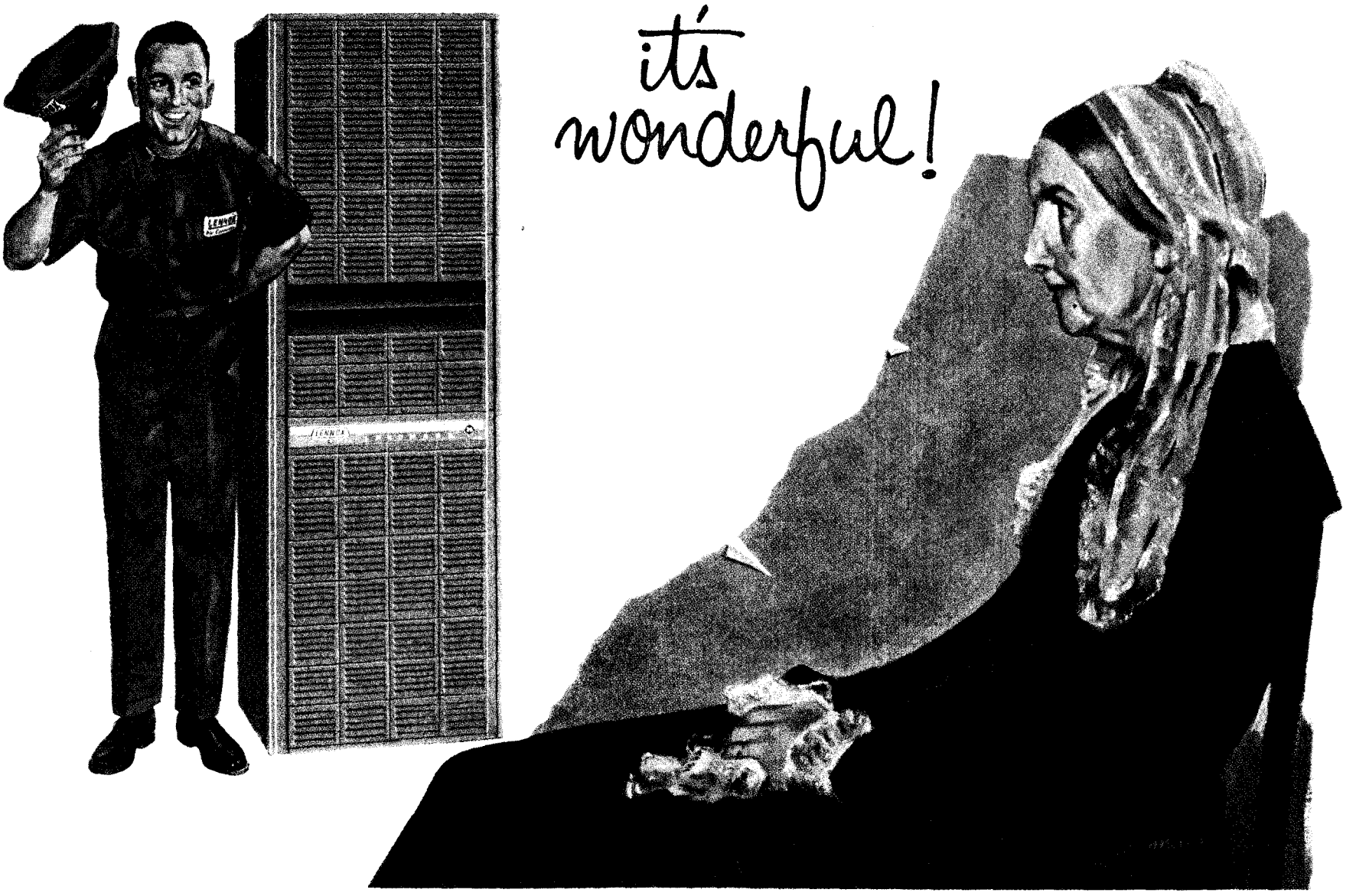

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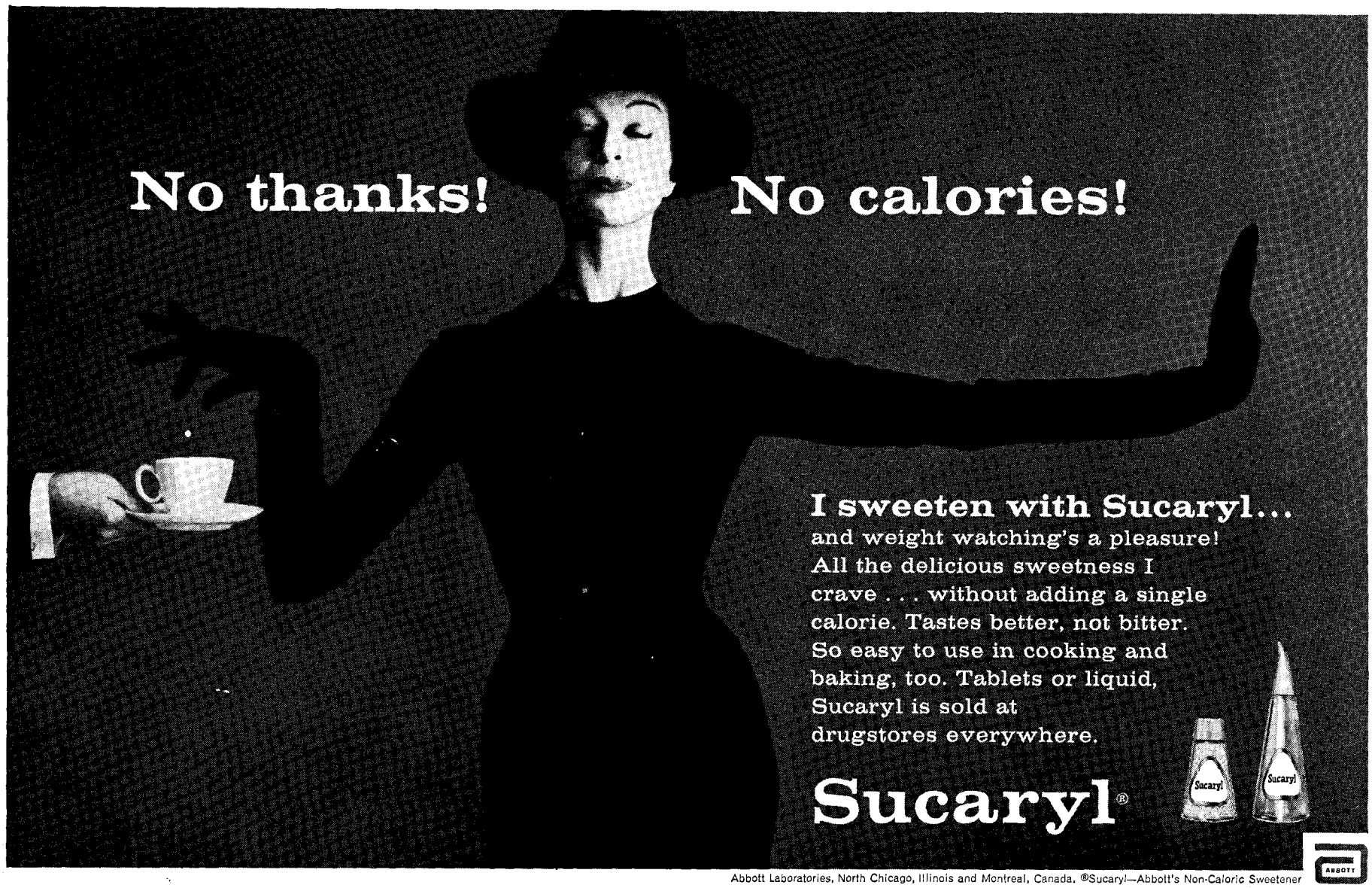
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(*Continued from Page 128*) too, was lost in a dream, a new dream of what it would be like to trek, to live in a wagon—not for a few days as they did when they went to Nagmaal, but for a year or more—to live among other people, young men and women, and to be able to play with children and nurse real babies instead of dressed-up kittens.

Solomon Rosenberg was a small wiry man with curly black hair and a hooked nose. He had a face that might have come off an ancient Eastern coin. Disdaining his father's little business in Cape Town, he had become a smous, one of the wandering peddlers who, with a string of pack donkeys, traded between the border and the interior with anyone—white or black—who needed their goods.

At the moment, he was homeward bound to Cape Town, but had come out of his way to deliver a letter to the Groenplaas farm in the district of Bredasdorp.

Solomon was a man who combined a good heart with an insatiable curiosity about people. Everything you ordered from Sol you got, though it might be a year before he passed your way again.

The sun was overhead when he reached the farm, where he was welcomed by an immense woman dressed in black who sat on the stoep, overflowing her chair. She was surrounded by plants in pots and jars. Ferns of various kinds, lilies and geraniums embowered her. She sat unmoving, like a great black spider embedded in the greenery, till he was within a yard of her.

Then, pointing at his donkeys, she said, "Don't let those beasts eat my flowers." She reached behind her and produced an immense sjambok.

"Are you by any chance *Mevrouw* Prinsloo, the relict of *Groot* Jan who was slain with his family on the border?"

"I am. And what do you want with me?"

"I bring a letter from your sister, the widow Retief."

"That must be the reply to the one I wrote her two years ago. But how come you here, *meneer?*"

"I am on my way south," he said, "to Kaapstad, and will buy cattle if you have any slaughter stock for sale."

"You must ask *Oom* Willem. I have no place here—just a roof over my head, but no rights, no say about anything. That is the fate of a widow woman." She held out her hand. "Give me the letter. Unload your donkeys and send them out to graze. You will stay the night," she said, "and show us your goods. Perhaps you have some Indian muslins for my granddaughter."

Tante Maria decided to save the letter till later. Tonight when they were all assembled at the table for prayers would be the best time. Then Cina could read it aloud. She had good eyes and read well.

For Francina, the previous day had been one of excitement. First the Beyers brothers' riding out with their guns as if they were going on commando. Then their news. And now the arrival of the smous with a letter, with news of the great world beyond the mountains that hemmed them in and with dress material and other wonders—buttons, combs, town-made shoes and even corsets in his packs. How she longed to wear a corset.

She saw the smous looking at her. He came toward her, a small, neat, dark-haired man, very sunburned, with black, friendly, snapping eyes.

He said, "I am Solomon Rosenberg, a Jewish merchant whose packs contain many things that a pretty girl could use—lace handkerchiefs and perfume, silks, muslins, poplins."

"You think I am pretty, *Meneer* Rosenberg?"

He looked at her carefully. He thought, *If she were properly washed and dressed and her hair combed, she would be beautiful.* "Have you never looked in your mirror?" he asked.

"I have no mirror. A mirror is a vanity."

He came close to her. "We will have a secret. I will give you a small mirror. You can keep it hidden."

"Oh," she said, "then I shall really see myself. I have only seen myself in the water and in a shining pot, but such images are not clear."

"You are a pretty young *meisje*," Solomon said. "When you are older you will be beautiful if you are not ruined by hard work, poor food and childbearing."

Francina blushed and looked down. "To say such things to me, *meneer*—a young girl."

"I apologize. They escaped me."

Francina laughed. "Do not apologize, *meneer*. I like what you said. I like to be told I am beautiful. I like presents. I think I should like men if I knew any." The golden eyes filled with tears. Solomon Rosenberg was enthralled. What a girl! What gifts he would give her!

Oom Willem heard of the arrival of the smous from one of his herders. So many visitors were disturbing—the four Beyers brothers and now this traveling Jew with his tales of the outside world. *Oom* Willem had already begun work on the map, secretly, while the others slept. How it came back to him—the rivers, the hills, the mountains, the great trees and boulders that were landmarks.

He hoped the smous had a little powder and shot left, for he was short. He thought it would be nice to buy some clothing material for Cina. Perhaps that woman, his dead brother's wife, was right—he was turning her into a boy. What a boy she would have made!

The smous remembered having met Willem Prinsloo in the past. *Oom* Willem knew many of the farms that he visited, and the men talked as they ate.

Rosenberg said he had some fine coffee he would sell, also sugar and some spices—everything very cheap. It was no good taking it back to Cape Town. He showed *Oom* Willem some ivory he had bought—medium tusks that went from twenty to fifty pounds. He preferred smaller tusks. They were easier to transport on donkeys. The big tusks had to be carried by men, which was why the two trades of elephant hunting and slavery went hand in hand.

Francina waited on them wide-eyed and openmouthed. *Tante* Maria brooded in her great chair. Her letter was in her hand.

At last prayers had been said and a chapter of the Bible read. Solomon Rosenberg had listened attentively and informed Francina when it was over that he had enjoyed it all very much, for the Old Testament was the history of his people.

Now was *Tante* Maria's moment. She said, "Take this letter to the light, Cina. Sit by the table and read it to us." She folded her hands on the mound of her belly and closed her eyes. Cina read:

"*Dear Sister:* At your request I shall write you how many children I have had and how many I still have. Of the late Jan Greijling I had nine children. Three died in infancy, six I brought to maturity. Of these my Gertruijda was dead in childbirth, my second daughter, Maria, had palpitations ——"

Tante Maria opened her eyes and said, "She was named for me. I remember her well." Francina continued:

"Both were married, and my son Jan was murdered by the Kaffirs. He and his late

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father had to lose their lives there in the interior, and their bodies were left to the wild animals. And here again I had to give the bodies of my brave husband, Retief, my youngest son, Pieter, and my eldest son, Abraham Greijling, to the wild animals because of the savage Dingaan. Of Retief's children two others died in infancy. Of Greijling's children I still have Piet and Barend; and of Retief's, Jacobus, François—his wife and children are dead—Debora and Jacoba, whose husband and children are also dead. And then I have Magdalena and Margareta—her children are also dead. So I have of my fifteen children eight still left alive."

Francina was weeping when she put the letter down. These were her unknown cousins. So many dead. *Oom* Willem patted her back and fondled the mane of her hair as if she were a frightened horse. Tremors shook her body.

"*Mevrouw* Retief is a fine woman," Solomon Rosenberg said, "a brave Boer *vrouw*."

"I always said she was a fool to marry those men," *Tante* Maria said, "and so was I—adventurous men who could come to no good end."

To *Oom* Willem the reading of the letter had brought back every story he had ever heard of hardships on the frontier. He had tried to persuade his brother to remain here. He turned on *Tante* Maria. "You insult the memory of your dead husband, my brother—and the memory of your daughter and her husband. Heroes," he said, "the true *voortrekkers*, the first of them, who did not only live to hunt and trade but built homes. They drew the first plow furrows into that wild veld."

"You are mad, Willem," Maria shouted. "What advantage is there in death? How does it help my sister that of fifteen carried in her womb seven are dead and only eight are quick? Or me that I am left with one grandchild only that is neither a girl or a boy."

Solomon, taking advantage of the distraction, slipped a small flat package into Francina's hand. Then he went out of the door. No one saw him go.

Francina looked in the mirror as soon as she had closed and locked the door of her room. But the light was not satisfactory no matter how she moved the candle.

Up with the dawn's first glimmer, Francina sat holding her mirror, seeing herself more clearly every minute, seeing her golden-brown eyes, her tawny hair, the color of a lion's mane, her creamy face and red lips, the teeth white as mealie pips when she smiled at herself. The girl she looked at, whose eyes searched hers, smiled back. She laughed, her nose crinkling like a hare's. The girl laughed back.

From her window she could see the peddler opening his packs—his box of wonders, of things made in distant towns and transported over the sea for sale in Africa.

She combed her hair quickly and ran out. *Meneer* Rosenberg was nice. He was not old—not really old, that was. "You saw?" he said.

"Saw? Saw what, *meneer*?"

"The girl—the pretty girl?" Now she was bewildered. Where was there a pretty girl? "In the glass," he said and began to laugh, slapping his thighs and holding his sides.

"I have other things for you," the smous said. "A necklace of beads that resemble pearls, two bracelets, a silken scarf, a small workbox."

"Oh!" Francina said. "Those are all vanities. I am not allowed such things."

"Take them," he said. "You will grow, you will marry. I should like you to remember me as a friend."

They were interrupted by one of the boys from an outlying kraal who galloped into the yard on a horse that was white with sweat, shouting, "*Baas, baas*—the redcoats are here."

As if he had been expecting the news, her great uncle burst out of the house like a charging bull. "How many?" he cried. "How many are coming?"

"A thousand, *baas*, a regiment."

"Ring the bell. Smous, bring out your powder and shot. I will pay you any price you ask."

A few minutes later the colored boys and men were being handed arms and ammunition. Willem Prinsloo now stood on the stoep with his elephant gun over his arm, surrounded by his servants. The women were behind him. *Tante* Maria was ensconced in her ferny bower with a gun across her knees. Francina stood, wide-eyed as a buck, with the serving girls Sara and Eva clinging to her arms.

Solomon Rosenberg said, "This is nothing. You will see. A false alarm."

"I am not alarmed," *Oom* Willem said. "I am merely ready to resist. And how can the report be false? Either a man sees redcoats or he does not."

Oom Willem saw them first—the glint of light from a brass helmet and the red of their tunics. "They come," he shouted and stepped out into the open to meet them. Two officers rode in front. Behind them came four men, three white men in scarlet and one colored sergeant in green.

To Captain Robinson the Boer group presented a curious spectacle. In front of the house in the open yard stood an enormous man, white-haired, with blazing eyes and an elephant gun in his hands. Beside him was a girl who was, in a country bumpkin kind of way, quite beautiful. Behind them was the house, thatched with reeds, long and low, whitewashed, surrounded by kraals and outbuildings. On the stoep were assembled a number of colored servants, all with guns in their hands, who stared coldly at him—and a great woman dressed in black among the greenery of her house plants, with a gun across her knees, whose looks were really malevolent. He was glad he had come early. This would be no place to spend a night.

He called, "Sergeant Coetzee." The colored sergeant rode forward. "Tell these people that there is nothing wrong. This is only a reconnaissance. I am just making certain inquiries."

For a moment Willem Prinsloo stared at the English captain. Then he said, "Very good. Tie your horses." To his people he said. "Put up your guns. Fire them off." He set the example himself, pointing his weapon to the sky and firing it.

This set the captain's black charger up on its hind legs, nearly unseating him. The other horses also reared and plunged. The ensign fell off when the rest of the guns were discharged in a ragged volley.

"What the blazes are you doing?" Robinson shouted.

"What does he say?" *Oom* Willem asked the sergeant as he helped up the cornet.

"The officer asked what was *Meneer* Prinsloo doing?" the sergeant said.

"*Magtig*, man, we were unloading. How else does one unload? Does the

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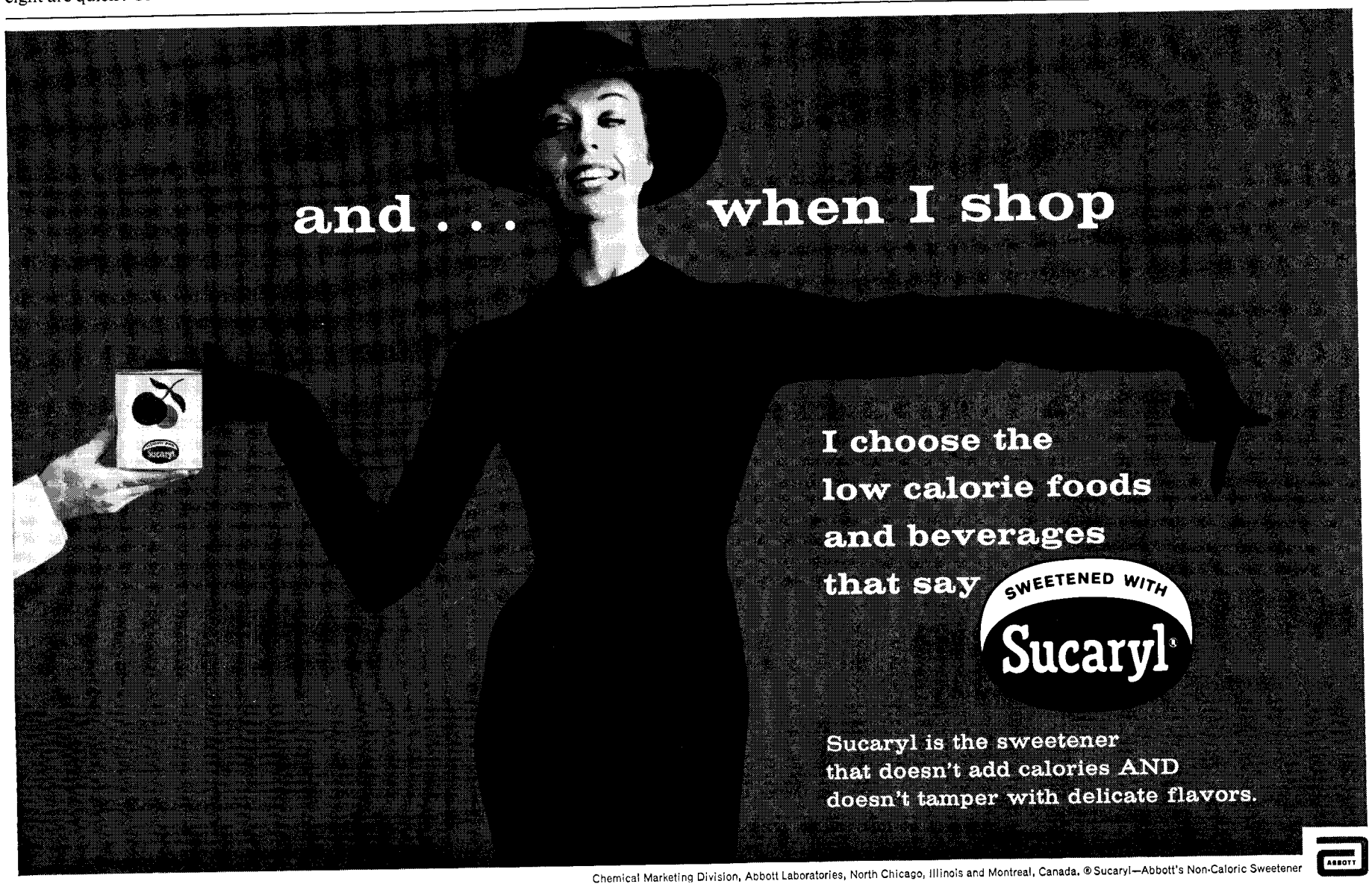
The honeymoon is over when he no longer has to wonder what she's mad about.

D. O. FLYNN



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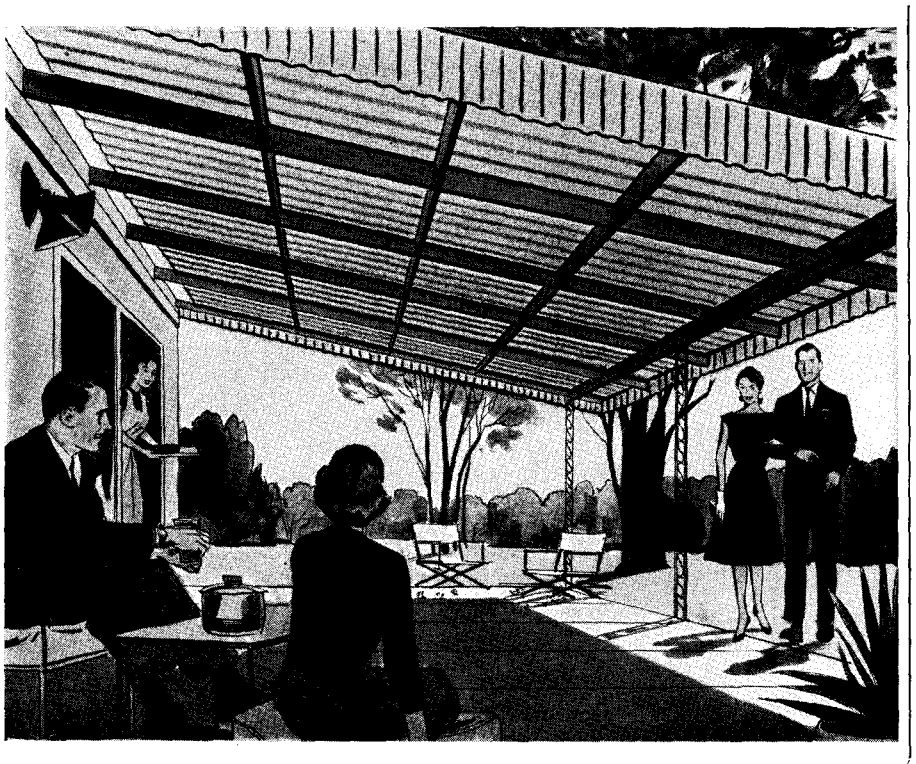

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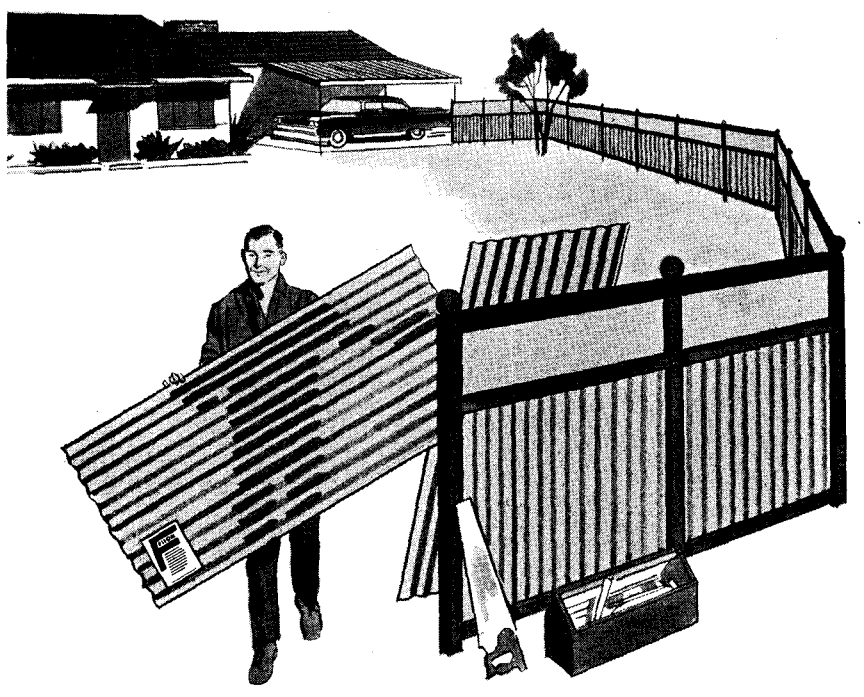

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rooinek want to sit down with a dozen loaded guns in the parlor? Tell him to dismount and come in." *Oom* Willem turned and led the way. "Coffee, *Tante* Maria," he shouted.

The officers and colored sergeant came in. The troopers tied their horses to the rings in the wall. Captain Robinson removed his plumed helmet. Cornet Hartley followed suit. The sergeant stood, waiting for orders.

Francina came in with cups. As she poured out the coffee the English captain pressed against her. She moved away from him. His body had been hot against hers, hard, with a strange smell of soap and perfume mixed with that of sweat, scarlet cloth and leather. She was watching her *oupa*.

"Well," he said, "what is it you want?"

The officer said, "First I must introduce myself." He stood up, bowed and said, "I am Captain Jack Cedric Robinson of the Tenth Dragoons. This"— he pointed to the cornet, who rose at once— "is Mr. Hartley." They both sat down, their spurs clinking.

Oom Willem said, "I am Willem Prinsloo of Groenplaas, known to all men as a breeder of fine horses and cattle."

"That is why we are here," the captain said, speaking through his interpreter.

"To buy stock? Cattle? Horses?"

"No, we have some of your horses. Remounts you sold to a dealer who sold them to us. We traced them back to you. It is a man we want. We think he came this way."

"Why do you want him, *meneer* captain?"

"He's a deserter and horse thief. That is why we want him."

"He stole a horse?"

"Yes, a gray race horse. That is how we traced him. We bought some of that horse's get from you—some of his sons. They were recognizable."

"That is most remarkable," *Oom* Willem said.

Francina felt herself turning white. She held onto the table. Now she pressed into the captain. Anything to distract him, to hold him while she made a plan. It was Blaubooi they had come for—her horse, her life. She said in the dialect to the sergeant, "About the man? What will they do to him?" She saw him again in her mind—redheaded, so gay, so debonair on the great gray horse.

"Hang him," the captain said. He had understood her. "We'll hang him. And if we don't get him today, it will be tomorrow." He slapped a printed notice on the table.

£100 reward for Trooper Bates, Harry, of the Tenth Dragoons. Age 26, Height 6 ft. 1 in., weight 180 lbs. Blue eyes, red hair. Little finger of left hand crooked. Back scarred by flogging. Wanted for horse theft and desertion.

The plan had come to her mind. She turned to the captain, looking down into his face. She made her golden eyes wide and soft. She half opened her mouth, showing her teeth in a smile, and ran her tongue tip over her lips. Those were the expressions she had practiced before her mirror this morning, only a few hours back. She had copied them from the looks the servant girls Sara and Eva gave to men when they thought they were not observed.

The captain's face flushed, he smiled at her and touched her wrist with his hand. She flounced away from him, flinging up her skirt as she turned. She went to the wall cupboard and brought out glasses, setting one before each man. Then she poured the white peach brandy, giving it first to the captain.

She was quite surprised at how naturally it all came. She slipped away from him and back to the cupboard, taking another bottle of brandy, which she hid in her apron. She called the girls.

"The men," Francina said. "The men outside with the horses. You must get them away. Take glasses. Show them the brandy. Flirt with them, anything; but get them away—all of them. Get them into the storeroom."

"Anything?" Sara said. She was the prettier of the two.

"*Ja*, anything," Francina said.

The girls ran out with the brandy and glasses, laughing at each other. Francina went round the house to where she could watch the horses and the men beside them. She saw Eva waving the bottle. Sara danced forward and then ran back looking over her shoulder.

This was too much for the troopers. For a moment they hesitated, then they followed the girls. Now she was safe. She ran along the front of the house, creeping on her hands and knees past the half door and the windows of the *voorkamer* where she could hear her *oupa* talking.

Reaching the troopers' horses she untied the reins and left them running free through the rings. The horses stood quiet, resting half asleep on three legs.

Francina now made for the horse kraal. Because of the excitement, the horses had not been let out. She called Blaubooi, mounted him and galloped him around the kraal, forcing the others—the mares and colts—to mill about with excitement. Now she opened the gate, leaning over the gray's neck. Out they went, streaming after the stallion that she was driving with her heels and hands past the front of the house. As they swept by, the troop horses reared, pulled their reins free and joined in the gallop.

A moment later there was not a horse on Groenplaas. Behind her, as she lay flat on her horse's neck, hidden in the cloud of dust, tossing tails and manes, Francina heard the Englishmen shouting. At the heels of the last horses her dogs ran, barking with excitement at the stampede.

TO BE CONTINUED

Self-pity

By Vonna H. Adrian

How sweet to lie in a warm bath
Of self-pity, with somnolent oil
Abubble! Cloyed with magnolia froth
(Fragrant of memory), uncoil
Your will and fit your spine to the slope
Of the filling tub. How sweet to mope
With arms adrift on a welling tide
Precisely the temperature of tears!
But beware of drowsing, lest you slide
Down till the water laps your ears,
Slide down in the lulling water, down
In and under, under—and drown.

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They Call Me Madam (Continued from Page 36)

Arden, the Robert Sherwoods and Lauren Bacall and her husband, Humphrey Bogart.

The Bogarts almost didn't make it. He had announced to his wife that he had gone through life without ever wearing tails and he wasn't going to do it now. But Mrs. Bogart is a very persuasive woman—her husband showed up wearing a borrowed full-dress suit and looking miserable. Every time I saw him he was grimacing, stretching his neck and pulling up his coat sleeves, which were two inches too long.

Along about midnight Bogart was dancing with his wife when he spotted theater executive Spyros Skouras, the only man present in a tuxedo—Skouras had arrived in London too late to arrange for a full-dress suit. The movie actor stopped dancing right in the middle of the floor, pointed at Skouras and grumbled to his wife, "See, I told you there was no need to get me into this monkey suit!"

Londonderry House practically bulged. The guests circulated all night in the huge ballroom, the large library where champagne and cocktails were served and the dining room where supper was served.

There had been so much pomp and ceremony the previous day that it took a while for the guests to unbend and enjoy themselves. But before long Tim Clayton's music had the gorgeously gowned ladies and bemedaled gentlemen whirling around the room. Billie Worth and some of the cast from the London company of *Call Me Madam* were there, and about midnight they put on an impromptu show in the middle of the dance floor. Then the dancing continued, and it was dawn before the party ended.

The day after the ball I received a call asking me to come to the Russian Embassy. Several weeks before, while in Luxembourg, I had been invited to visit the Soviet Union. But not having heard from the Russians, I had assumed they had thought better of their offer, especially since I had insisted on visas for my secretary and for Congressmen Jim Fulton and Bob Corbett from Pittsburgh, who were traveling in Europe on House Foreign Affairs Committee business and wanted to go with us to get a peek inside Russia. When I arrived at the Soviet Embassy, the first secretary handed me a visa good for a three months' stay in Russia. I asked about the visas for my secretary and the two Congressmen. The Soviet official said gruffly, "You go alone or you do not go."

With some trepidation, I must admit, I accepted their conditions and spent the next three months behind the Iron Curtain. It was an enlightening experience. I traveled 12,000 miles, saw the oil fields in Georgia, spent several days going through one of the world's largest steel plants at Zaporozhe and even went to the Kremlin and watched a session of the Supreme Soviet. My main mission, however, was to talk with the Russian people, and the United States Embassy provided me with an interpreter so that I would get honest translations instead of the cleverly twisted interpretations usually given by the Soviet guides.

One of the most disturbing things I saw was the brain-washing being given the very young children. When I visited a Pioneer camp for youth near Zaporozhe, a group of four- and five-year-olds were aroused from their afternoon nap to sing this song for me:

We cannot read or write
But we thank Lenin and Stalin
For the books that are going
To teach us to read and write.

My interpreter read to me from some of the school books. The Russians boast about their high rate of literacy. It's no wonder they teach everyone to read. All the books they get are filled with propaganda designed to make their minds subservient to the wishes of the Communist rulers.

I came away from Russia with some definite impressions. The people I talked with—stall keepers and women shoppers in the market places, workers, young people in the parks—all were friendly, and I could feel no animosity toward Americans. However, I gained an awesome regard for the ability of the Soviets to achieve their economic and military goals. And I was convinced they were determined to force the rest of the world to follow their system—by resorting to war if necessary. What I saw in Russia became the basis of lectures I gave throughout America after my return.

Although I have never invited any Soviet officials to my parties, I try to maintain cordial relations with the Russian ambassador and his staff. Whenever I meet Ambassador Menshikov at social events, we kid each other. When I was seated next to him at luncheon during International Day at Laurel race track last November, I tried to talk the ambassador into splitting a two-dollar bet with me. At first he refused.

"What's the matter with you," I gibed. "You come out to the races, but won't even bet a dollar?" He relented then and gave me a dollar to bet on a horse which I picked named Bombeau.

Bombeau won, paying $7.20. So I returned from the cashier's window and gave Ambassador Menshikov his investment back, plus $2.60 profit.

"Now, you see, you're taking capitalistic money," I said. The ambassador just grinned and put the money in his pocket.

In 1955, while on a trip throughout the Far East and Middle East, I had an opportunity to observe the growing threat of Communism and was able to discuss this issue with the political leaders of many of the countries I visited.

While in Cairo I was told I could see President Nasser for a few minutes. But he spent an hour and a half telling me of all he had done and was doing for his country—the many schools being built, better farm methods, new factories—things I found to be true when I toured Egypt. I listened patiently. When he finished, I said I had something to ask him.

"Are you not buying arms and machinery from Russia?" I asked. Nasser admitted they were.

"When the Russians send their machines and weapons to you, do they not also send men to teach your people how to use them?" I queried. Nasser nodded agreement.

"And do you mean to tell me these Communists are not teaching your people more than just how to operate these machines?" I asked.

"I think not, I think not," Nasser replied, and stood up to indicate the interview was over. I left Egypt feeling uneasy about the future.

While in Saigon on this 1955 trip I had a terrifying experience. When I visited with Premier Diem, I told him I had heard loud-speakers blaring in the streets the night before and had been warned it might mean trouble. Diem said not to worry, that it was just a peaceful protest by anti-Communist students who objected to the visit of the International

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Armistice Commission. The commission, composed of Canadian, Indian and Polish representatives, was trying to force an election in South Vietnam, and the students felt an election at that time might favor the Communists.

That afternoon, at the request of Angier Biddle Duke, I went out to speak at a youth camp run by the International Rescue Committee, of which Angie is a director. With the help of an interpreter I gave a short talk to the boys, most of whom were from North Vietnam and had seen their mothers and fathers killed by the Communists. In the evening, back at the hotel, all was quiet. My two women companions and I could see an American warship in the harbor, so we felt a sense of security.

At nine o'clock the next morning, however, bedlam broke loose. The anti-Communists started to riot in the streets and headed for our hotel, where the Armistice Commission was staying. Hundreds of young students wielding clubs and knives marched into the hotel, threw tear gas, turned on fire hoses and wrecked furniture, fixtures and everything else in sight.

People were running around wildly trying to get out. But we three women went into my room and bolted the door. I tried to call the American Embassy, but the wires had been cut. When the rioters started breaking down our door, I knew it was time to take action. So I threw open the door and faced them, saying, "We are your friends. We are Americans."

They paid no attention. One youth rushed at me, his eyes glassy, and raised his knife.

In desperation, I cried out, "I'm Perle Mesta!" I thought at least he ought to know the name of the person he was about to kill.

The boy stared at me a moment and his expression changed. In that one frightful instant he recognized me as the woman who had spoken at his camp the day before. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Ah-h, Mesta . . . camp . . . talk." Then he shouted an explanation to his friends, and they saved us from harm until the French troops arrived and we were escorted safely to the American Embassy. That was the only time I can remember being better known for speechmaking than for party giving.

During those years of travel my parties were few and far between. But in February of 1956 I got into the swing of things again. In one week I had a luncheon for Mamie Eisenhower and a tea for Elizabeth Stevenson (Buffie) Ives, whose book, *My Brother Adlai*, had just come off the press. My biggest party that year was held at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago during the Democratic Convention.

Six hundred persons were invited. Three secretaries and the doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, "Fishbait" Miller, stood with me at the entrance to the Mayfair Room to guard against party crashers. We discovered later, however, that two Harvard Young Republicans had managed to get in by dressing up in busboy coats and entering through the kitchen.

Among the 600 guests, I had invited all the candidates and prominent Democrats—Harry and Bess Truman, Adlai Stevenson and Buffie Ives, the Averell Harrimans, the Estes Kefauvers, the Stuart Symingtons, the Hubert Humphreys, the Jack Kennedys and the Lyndon Johnsons. When Fishbait announced Sen. and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, I turned to some reporters who were grouped around the receiving line and said determinedly, "Here comes my candidate for President." Lyndon heard it, and as he greeted me with a kiss, he said, "Aw, now, Perle, quit your kidding."

The guests seated themselves at tables around the dance floor, and it was noticeable that Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson had chosen tables at opposite sides of the room. Relations between them were a bit strained because of Mr. Truman's backing of Harriman's candidacy. And everyone was waiting to see what would happen when Governor Harriman arrived on the scene. But we waited in vain, because when Mrs. Harriman arrived, she brought news that her husband regretted he would not be able to attend the party.

I had not planned any entertainment, other than dancing, but along about midnight things started to happen. Phil Regan went to the mike and called on Miss Hank Fort, a popular Washington vocalist, to sing *Mr. Sam*, a song she had composed to honor Speaker Rayburn. Vaughn Monroe came up and sang a few numbers. Martha Roundtree called Jim Farley, Frank Clement, Paul Douglas and Hubert Humphrey to the center of the floor. She then staged an impromptu *Meet the Press* program, with the participants giving hilarious answers to improbable questions from Martha and her colleagues. And to top things off, H. V. Kaltenborn poked fun at himself by imitating President Truman's take-off of the famous Kaltenborn "Dewey-sure-to-win" broadcast of election night in 1948.

During the convention I had a run-in with Happy Chandler, then governor of Kentucky, who had surprised everyone by announcing he would try to get the Presidential nomination.

"Now, Happy, what's all this nonsense about you running for President," I joshed when we met in the Blackstone dining room. "Why don't you just stop this foolishness and go on home," I said. "You're never going to be President."

Chandler was furious. He went right up to see Harry Truman and said, "Make Perle keep her mouth shut." Mr. Truman laughed and replied, "I can't do a thing with her myself."

Early in 1957 I was asked by the directors of the Sheraton Hotel Chain if I would be hostess for their party opening the new Sheraton Hotel in Philadelphia. I never before had done anything like this. But they offered to turn all the proceeds over to any charity I would name, so I agreed.

Anna Maria Alberghetti, Eddie Fisher and Ella Logan sang and Gene Nelson danced. We sold a dance with Ginger Rogers for $10,000 and one with Zsa Zsa Gabor for $5000 and we raised $40,000 for the International Rescue Committee's Hungarian Relief program.

We ran into trouble, however, and the place was hopelessly overcrowded because of a mix-up in invitations. In addition to the 800 guests I invited to the party, the Sheraton management had asked another 500 people to the hotel's formal opening ceremonies. Some of these people assumed the opening invitation included the party, too, and just walked in.

One of the guests invited by the Sheraton management for their opening ceremonies was Mrs. Morris Cafritz, a Washington hostess who has been reported by the press as feuding with me. While I was receiving, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that the photographers were beginning to cluster around, and I sensed that something was coming. A moment later Mrs. Cafritz came through the door. Just as I extended my hand to greet her, Mrs. Cafritz dropped the contents of her evening bag. Flash bulbs went off all over the place, and the attention of the whole room was centered on us, and the photographers had a field day.

Actually I have never taken part in the so-called feud and all I know about it is what I have read in the gossip columns. One of these reported a few years ago that "Mrs. Cafritz said her feud with Mrs. Mesta started when she asked Perle for some Inaugural Ball tickets for some friends and Perle wouldn't give."

Now I don't know how the columnist got his information. But I do know that when I was cochairman of the Truman Inaugural Ball in 1948, I did receive a request from Mrs. Cafritz for some box seats. However, they had all been spoken for by the time she contacted me, so I really didn't have a box to sell her.

On another occasion, after I had returned from my four years in Luxembourg, columnist George Dixon wrote that he had asked Mrs. Cafritz just how she felt about the return of Mrs. Mesta. "I was so happy with the status quo," Dixon reported Mrs. Cafritz as replying. "When she left Washington I couldn't have been more pleased. I thought Mrs. Mesta was out of my life for good, but it seems I just gave her up for Lent."

I bear no resentment toward Mrs. Cafritz, however. What she chooses to say and do is her own business.

Right after the Sheraton Hotel party I flew out to Hollywood, where my life story was being dramatized for television on *Playhouse 90*. Shirley Booth played the title part of *The Hostess With the Mostes'*, and little Evelyn Rudie of *Eloise* fame played me as a little girl.

I gave several parties while in Hollywood, but the most unusual one was an ice-cream party I gave for the children of the television production people. My guest of honor was little Miss Rudie. We were entertained by a magician, a ventriloquist and a clown, and then had huge banana splits with pistachio ice cream and green-tinted whipped cream (it was St. Patrick's Day).

Later that year I had a party at which my guest of honor, Judy Garland, did not arrive until one o'clock in the morning. It was the night Judy opened her stage show in Washington, and I had invited my guests for an after-show supper at eleven P.M. We waited and waited for Judy, not knowing she had decided to take a nap after her rigorous performance. When she hadn't shown up by 12:30 and the guests were eying the buffet table hungrily, we gave up and started our supper without the guest of honor.

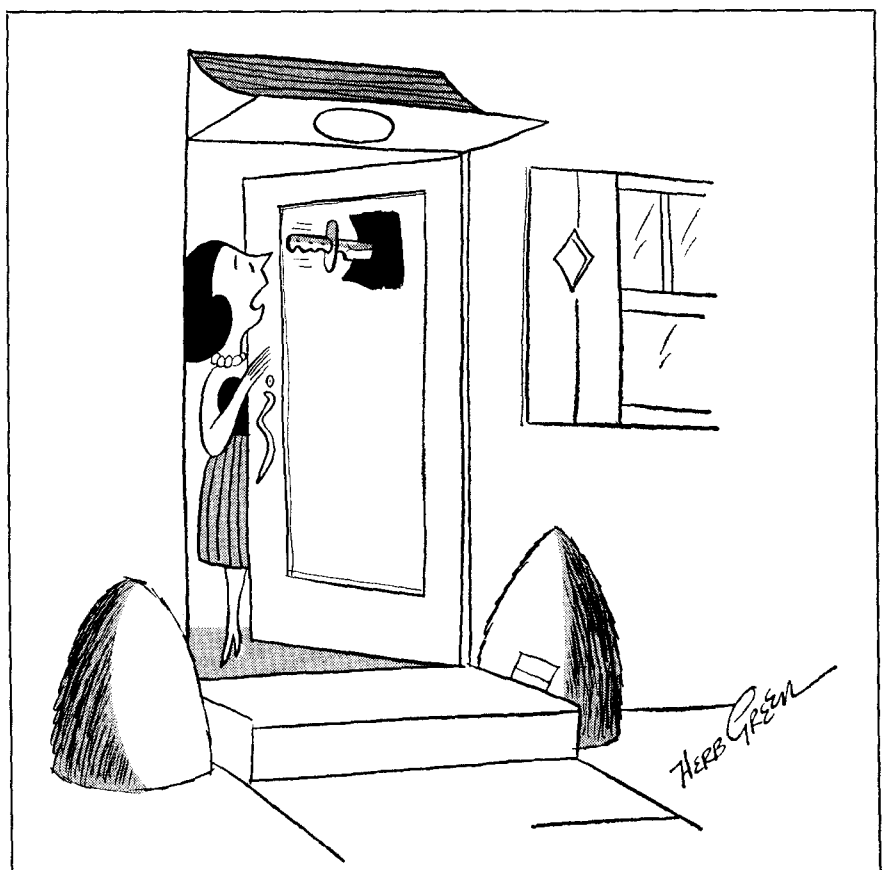
When Judy finally arrived, the party really began. After she had some supper and visited with the guests, she wandered over to the piano and talked with the musicians. Pretty soon she started to sing, and we all gathered around her. At three A.M. Judy was still going strong, and we heard all the songs she was planning for her act at the London Palladium. So what had started out to be a flop turned into one of my most enjoyable parties.

One of my most pleasant gatherings recently was a luncheon last spring for Mamie Eisenhower. I invited the wives of four ambassadors, *Senhora* de Esteves Fernandes (Portugal), Countess Knuth-Winterfeldt (Denmark), Madame Alphand (France) and Lady Caccia (Great Britain) and *Señora* Mora, wife of the secretary general of the Pan American Union.

I also asked four Senate wives: Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, wife of the majority leader, and Mrs. Everett Dirksen, wife of the minority leader, and the wives of Senators Hubert Humphrey and Barry Goldwater—two Republicans and two Democrats. And among the other guests were Mrs. Wiley Buchanan, wife of the chief of protocol, Mrs. Nathan Twining, wife of the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Mrs. James Douglas, wife of the Secretary of the Air Force, Alice Roosevelt Longworth and Mrs. Livingston Merchant, wife of one of the Assistant Secretaries of State, Mrs. Struve Hensel and Mrs. Philip Cox.

I worked out the menu with Augusta, my cook, about a week ahead and we did some experimenting in the kitchen. I knew Mamie liked egg timbales, which we prepared for our first course. The main course was breast of chicken, fresh asparagus and hominy au gratin. The latter is a dish Augusta and I made up ourselves. It's just grits fluffed up and topped with cheese. We ended with orange soufflé—another favorite of Mamie's—and fruit and coffee.

We talked of lots of things at luncheon—of the (*Continued on Page 136*)



"Oh, it's my alimony payment."

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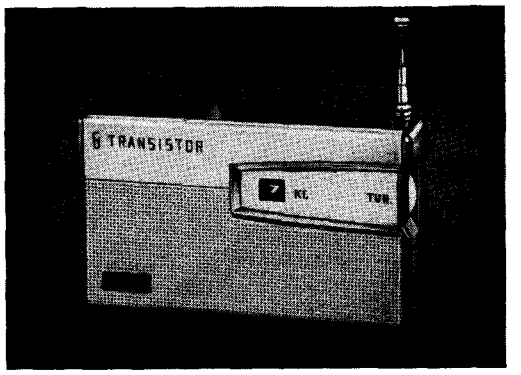

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Model 6TP-385: Designed and engineered to outperform all other 6's, yet small enough to slip into shirt pocket. So powerful, it will operate in horizontal or vertical position. New drift transistor assures locked tuning. Complete with battery, earphone, leather case and external telescoping antenna for distant reception. Attractively gift boxed.

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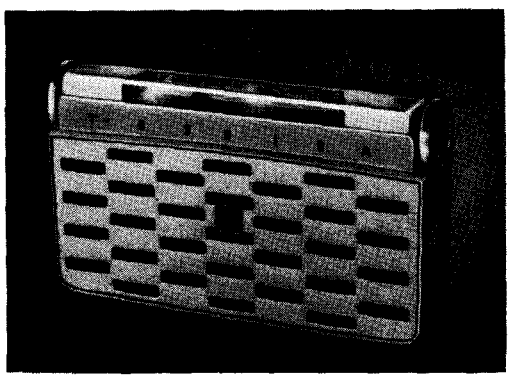

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Model 8TM-294: Mere words cannot describe its brilliant performance or the breath-taking beauty. By any yardstick of comparison this Toshiba transistor 8 offers a new standard of perfection. Complete with 4 penlite batteries, earphone and leather carrying case. Attractively gift boxed.

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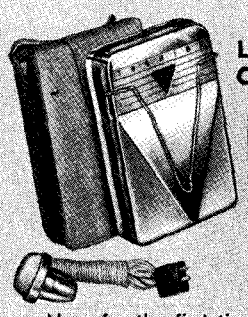

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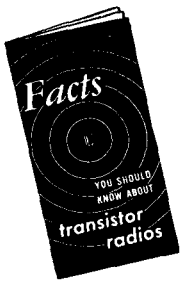

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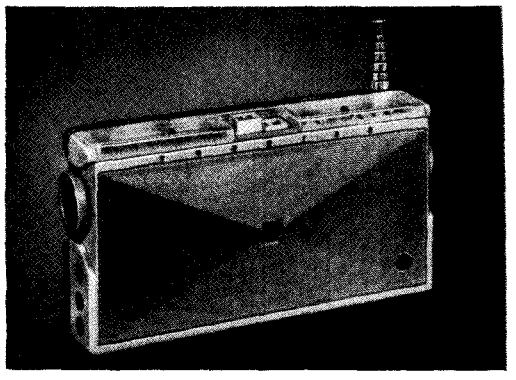

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59.95

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(*Continued from Page 134*) president of Ireland, for example, and his great zest for living (he had been entertained the night before at the White House). Mrs. Dirksen commented on the beautiful table decorations at the White House—the hearts made of green carnations for St. Patrick's Day—and asked Mrs. Eisenhower what florist made the arrangements. "Why," she said, "we do it." Mamie knows exactly what is going on in the White House. Mrs. Truman was also very good about that.

Mamie seemed to be having a good time and she stayed until almost four o'clock. Before leaving, she went into the dining room and shook hands with all the help—even those who had just come in to assist for the day. She complimented Augusta especially on the orange soufflé and asked her for the recipe.

At the door as Mrs. Eisenhower was leaving, I said, "Tell Ike I'm going to get him out here before he leaves the White House." Mamie replied, "All right, we'll try to get him out."

The success of any party depends upon getting just the right blend of guests. To me, it is stimulating to invite people of differing positions and opinions. I like to mix Republicans and Democrats, the bigwigs, the little wigs and the no wigs at all. And contrary to advice in the etiquette books, I like to make a point of bringing up controversial subjects at the dinner table. Another way to keep a party alive is to seat political opponents near one another.

Once I invited Sen. Alexander Wiley and the late Sen. Pat McCarran to a dinner party, although they were not even on speaking terms. I was sitting between them, and for a while things were pretty frigid, as neither had known the other would be there. Finally I looked straight ahead and said good and loud so that I could be heard the length of the table, "Well, Perle, I guess you'll just have to talk to yourself all evening." And do you know, those men went out of that party arm in arm.

Another time I placed Democratic Speaker Sam Rayburn next to Alice Longworth, who couldn't be more outspokenly opposed to most of Sam's policies—she is the daughter of Teddy Roosevelt and the widow of the famous Republican Speaker, Nicholas Longworth. The two of them were arguing politics all during dinner. At one point Alice started in on the Democrats' proposed twenty-dollar across-the-board tax-reduction plan. When she took a twenty-dollar bill out of her purse and started waving it in front of Mr. Sam, he grabbed it.

"Give me back my money," cried Mrs. Longworth.

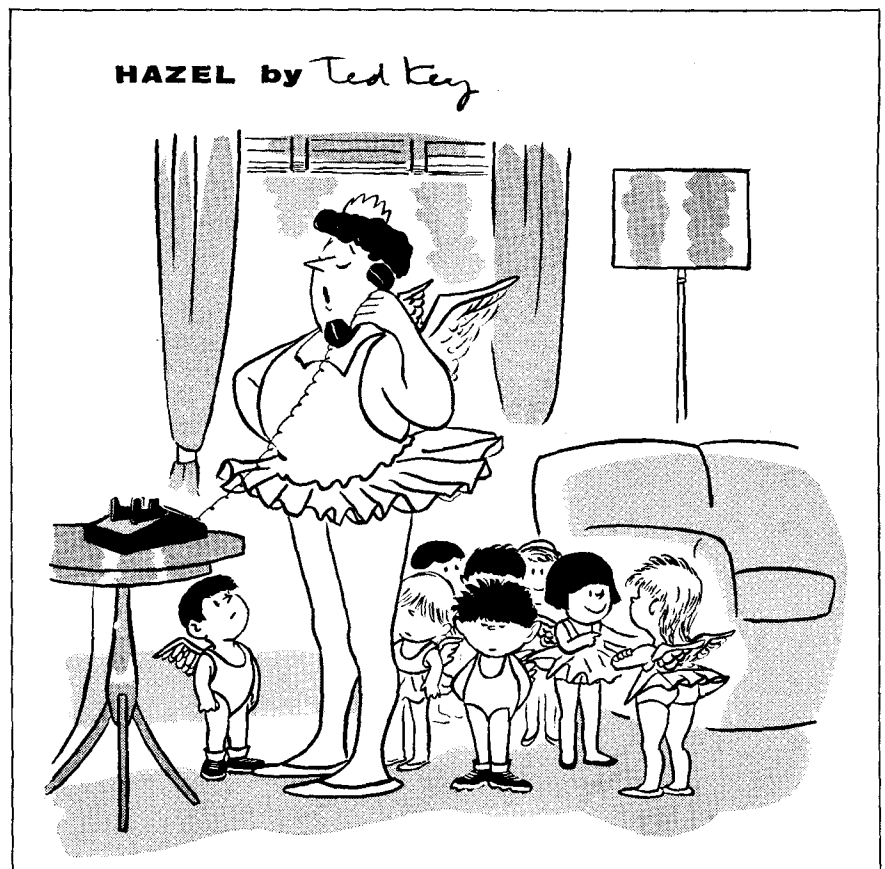
"A Republican shouldn't be carrying around a picture of Andrew Jackson, anyway," chided Sam, and proceeded to put the bill in his wallet, where he carried it all evening before finally giving it back to Mrs. Longworth just as the party broke up.

Sam Rayburn is a great tease. He knows he can always get my dander up by making caustic comments about my crusade for women's rights. "You women have all the rights in the world now, Perle," he said to me recently. "What do you want with more?"

I've been lobbying for equal rights for women for more than twenty years. And as most of the senators and representatives know by now, I'm an out-and-out feminist. A lot of people don't seem to realize that nowhere in the Constitution have women been given equality under the law. The Nineteenth Amendment gave us only the right to vote.

There are approximately 1500 laws and government regulations in the United States today which discriminate against women, even though the situation has improved greatly in the past twenty years, largely through the efforts of the National Woman's Party. Twenty years ago, for instance, twenty-five states barred women from service on state and Federal juries. Today women are eligible for Federal jury service in all states, and only three states bar them entirely from state juries.

In some states women are still denied the right to control their own property after marriage; in more than half the states they are denied the right to make contracts on an equal basis with their husbands; and in some states they are restricted in the right to control their own earnings as they desire. In six states the father but not the mother is entitled to the guardianship of a minor child. And



"Good. . . . Right. See you at the Maypole."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

even in Federal Government employment or in defense industries holding Government contracts, discrimination in hiring and promotion is permitted with regard to women, although such discrimination is forbidden on the ground of race, color, creed and country of origin. This means that the Government, or a firm with Government contracts, cannot refuse to hire or to promote a Negro, a Jew, a Buddhist or a naturalized Japanese. But it is all right to refuse to hire or promote a woman solely because she is a woman.

There is only one logical remedy. Congress should enact an amendment to the Constitution to provide that "Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex."

The National Woman's Party has been in the forefront of the campaign to get this Equal Rights Amendment adopted ever since they achieved their woman-suffrage victory in 1920. I became active in the National Woman's Party in the late '30's. In 1940, when I was still a Republican, Alice Paul, the courageous suffrage leader who founded the National Woman's Party, asked me to help them out at the Republican Convention in Philadelphia. No political party at that time had ever backed our amendment. The National Woman's Party had sent a delegation to make the official presentation to the Resolutions Committee. Miss Paul asked me to do what I could as a lone wolf.

After all the arguments had been formally presented, and while the Resolutions Committee was working out the platform, I sent in a message asking if Herbert Hyde, chairman of the committee, could come out to see me for a moment. Hyde was an ex-United States Attorney in Oklahoma and an old friend of mine. When he came out, I asked if they had anything in the platform on equal rights for women. He showed me the plank they were considering, which had been watered down until it was pointless.

"Oh, that won't do at all," I told Hyde. "The National Woman's Party speaks in the interests of millions of women. This is what women want," and I handed him a resolution backing adoption of our proposed Constitutional amendment. He thanked me and went back to the committee session, where three other of my friends, former Gov. Alf Landon of Kansas, former Sen. George Pepper of Pennsylvania and Dr. Glenn Frank of Wisconsin, were working.

The next day at the convention the recommendations of the Resolutions Committee were read and adopted. And for the first time in history a major political party went on record in its platform supporting a Constitutional amendment to provide equal rights for women!

Four years later, after I had changed my political affiliation, I was a member of the Platform and Resolutions Committee of the 1944 Democratic Convention and tried to get the committee to back our amendment. This time, however, there was heavy opposition. Eleanor Roosevelt had written a letter opposing our resolution, several important women in the labor unions fought it, and Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins flew to Chicago to speak against it. They felt the amendment was wrong because it would nullify some of the protective legislation already enacted for women. Emma Guffey Miller, Democratic committeewoman for Pennsylvania, led our forces at the rough-and-tumble session. When it came time to vote, two thirds of the committee stood up to approve the Equal Rights Amendment plank in the platform.

Getting the political parties to back us was a major victory, but it didn't win the war. We battled on. President Truman announced his support, and Mrs. Truman was once my guest at a ceremony installing new officers in the National Woman's Party, thus unofficially giving it her blessing. President Eisenhower has backed it in campaign speeches and in his January, 1957, message to Congress. But the real fight now is in Congress where organized labor and other interests are lobbying to keep the issue from getting to the voters.

Our hopes for getting the amendment through Congress were raised when a large number of senators and representatives came to a buffet supper I gave last July at National Woman's Party headquarters in Washington. Even Sam Rayburn was there. Congresswoman Katherine St. George, of New York, who is leading our fight in the House, summed up our position in the words of Susan B. Anthony, "Equal rights for men and nothing more! Equal rights for women and nothing less!"

Despite my feminist viewpoint, I don't feel we are anywhere near ready yet to have a woman President or even Vice President. At the 1952 Democratic Convention, I made one of the seconding nominations of India Edwards for Vice President, but all of us knew this was only a gesture to honor India for her fine work. All of us, that is, except one naïve woman from Florida, who came up to Sam Rayburn almost sobbing to ask, "Is it true that India is going to withdraw?" Sam gave her one of those glowering looks that only he can give and replied, "You are darned right she is going to withdraw. If she hadn't agreed to, I wouldn't have let her name come up in the first place."

Even if we aren't ready yet for a woman President or Vice President, I feel there should be more women appointed to head Government agencies and to serve in diplomatic posts. Just recently I was talking with the ambassadors from Ceylon and India. Ambassador Gunewardene of Ceylon said to me, "You people talk so much about the high status of women in America. But we give our women more high positions in government than you do." I couldn't argue with him, because he was right.

Two other current projects help keep me out of mischief. I have been making frequent trips to Nevada, and despite rumors that the trips have been political, the truth is that they are combined family and business. I am the trustee for the newly organized James Canyon Dairy, run by my nephew, Bill Tyson. The business is only a year old, but already distributes more milk than any other dairy in Nevada. I'm especially proud of my nephew because he is the first one in our family to hold an elective public office. In a state-wide election recently, Bill won a position on the board of regents of the University of Nevada.

My other current project is to get Lyndon Johnson elected President in 1960, and I'm already at work trying to help him get the nomination. After the convention in Los Angeles this summer, I plan to campaign for him throughout the country. I may not be the best political speaker in the world, but I do know my way around as a fund raiser. So I'm giving fair warning. Whether you are Republican or Democrat, watch your checkbook when I come around.

This is the last of four articles by Mrs. Mesta. —THE EDITORS

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May 7, 1960

YOUR CLOTHES IN A WESTINGHOUSE LAUNDROMAT GO THROUGH OVER

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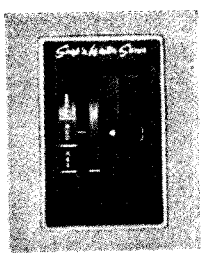
WESTINGHOUSE WASHING ACTION lifts and dips, tumbles and plunges your clothes again and again, 50 times a minute . . . actually travels them through a half-mile of suds!

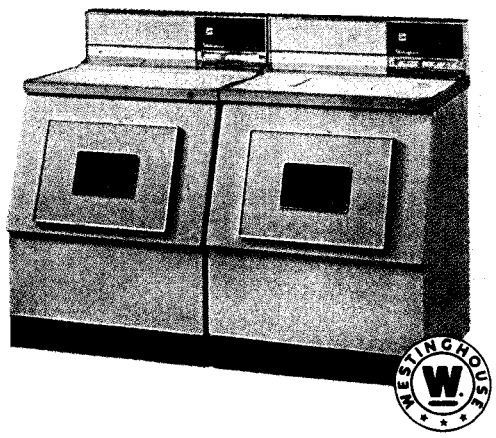
NEW WESTINGHOUSE LAUNDROMAT DELIVERS MORE WASHING POWER FOR CLEANER CLOTHES

HANDY WEIGHING DOOR ELIMINATES GUESSWORK. It actually weighs your clothes. You then set the Suds and Water Indicator for just the water needed.



SAVE SOAP AND WATER WITH THIS INDICATOR. You can save up to ½ on soap . . . up to 10 gallons of water.

Put your clothes in a new Westinghouse Laundromat® Automatic Washer and away they go . . . tossing, turning, somersaulting through more than half-a-mile of hot, sudsy water. And then they are given *two deep* rinses in the same active way, in clean, clear water. When you take them out, they're Westinghouse *clean*. Washed and rinsed to the fresh whiteness and brightness you like. At your Westinghouse Dealer's there's a Laundromat for every budget, and *all* have More Washing Power! See, too, the matching Electric Dryer that dries faster, at lower temperatures.



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Keeping Posted

Daddy Is a Writer

Once upon a time (four months ago) Associate Editor **Merrill Pollack** wrote for his children a story about a boy named Shem, a girl named Doon and an ogre who kidnaped their fisherman father. The Pollack children's eyes bulged when the ogre chanted, "Harkle to the harrow gnast. Gidaroon, gidaroon, gidaroon!"

"Gee, daddy, we didn't know you were a *real* writer!" said daughter Diana, age six, who shows only polite interest when her father's articles appear in *The Post*.

"I want to take the story to school," said Elise, age seven and a half.

"Gidaroon, gidaroon, gidaroon!" said Steven, age three and a half.

Elise read the story to her second-grade class at the Washington Crossing, Pennsylvania, elementary school, and came home with a breathless report: "Daddy is famous! The *principal* wants to read his story." Thus Shem and Doon and the ogre became the favorites of the nightly story hour, and the Pollacks have lived happily ever since.

The four little Pollacks (Anne, age one and a half, doesn't care for ogre stories) accompanied their famous daddy when he crossed the Delaware to Washington Crossing, New Jersey, to research his article, THE BIRDS AND BEASTS OF MR. BOEHM, page 28. The children were dazzled by the exotic birds in sculptor Marshall Boehm's aviary, reports Pollack, who is at this moment vacationing in Paris—"studying the strange birds on the Left Bank."

For a report on another father of four, we turn to **George Morrill** (FURTIVE AFFAIR, page 30): "Still editing at the Wesleyan University Press. Still living in Higganum, Connecticut. Still trying to keep shoes on four hell-hollering boys. Still smarting over a loss in the Thayer Street Bowl, a touch-football game." In a piteous effort to win our sympathy, Morrill submitted the snapshot below with the caption, "Latest tribal shot of the Headman trying to write. Note expressions of compassion and comfort on faces of family members." Actually the picture is nothing more than a brazen attempt to publicize Morrill's novel, *Dark Sea Running* (McGraw-Hill), four copies of which have been squeezed into that one small photograph. The plug would have been more effective if the title of the book were discernible.

Story hour at the Pollacks': Diana, Steven, Merrill, Elise.

Roughhouse hour at the Morrills': Mike, George, Tim, Pete, Chris.

Destination Hong Kong

Collaborators Mesta and Cahn night-clubbing in New York with Ethel Merman, who portrayed Mrs. Mesta in *Call Me Madam*.

Robert Cahn would like his friends to know that he enjoyed San Francisco very much, thanks, but he never did get to Hong Kong. Explanation: while he was working with **Perle Mesta** on her life story—THEY CALL ME MADAM, page 36—the hostess with the mostes' was interrupted time and again. It became apparent that there were too many distractions in New York and Washington; so they decided to hide out in San Francisco, with Mrs. Mesta's sister Marguerite and brother William. When Mrs. Mesta was questioned by a reporter about her plans, she said, "I'm going to Hong Kong to work on my book." This bit of deception got into a Washington newspaper, but the collaborators got only as far as the Golden Gate.

One Thing Leads to Another

Quite often a writer hits upon an article idea while involved in research on a different subject. Two examples from this week's *Post:*

When **Dean Jennings** was chasing facts for MICKEY COHEN: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A HOOD (Sept. 20–Oct. 11, 1958), he spent his mornings at Los Angeles police headquarters getting the low-down on Cohen and his cronies. Cohen, who was seeing Jennings in the afternoons, learned of this and remarked, "I see you're working both sides of the street." Jennings decided maybe Cohen had an idea there, and on page 44 you will find a report from the law's side of the street, PORTRAIT OF A POLICE CHIEF.

Corey Ford says that as a result of his gastronomical adventures while researching *My Menu Miseries* (page 31) he has had to let out his trousers and invest in longer shoelaces. "And the only way I can typewrite is by adding extension arms to the keys." Consequently, he vows his next article will be on mountain climbing or some other calorie-free subject.

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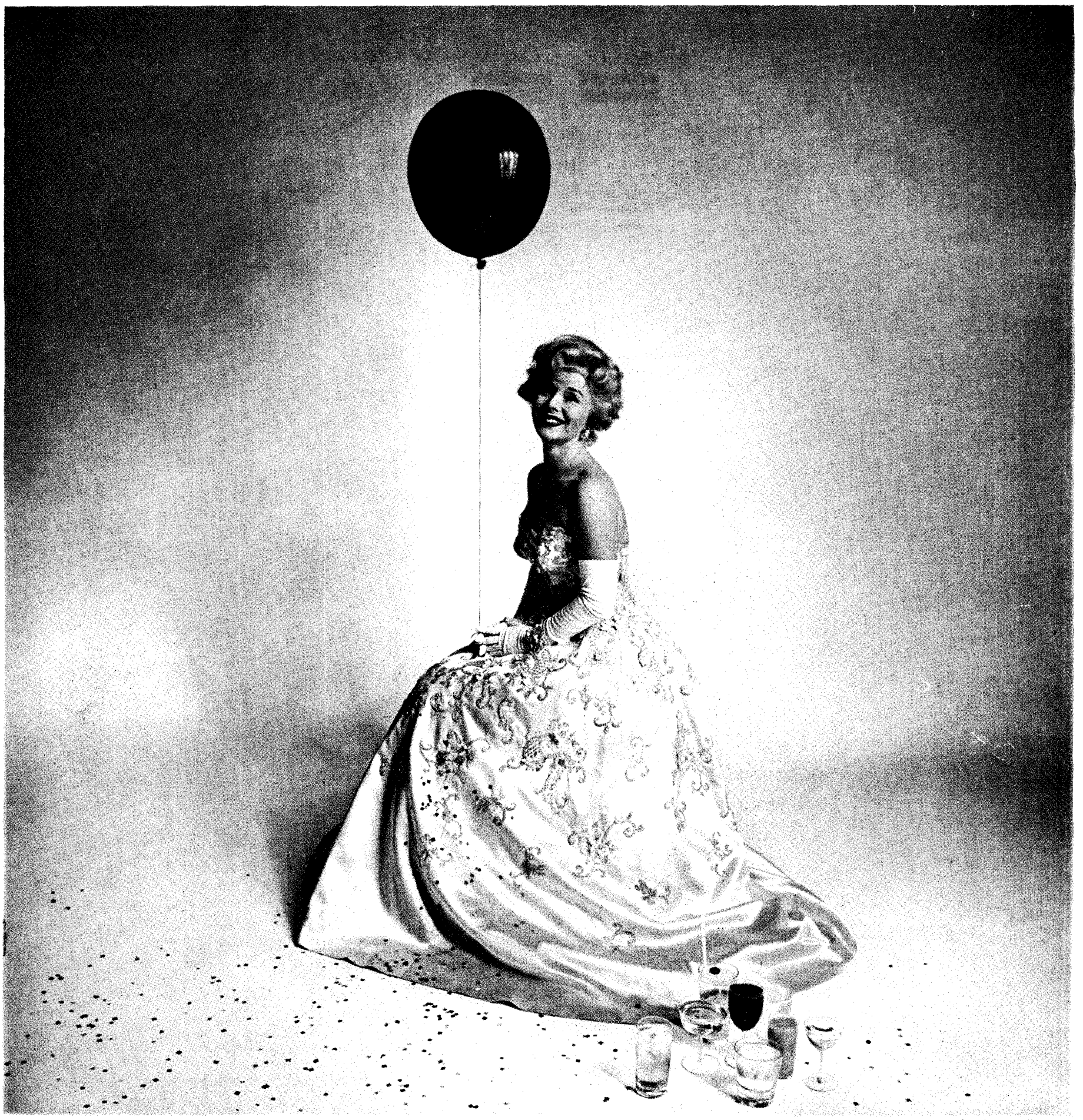

EVA GABOR, GLAMOROUS STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN AND TELEVISION

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Vodka Martini

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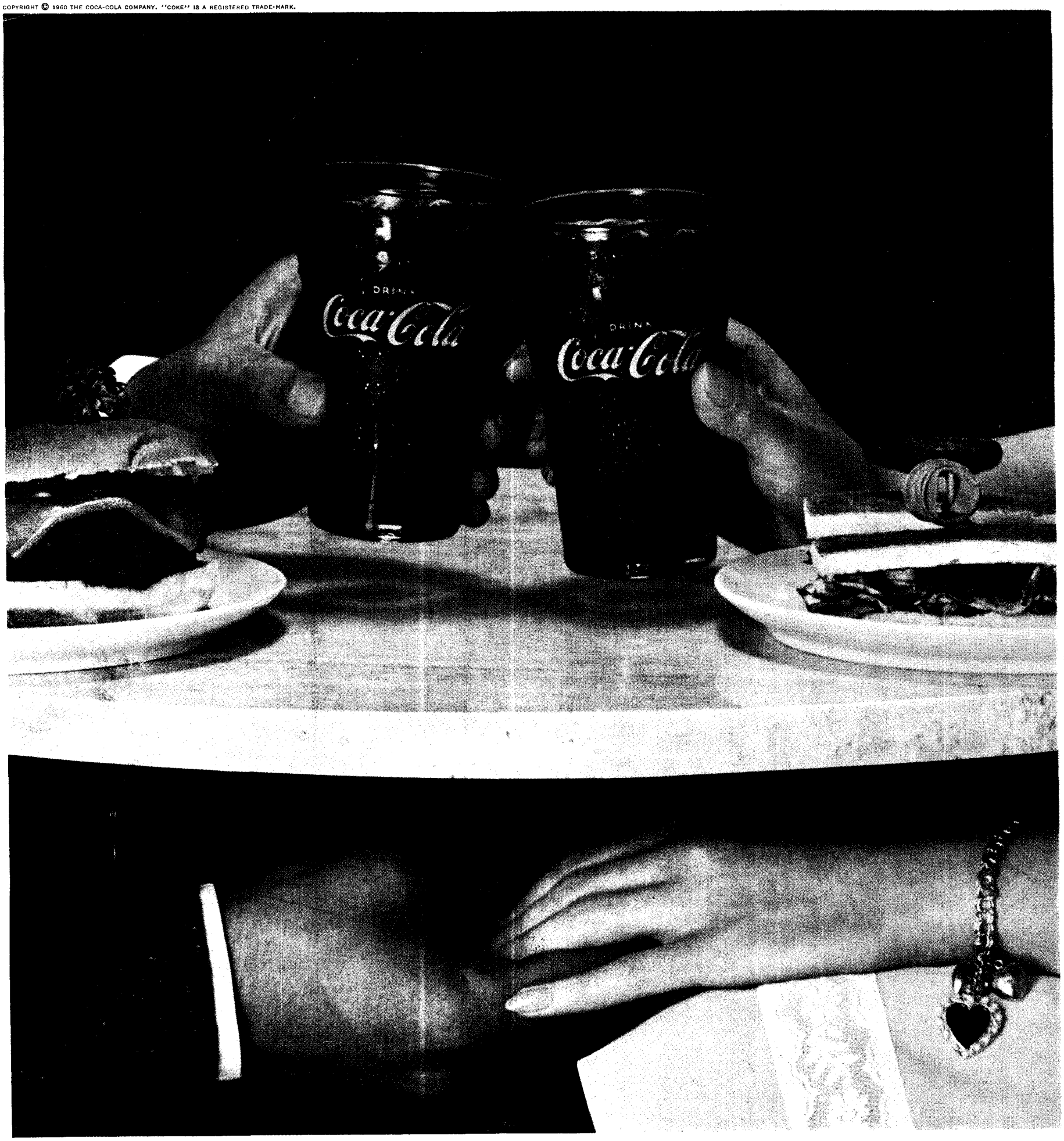

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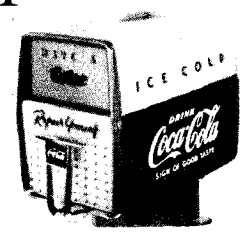

FOR THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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